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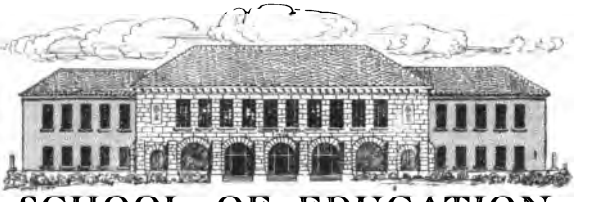

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ENGLISH HISTORY

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME USE

BY

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Late Master of the Charterhouse School, London

EDITED BY

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DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

Our attention having been called to Dr. Curry's Manual of English History by prominent educators in this country who have recognized its merit and proved its superiority as a text-book by use in the school room, we have purchased the right to publish a revised and enlarged edition in this country. The book has had a phenomenally successful sale in England, and in its revised and more attractive setting we anticipate for it equal or greater success in America.

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PREFACE

At the request of the publishers, I have undertaken to revise this excellent little book for use in this country. I fully agree with them in the opinion that it is likely to be of service both as a text-book for young pupils and as "supplementary reading," either in school or at home.

In the original work, which was written exclusively for juvenile Britons, there were many expressions and some allusions that would be inappropriate and occasionally unintelligible—at least, for children—on this side of the ocean. These have been modified or omitted, and sundry other verbal changes that seemed to me advisable have been made. These alterations, though for the most part very slight, occur on nearly every page. I have found few errors in the statement of historical facts to correct; but here and there I have thought it well to add a paragraph or two to the text. The last chapter has also been brought down to the present time.

W. J. R.

Cambridge, March 28, 1892

ENGLAND
AND WALES.
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 40 60
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Berwick
Newcastle
Sunderland
Carlisle
Durham
Whitby
Scarborough
Flamborough Hd.
Lancaster
York
Leeds
Hull
Preston
Bradford
Spurn Hd.
Liverpool
Manchester
Sheffield
Lincoln
Chester
Derby
Nottingham
Newark
Stafford
Shrewsbury
Yarmouth
Norwich
Cardigan Bay
Birmingham
Leicester
Cambridge
Lichfield
Northampton
Bedford
Ipswich
Worcester
Hereford
Oxford
Colchester
Harwich
Gloucester
Monmouth
Cardiff
Bristol
Bath
Salisbury
Winchester
Southampton
Taunton
Exeter
Plymouth
Falmouth
Land's End
Start Pt.
Portland Bill
Weymouth
Dorchester
Canterbury
Hastings
Beachy Hd.
Brighton
Rye
Chatham
Eton
Hampton Court
Woodstock
Wareham
St. Albans Hd.
I. OF MAN
I. OF WIGHT
SCILLY IS.
St. Bees Hd.
St. David's Hd.
Formby Hd.
North Channel
Solway Firth
Bristol Channel
St. George's Channel
Pembroke
Cardigan
Aberystwith
Barmouth
Holyhead
Conway
Menai Strait
Dee
Mersey
Trent
Ouse
The Wash
Humber
Severn
Thames
Medway
Stour
Straits of Dover
SCOTLAND
NORTH SEA
IRISH SEA
ENGLISH CHANNEL
FRANCE
Longitude 5 4 3 West 2 from 1 Greenwich 0 Longitude 1 East
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	Began to Reign A.D	Ceased to Reign A.D
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ENGLISH HISTORY

CHAPTER I

Ancient Britain
(55 B.C.)

THE British Isles do not make much show on the map of Europe, and on a map of the world they are little more than specks; but they have had a large and important place in the history of Europe and the world. Besides, England is our mother country, the home of our forefathers; and on that account we ought to know something of its history. We shall try here to tell the chief events of this history in simple and familiar language for young readers and students at home and in school.

Many hundred years ago the Island of Great Britain was full of forests, and there were vast herds of deer and cattle living in the woods, together with hares and foxes, bears, wolves, and wild boars.

Here and there, amid the thick trees, there were clusters of huts, made of rough logs or of basket-work, plastered over with mud; these were the villages and towns. In all the more open spots, on the heaths and moors, and the green downs which sloped to the sea, there were thousands of sheep feeding; and the people lived by hunting or upon the milk

and flesh of their flocks. Some were fishermen; and their little boats, made of wickerwork covered with skins, floated lightly upon the lakes and rivers. But there were neither orchards nor gardens, and nowhere, except in the southeast of the island, was there any grain to be seen growing.

The people who lived in that part of Britain knew more about the arts and comforts of life than the rest of the islanders. They built better houses, they sowed and reaped, dug pits in the ground in which to store up their harvests, and made the wool of their sheep into warm, thick garments. The other Britons covered themselves with skins, or were contented to go without clothing, only painting their bodies blue with the juice of woad (a plant which grew in the woods); and by way of ornament they tattooed themselves with strange figures, as the natives of some savage countries do at this day.

Quite in the southwest of Britain, the people worked in the mines, and merchants from far countries came to the Land's End, bringing with them salt and potter's ware, that they might get in exchange the tin of Cornwall.

The natives of Britain were divided into a number of different tribes, and were often at war with one another. Each tribe had its chief; but the priests (who were called Druids) had more power than the chiefs and were much feared and reverenced by the people. The Druids taught some true and useful things, mixed with others that were false and mischievous. They knew how to cure several diseases by means of the plants which grew in the woods; and they understood how to make arms and tools of

wood, iron, and copper. They made laws for the people; and some of the Druids composed verses about the chief things which had happened in Britain, and about the sun and moon and stars, and sang them to the music of their harps.

The great circles of stones, which are still in part standing at Stonehenge and other places, were formerly believed to be the remains of Druid temples; but this is now regarded as very improbable. In general, the priests lived in the deep retirement of the forests. There they offered up their prayers, under the shade of the oaks, which were accounted sacred trees.

If any mistletoe was found growing on an oak tree, a solemn feast was held. The chief Druid, clothed in his long white robes, ascended the tree in sight of all the people, and cut off the mistletoe with a golden sickle. It was kept with care, as a most precious medicine; and then white bulls were sacrificed, and there was great rejoicing. But some of the customs ascribed to the Druids were frightfully cruel. Some ancient writers say that they offered up human beings in sacrifice, and that sometimes a number of living men were all burned together, while the loud songs of the priests drowned the cries and shrieks of the sufferers.

CHAPTER II

Britain Conquered by the Romans—Christians in Britain (From 55 B.C. to 350 A.D.)

THE most powerful people in the world at that time were the Romans. They had conquered nearly all the nations of the west and middle of Europe;

and in the year 55 B.C. one of their generals, named Julius Cæsar, attacked Britain. But he did not meet with much success; and it was not till the year 43 A.D. (nearly one hundred years after Cæsar's time) that the Romans really set about conquering Britain. It cost them a great deal of hard fighting, for the Britons were brave and loved their country but the Roman soldiers were brave too, and they were much better armed than the Britons. Besides this, the Romans were well disciplined and accustomed to obey their generals, while the Britons went to battle like a wild, disorderly multitude.

The tribes in the mountainous regions of Wales held out long against the invaders. One of the most famous leaders in the struggle was Caractacus, who became the head of a very warlike people called the Silures, or Silurians. He had taken refuge among them after being defeated in the east of Britain by the Romans; and it was only after a long and bloody war that he was beaten again, taken captive, and sent to Rome. There he with his family and many of his fellow-warriors were led in a triumphal procession through the city. His companions were overcome with shame and walked with downcast looks, but Caractacus kept his head erect and bore himself with a proud and haughty air. When he came into the presence of the emperor, he disdained to sue for mercy as the other captives humbly did; and the emperor was struck with such admiration that he ordered his chains to be taken off and set him at liberty.

Boadicea was queen of a tribe on the eastern coast of Britain, who resisted the oppression of the Romans.

As a punishment she was publicly flogged, and her two daughters were subjected to the vilest outrage. Boadicea, frantic with rage, called upon the Britons of the east and south to rise against the foreign tyrants. An immense army answered to the call, and won several victories over the Romans. At last Boadicea was defeated in a great battle, and eighty thousand of the Britons are said to have been slain. The unhappy queen was overwhelmed with despair, and killed herself by taking poison.

When the Romans had finally subdued all the south of the island, they advanced into the northern part, now Scotland, but called Caledonia by the Romans. They did not succeed so well there, for they could not conquer the tribes who lived in the mountains, and the Roman soldiers did not find much food or shelter in a country full of barren moors, rocks, and morasses.

In Britain the Romans worked a great change. They drained marshes, cut down woods, and laid out the land in orchards and grain-fields. They built beautiful houses and temples, and raised strong walls and towers to defend their towns. Dover and some other harbors in Kent were very important places in the Roman times; so were London, York, and Lincoln. Their chief towns were connected by excellent roads.

The Britons were forced to help in these works, and by degrees they learned to build good houses for themselves, to cultivate their land, and to raise vegetables and fruits, instead of being contented with acorns and berries which grew wild in the woods. The young Britons were taught to live and

dress like the Roman boys, and went to school with them; and many were trained up to be soldiers, and went to distant countries to fight for the emperors of Rome.

One great good—the greatest of all—came to the Britons through the Roman conquest: the knowledge of Christianity. When the Romans came to Britain they were heathen worshipping many gods; but the Gospel had been preached in Rome, and its glad tidings soon went forth into every land which Rome had conquered. At first the Christians were persecuted; and in 304 many Britons were martyred. But afterward the worship of God was permitted, and the Church of Britain grew and flourished.

CHAPTER III

The Picts and Scots—Britain Conquered by the Saxons (From 350 to 590 A.D.)

It was not all peace in Britain under the Roman government, for the fierce tribes of Caledonia (Scotland) took every opportunity of attacking the northern borders. For a long time they were driven back by the Roman troops, who built strong walls and fortifications all across the island from the Solway Firth to the Tyne, to keep them from coming into Britain. But the Roman empire was growing weak; it was attacked in Spain and France and Italy by hordes of barbarians from the north and east of Europe. Even the great and ancient city of Rome was unable to save itself from their fury; and the emperor could no longer spare troops to take care of Britain.

In 410 he wrote to all the chief towns in the island,

and told the Britons that they were their own masters now, and must take care of themselves. Perhaps they would have done so if they had been able to agree together; but the people of one city were perpetually quarrelling with those of another, and they were all sorely punished for their want of union.

The northern tribes (who were now called Picts and Scots) set at naught all the walls and defences which the Romans had raised, and poured into Britain in such numbers that the people were quite disheartened. Instead of joining together to defend their country, they called in a band of foreigners to fight for them. These new allies were Saxons, who dwelt on the shores of the Baltic and near the mouth of the Elbe; and they were as fiercely brave as the Picts and Scots themselves.

The Saxons had been in the habit of landing on the south and east coasts of Britain, and carrying off all the goods and cattle they could lay hands on; and if any of the people fell into their power, they were put to death or sold for slaves. But now the Britons made friends with a band of Saxons, and promised them large pay and the Isle of Thanet for their home, if they would drive the Picts and Scots out of Britain. The Saxons were quite ready to do this; but they determined that they would gain all Britain for themselves, and not the little Isle of Thanet merely. So, year after year, bands of Saxons landed in the country, and fought fiercely with the Britons as well as with the Picts and Scots. At last, after long fighting, the Britons were forced to give way. They had one famous chief, named Arthur, who performed many wonderful deeds in defence of his

country; but even Arthur was not strong enough to drive out the Saxons, and there was no chief like him to fill his place when he died.

By the year 590 the Saxons had mastered all the land from the Firth of Forth to the English Channel, and from the Severn to the North Sea. But in the west the Britons found shelter and safety among the rocks of Cornwall and the mountains of Wales and Cumberland. In these districts they long remained a separate people, and attacked the Saxons whenever they could. Most of the people in Wales still speak the ancient British language, and those of Cornwall did so during several hundred years.

CHAPTER IV

The Saxons become Christians
(From 590 to 800 A.D.)

THE Saxons were divided into different tribes; but one tribe, called the Angles, gave its name to the whole country. England means Angle-land, and the people of England are often called Anglo-Saxons.

All the towns which the Romans had built in Britain had been ruined in the long war between the Britons and Saxons; and the British churches had been destroyed or turned into heathen temples, where the Saxons worshipped many gods, the chief of whom were Odin, or Woden, and Thor. They thought that these gods delighted in war, and that they would show no favor to men who lived and died quietly at home. This made every Saxon warrior hope to die in battle, that he might go to the paradise of Odin; there, he believed, the days would be

spent in hunting and fighting, and the nights in feasting and drinking.

We have a memorial of those heathen times in the names which the Saxons gave to the days of the week. Sunday and Monday were the days of the Sun and Moon; Tuesday, the day of the god Tiw; then came Woden's day, Thor's day, Friga's day, or Friday, and the day of Satern, or Saturday.

Christian worship was now confined to Wales and the other mountain districts in which the Britons had taken refuge. During the long war which had raged between the Britons and the Saxons, it does not appear that the Church of Britain had made any attempt to convert its Pagan invaders to the faith of Christ; and the Saxons, who believed that their god Woden had given them the victory, despised the religion of the people whom they had conquered. But the time had come when the Christian religion was once more to be preached in all the land.

It was in the year 597 that the first missionaries to the Saxons landed in Britain. They were sent by Pope Gregory the Great. Before he became Pope his pity had been moved by the sight of some Saxon children, sold for slaves in the market-place of Rome. "Who are these beautiful boys?" asked Gregory; "and are they Christian children?" "No," said the slave-merchant; "they are Angles, and come from a heathen land." Gregory was grieved, and answered, "If they were Christians, they would be angels, not Angles." * And from that day he was resolved that, if possible, the gospel should be preached to the heathen who dwelt in Britain.

* In the Latin which he spoke, "Non Angli sed Angeli."

He made choice of forty missionaries, and placed at their head a priest named Augustine. They landed in Kent first, because Ethelbert, the King of Kent, had married a French princess who was a Christian, though he worshipped Odin himself. When he heard that missionaries had landed in his country, he sent a messenger to them and fixed a day on which he would hear what they had to say. When the day came, the king went out of the city with his soldiers and chief men, and seated himself on the ground; and presently Augustine came up with all his companions, who were chanting a solemn litany as they walked along. Augustine spoke first, and told the king what he wished to teach the people. Ethelbert made answer that he would give the missionaries a house to live in and everything that was necessary, and they might persuade his subjects to be Christians if they could; but for himself, he said, he could not receive these strange doctrines and forsake the gods of his fathers. Yet Ethelbert was himself one of the very first converts.

He was baptized on Whit Sunday, 597, not many weeks after the landing of the missionaries. The people liked to do what the king did, and on the following Christmas day a crowd of ten thousand came together and received baptism. After this, the Gospel was preached in other parts of England, and by degrees the people gave up their false gods. But it was a long time—more than eighty years—before all the country could be called Christian, and even then not many of the people gave up their love of war and fighting, so that there was little peace in England.

The Christian teachers did a great deal of good in

the places where they settled. In general they built a monastery, in which several of them could live together. Some cultivated the land, and there were no grain-fields and gardens like those of the monks; some showed the people how to work in stone and wood and metal; and others had schools in which they taught children and young men. Many Englishmen went abroad to be missionaries to the people in the north of Germany, and in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

CHAPTER V

Egbert, King of the English—The Danes Invade England—Alfred the Deliverer
(From 800 to 871 A.D.)

At first the Saxon invaders formed a number of separate kingdoms in Britain, among which were those of the East Saxons (or Essex), the West Saxons (Wessex), and the South Saxons (Sussex). For many years these were always warring with one another; but in 827 a king of Wessex, named Egbert, forced all the other kingdoms to obey him, and took the title of King of the English. But there was no peace for the country, for new and terrible enemies began to afflict it now. These were the Northmen, or Danes, who came from Norway and Denmark. Their chiefs were called Vikings, or Sea-Kings, and they were excellent seamen and very brave, but fearfully cruel.

At first they only visited the English coasts for a few weeks at a time, and then returned to their own country, carrying with them all the spoil they could gather. But soon they began to treat the Saxons

just as the Saxons had treated the Britons four hundred years before. Year after year fresh swarms of Danes landed in England, and spread themselves over the country. They plundered and burnt the towns, and made slaves of the people. The Sea-kings were worshippers of Odin, and had a particular hatred for the Christian priests, whom they put to death without mercy, and destroyed the churches and monasteries.

It seemed as if all England would soon be in the hands of these terrible strangers, but a deliverer appeared in the person of the great and good King Alfred. He was the grandson of Egbert, and was born in 849, twelve years after Egbert's death. Even when a little child, Alfred had shown himself brave and quick to learn—not to learn from books, for neither his father nor any one else had so much as taught him his letters. But he learned to use his spear and bow and arrows against the wild animals in the forests. He listened eagerly to the minstrels, when they sang of the great things done in old time by heroes and brave men, and he learned to sing like them and to play upon the harp. One day the queen showed him a book, and told him it should be his if he would learn to read it. It was adorned with beautiful pictures, and full of poems like those which the minstrels sang. Alfred would not rest till he had found some one to teach him to read, and now that he had gained one book he sought eagerly after more. But it was not easy for any one, even for a king's son, to get books then. Printing was not invented till 1450, six hundred years after Alfred's time, and in his days all books had to be written by

hand. This made them so dear that persons sometimes gave a great deal of land or money to procure one volume. But Alfred read and learned everything that he could. He was often called away from his studies to help his elder brothers to fight against the Danes, who had gained all England now except Wessex, and were trying to obtain that also. In the course of the war, Alfred's brothers died, and he became king in the year 871.

CHAPTER VI

REIGN OF ALFRED

(From 871 to 901 A.D.)

ALFRED'S subjects were not much pleased with him at first, although he fought bravely in their defence. He was vexed at their ignorance, and felt inclined to despise men who cared for nothing but hunting and feasting. Most of the people deserted him; some submitted to the Danes, others fled out of the country, and Alfred was obliged to disguise himself like a poor man and take refuge in the cottage of a swineherd. He lived and worked like one of the family, and the mistress of the cottage thought he was a poor soldier who had escaped out of the hands of the Danes.

One day, as he sat by the fire trimming his bow and arrows, she bade him watch the cakes she had set on the hearth to bake, and see that they did not burn. Alfred promised; but as he sat there alone, thinking of his country overrun by the cruel Danes, he forgot the bread, and when the good woman came back her cakes were burning to cinders. She was

very angry, and told him he was always ready enough to eat her bread, and yet was so lazy he could not even be trusted to bake it. Some time afterward she found out it was Alfred the king whom she had scolded so sharply; but he only laughed, and said he should always be grateful to her and her husband for having sheltered him in his distress. Alfred did not despise any one now for being ignorant; he had learned to be gentle and lowly in heart.

As the spring came on, the king gathered round him a little band of faithful friends, and took up his abode at Athelney, in Somersetshire. It was then a little woody islet, surrounded by marshes. From this place, the king and his friends often came forth and attacked small parties of Danes, who could never find out where their assailants came from. As for Alfred, they thought he was dead or gone away to some foreign country.

The people of Wessex often lamented now that they had forsaken their king, for the Danes used them very badly. Alfred heard how sorry they were, and thought they would help him now to drive away their enemies; so he sent secret messages to the chief men, bidding them arm themselves and come to him. Before he attacked the Danish encampment he wished to find out how they had fortified it. He put on the dress of a minstrel, took a harp in his hand, and ventured boldly into the midst of his enemies. They were delighted with his music, and suffered him to come and go when he pleased, and to see everything—for they little suspected who the harper was. Alfred now returned to his friends, led them against the Danes, and gained a complete

victory. He wanted to turn his enemies into friends, if he could, so he persuaded the Danish chief to leave off worshipping Odin, and gave him a great tract of land in the east of England, that he might live there peaceably with his followers.

A great many Danes had already settled in the north, but they all obeyed Alfred now, and England was in peace at last. The Northmen came with great fleets more than once, but they were always driven away by the wise king, who taught the English to build good ships, that they might have a fleet of their own to guard the coasts. Before Alfred died, there were a hundred vessels which bore his flag, and Englishmen were learning to make long voyages and to trade with foreign countries.

Alfred did many things for his people beside teaching them to be good seamen. He worked day and night to make England wise and free and happy. He gave his subjects good laws and just judges. He encouraged every one to learn something useful, wrote excellent books for them, built schools, and sought out the best and wisest men to be teachers.

All this while, Alfred was afflicted with a most painful disease, which wasted his strength day by day. But he labored on till his death, never losing heart. He died in 901, leaving the kingdom to his son, Edward the Elder.

CHAPTER VII

Edward the Elder, 901—Athelstan, 925—Battle of Brunanburg, 937—Edgar, 958—Ethelred the Unready, 979—Massacre of the Danes, 1002—England Conquered by Sweyn the Dane, 1013

(From 901 to 1017 A.D.)

EDWARD THE ELDER was a brave and wise prince. He ruled for twenty-four years, and was succeeded by his son Athelstan, who reigned with more glory than any of the Saxon kings except Alfred. Athelstan followed in the steps of Alfred, by encouraging learning and trade with foreign countries. He made a law that every one who built a ship, and crossed the seas in it three times, should become a nobleman and have a right to sit in the Witan. The Witan was the Great Council of England, which helped the kings to make laws; and sometimes, when the king died, the Witan chose his successor.

When Athelstan had reigned twelve years, the country was invaded by an immense army of Danes and Scots, but they were utterly routed by the king at Brunanburg, in Northumberland. A famous poem was made about this battle. It describes the dreadful field covered with the dead, and the wolves and ravens which came and feasted on the bodies of the slain. But Athelstan was very kind to his prisoners, and sent them away in peace when they had promised not to invade England again. Three years afterward, in 940, Athelstan died.

The Danes kept their promise, and did not molest the country for a great many years after his death; yet England was not very peaceful or prosperous, for the kings who reigned during the next seventy

years were not so wise as Athelstan had been. The most powerful of them was Edgar, who reigned from 958 to 975; he is famous for having tried to destroy the wolves and other fierce beasts in the woods and mountains. The princes of Wales had agreed to pay him a yearly tribute; but Edgar said that instead of money they should bring him three hundred wolves' heads every year until they could find no more.

Edgar's eldest son was murdered by his wicked stepmother, that she might place her own child, a little boy called Ethelred, on the throne. The curse of that evil deed seemed to rest on all Ethelred's reign. He grew up to be a bad man, idle, cruel, and fond of eating and drinking. He was never ready to drive away the enemies of England nor to do anything for the good of the kingdom, and his subjects named him in contempt "Ethelred the Unready."

The Danes came back now, and began to harass the people as they had done in the old times before Alfred. Ethelred tried to bribe them to go away, and made his subjects pay heavy taxes that he might give the money to the Danes. The Danes always took Ethelred's bribes and promised to go away, and then they came back again and demanded more money. So Ethelred tried to rid himself of them in another way, which was more shameful still. He gave secret orders that all the Danes in England should be put to death; and on the 13th of November, 1002, thousands of men and women were treacherously murdered—even the little children were not spared. But this great crime could only bring more misery both to the king and the people.

Sweyn, King of Denmark, came with a great fleet

and army, and ravaged all the land till the people were driven to despair. Their houses were burnt and their crops destroyed, and so many persons perished by famine or by the sword that England did not now contain nearly so many people as before. At last the whole country submitted to Sweyn as king, and Ethelred fled for refuge to the Duke of Normandy, whose sister he had married. Sweyn lived but a few weeks after he had become King of England, and Ethelred came back; but he found a powerful enemy in Sweyn's son, Canute, who after Ethelred's death became king.

CHAPTER VIII

Canute, 1017—Edward the Confessor
(From 1017 to 1051 A.D.)

CANUTE reigned over England for nineteen years and was much liked by the people, because he treated them kindly and did justice to all alike, whether they were Danes or Englishmen. He tried to repair the mischief which had been done by his father's army, and rebuilt the churches and schools which had been destroyed. He was very kind to learned men, yet there were few persons in England who cared to learn; for the English had been growing more ignorant instead of becoming wiser than their fathers. Very few of them could read and write, and even the priests scarcely knew anything at all.

Canute was King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as well as of England; and now that there was peace among all these countries, the ships of the merchants went freely to and fro, and the citizens of

London and other English towns began to grow rich by trade.

Canute made several voyages himself, and liked to have very fine ships. They were curiously adorned with carved work and gilding, the sails were of purple embroidered with gold, and large figures, like birds with their wings spread, were placed on the top of the masts. Some foolish men, seeing that Canute was surrounded by great pomp and wealth, thought to please him by praising his power and calling him the ruler of earth and sea. He bade them come with him to the water-side, and seated himself in state on the sea-shore when the tide was coming in. Then he spoke to the sea, and said, "I command thee to come no farther, and not to wet the feet of thy sovereign!" But the waves rolled on, and rose higher and higher on the beach till they washed over the king's feet and surrounded the chair on which he was sitting. "See," said he, turning to his foolish flatterers, "and remember that there is only One Ruler of the earth and sea—He who can say to the ocean, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther,' and it will obey Him." Canute wore his crown no more after that day, to show that he was only a servant of the King of kings.

After the death of Canute, two of his sons reigned over England, but they were very bad and foolish princes, and the latter of the two killed himself by excessive drinking. The English now chose Edward, a son of Ethelred the Unready, to be their king. He was afterward called Edward the Confessor. Edward was mild and gentle, but he was not a wise king; instead of looking well to the safety of his

kingdom, and seeing that all his people were well governed, he allowed first one great man and then another to take all the power into their own hands.

The walls and fortifications of the towns went to ruin, and there was no money to repair them or to provide for the fleets which should have guarded the country, because the king spent it all in making gifts to his favorites or in building and enriching monasteries. He had lived so long in Normandy that he was more like a foreigner than an Englishman, and he loved the Norman language and customs better than those of England. He also made his subjects very jealous by giving all the riches and honors he could to his Norman friends. He made them bishops, and earls, and governors of towns; but the people hated them, for the Normans were proud and covetous, and showed great scorn for the English laws.

The richest and most powerful man among the English was Earl Godwin; it was chiefly through him that Edward had been made king, and Edward had married Godwin's daughter Edith, a good and beautiful woman. The Normans detested Godwin, because he shielded his countrymen from their oppression, and they persuaded Edward that he was a traitor and ought to be banished with all his family. Only the queen, Edith, remained in England; but the foolish king took away all her property and shut her up in a convent.

CHAPTER IX

Harold and William of Normandy
(From 1051 to 1066 A.D.)

GODWIN did not stay away long, and as soon as he showed himself in England again the people, and even the king's soldiers, flocked to him. The Normans ran away and escaped from the country as fast as they could. Soon after this, Godwin died. He left several sons, the eldest of whom was named Harold. Harold was a great favorite with the people, for he was very brave, wise, and generous. The king also was fond of him, and left all the cares of government in his hands.

Harold deserved to be trusted by the king, for he loved his country dearly, and strove with all his power to defend it from foreign enemies and to make the people prosperous and happy. He had a brother, called Tosti, who was very unlike himself. Tosti was governor of Northumbria, but he was so unjust and cruel that the people rose in rebellion and turned him out. He hoped that Harold would force them to take him back again, but he had behaved so wickedly that Harold could not help him. He was obliged to leave England, and went away with a heart full of revenge. In the end, this bad man became a most dangerous enemy to his country.

In the beginning of January, 1066, King Edward the Confessor died; and now times of terrible trouble came upon England. During many years, a neighboring prince had been looking on the land with a covetous eye, and planning to seize it for his own as

soon as Edward should die. This prince was William, Duke of Normandy; he was a great warrior and very ambitious. He generally contrived to obtain what he wished, either by fair words or by force, or, if neither would do, by falsehood and cunning.

William knew that the man who would be most likely to prevent him from seizing upon England was Harold, but he thought he had found out the way to make Harold help him. About a year before King Edward died, Harold had visited Normandy, not suspecting any evil. William received him with a great show of courtesy and friendship, but he would not let him go back to his own country till he had taken an oath that when Edward died he would persuade the English people to choose William for their king.

When Harold told his countrymen what he had done, they declared that he would be guilty of a greater sin if he kept such an oath than if he broke it, for he had no right to try to make a foreign prince king of England; and after Edward's death they chose Harold to be king. There was still a prince of the royal family living; he was called Edgar Atheling, and was the son of a nephew of Edward the Confessor. But the English did not choose Edgar for their king because he was only a boy, and not at all a bright boy; and they thought they must have a wise and brave man to help them to resist the Duke of Normandy.

CHAPTER X

Battle of Hastings (1066 A.D.)

WILLIAM was exceedingly angry when he heard that Harold was the new king. He sent to the Pope to ask him to curse Harold for having broken his oath. The Pope did so, and declared that all who helped Harold were accursed also. He said, too, that the throne belonged now to William of Normandy.

Great numbers of fighting men went from Italy and other countries to join the army of Normandy. Some of these were brave knights and warriors, but others were mere robbers and murderers, ready to commit any crime for the sake of gain. William promised to all who came that they should be rewarded with the lands and goods of the English.

All this while Harold was not idle; he was hard at work getting an army together and providing a fleet to watch the coasts, that William might not be able to land any troops in England. But the country was threatened by two enemies at once. There were the Normans, waiting impatiently for a fair wind which would enable them to set sail for the south coast; and there was the wicked Tosti, who had persuaded the king of Norway to help him with a great fleet of three hundred ships and thousands of fighting men, and who now came and landed in the north.

Harold was watching the south coast when he heard that Tosti and the King of Norway were in Yorkshire. He marched northward instantly, took them by surprise, and overthrew them in a terrible

battle, in which both his brother and the Norwegian king were slain. Harold had twice offered Tosti peace, for he did not wish to fight with his own brother, but Tosti was determined on war. Nearly all the army of Norway and a great many of the English fell in this battle. Harold himself was wounded, and was resting at York when a messenger rushed into his presence, breathless with haste, and said," The Duke of Normandy has landed in Sussex with the mightiest army ever seen in England, and is ravaging the country far and near." Harold did not wait a day, but with such troops as he could collect, less than one-third of the number of William's army, he set out for Sussex.

The Normans could not have landed if Harold's fleet had been at its post, but the ships had exhausted their provisions and had to go into port to get more. And just at that time the wind, which had been contrary for several weeks, changed to the southward and enabled William's vessels to cross the Channel.

The battle which was to decide the fate of England began early on the 14th of October, 1066. Harold made the best disposition he could of his little army, and above all things charged his men not to break the firm solid line in which he had formed them. They fought on foot, for the English had very few horsemen. The Normans, on the contrary, were the best riders and had the finest horses in Europe. Yet they fought fiercely during several hours without gaining any advantage over the little army who were doing battle for their homes and their country—all that they held dear. But William directed his troops to feign flight; and from that moment the doom of

the English was sealed. When once they saw their foes flying, they could not be restrained, but rushed over the field in hot pursuit. This was all that William wanted; he brought up fresh troops now and overwhelmed the scattered English with numbers. Still while the daylight lasted they fought on, though with no hope of victory; and when night came the battle-field and the roads leading to it were heaped with the slain.

Harold and a few men who kept by him to the last planted their flag firmly in the ground, and defended it till every one of them was killed. Then the flag was torn up, and William pitched his tent in the midst of the dead and feasted in honor of the victory which had gained him a kingdom. To the English that sad day was the beginning of long years of oppression and misery. This memorable battle was fought on a field, then called Senlac, about eight miles from Hastings. William afterward built an abbey on the spot where the fight had raged the most fiercely, and called it Battle Abbey.

CHAPTER XI

William I. surnamed the Conqueror (From 1066 to 1087)

Now that Harold was dead, the English had no chief who could resist William of Normandy. He was crowned King of England on the Christmas day following the battle of Hastings, and promised to govern the people according to their own laws; but they soon found out that he did not intend to keep his promise.

So many changes were made in England that it seemed almost like another country. The Witan met no more to make laws and to help to govern the kingdom, for most of the chief men had been killed, and those who remained had their property taken from them and were obliged to serve the Normans. William took a great deal of land for himself, and divided the remainder among six or seven hundred of his followers. These men were called Barons, and were now looked upon as the noblemen of England. They were also called the king's *vassals*, because they did homage to him for the lands which he had given them. That is, they came and knelt before the king, put their hands between his, and swore to serve him faithfully both in peace and war.

The land for which a baron did homage was called his *feod* or *feud*, and the king was his *feudal lord*. But every baron was himself a feudal lord, with vassals of his own; for he divided part of the lands which the king had given him among his relatives and friends, and they swore to serve him as he had sworn to serve the king. A chief part of the vassals' service was to provide their feudal lord with armed men and horses in time of war.

The barons built themselves strong castles, and ruled like little kings in the midst of their vassals. They went to war one with another, and some even ventured to make war on the king, but William was far too powerful a ruler to be overcome by any of his subjects. It was, however, a long time before he could force all the English to submit to him. In the north especially, they made a brave stand for their freedom. William revenged himself by laying waste

all the land between the Humber and the Tyne; the villages were burnt, the fields made a wilderness, and the cattle driven away. The people, cast out of their homes, without food to eat or a roof to shelter them, died miserably, and for more than sixty years afterward all that country remained a desert. But the merciless king had gained his end; no one dared to resist him now, and he was master of England from north to south.

His reign lasted nearly twenty-one years, and might have been longer but for his own fierce, revengeful temper. The king of France made a rude jest about him; William was so enraged that he set forward at once to lead an army against the city of Paris, and ordered his soldiers to burn every town they came to. They reached Mantes and set fire to it, and William rode about, watching the burning of houses and churches. But it was his last ride; the horse trod on some hot embers, and began to start and plunge so violently that the king was badly hurt. His men carried him back to his own city of Rouen, but he never recovered from the injury, and died a few weeks afterward, September 9th, 1087.

William was buried in an abbey at Caen in the north-eastern part of France, which had been founded by him more than twenty years before his death; but the land on which it was built had been taken by violence from a number of poor people who owned it. When William's corpse had been brought into the church and orations had been spoken in his honor, the cry of "Ha Ro!" the Norman appeal for justice, was suddenly heard, and a man in mean garments stood forth, saying: "Clergy and bishops, this

ground is mine. Here was my father's hearth. The man whom you praise wrested it from me to build this church. In the name of Rollo, the founder of his family, I forbid you to lay the body of the spoiler therein or to cover it with my earth." The bishops were obliged to promise satisfaction to the man, and to pay him on the spot sixty pence as the price of the Conqueror's grave.

In another French church, the cathedral at Bayeux, there is a curious piece of work made by Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror. It is a long but narrow strip of tapestry, on which is embroidered the story of Harold's journey to Normandy, and the events that followed up to the middle of the battle of Hastings, where it is left unfinished. The drawing is rude and the coloring very droll, the horses being red, green, or blue, and the castles and other buildings of all the colors of the rainbow. Yet William, Harold, and other leading persons in the history, are so well portrayed that their faces can be recognized wherever they occur. Their dress and armor, and all the details of the picture, are evidently so accurate that the tapestry is really very valuable for the light it throws upon the manners and customs of the time.

Beside the new laws and customs which William and his Normans brought into England, they introduced another language. William ordered that the laws of the country should be written in the Norman-French, and all the barons and rich men spoke French and despised the English tongue. But as time went on, their sons and grandsons began to speak English, and the English mixed Norman words

with their own. In this way our present English language was formed. Most of our words come from the old Saxon English, but there are also a great many taken from the Norman-French.

Two of William's works remain to remind us of him—the Tower of London, which he caused to be begun; and the great tract of woodland in Hampshire, called the New Forest. He was extremely fond of hunting, and pulled down villages and even churches to enlarge this forest and make more room for the deer. He also made terrible laws to prevent any one from meddling with the game. If a man killed a stag he was punished as severely as if he had been a murderer, and even for killing the wild boars men had their eyes put out.

CHAPTER XII

William II., surnamed Rufus, 1087—Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, 1100

(From 1087 to 1135)

WILLIAM THE FIRST left three sons: Robert; William, surnamed Rufus, on account of his red hair and complexion; and Henry. Robert became Duke of Normandy at his father's death, and William was made King of England. Many of the barons wished Robert to be king, and they raised an army to put down William, who turned to the English for help. He promised that, if they would stand up for him against the barons, he would give them back their good old laws, and not suffer them to be ill-used as they had been in his father's time. They fought for him so bravely that Robert's friends were soon glad to make peace; but William broke all the promises

he had made to his English subjects, and he was in every way so bad a king that no one could be sorry when his reign came to an end.

On the 2d of August, 1100, he went out to hunt in the New Forest, and was shot dead by an arrow which Walter Tyrrel, one of his companions, aimed at a stag. No one seemed to care in the least; his dead body was left lying on the ground where it had fallen, till some poor charcoal-burners, who chanced to pass that way, took it up and carried it in their cart to Winchester.

Some years before the death of William Rufus, it had been settled that, if his brother Robert outlived him, he should be king of England. But Robert was far away. He had gone with many other princes and warriors to the East, to deliver the city of Jerusalem and the Holy Land from the Saracens, a Mahometan people who had conquered Syria and all the neighboring countries. The wars made for this purpose were called Crusades; there were in all seven Crusades, but this was the first one.

Robert being out of the way, his brother Henry persuaded the people to choose him for king. They were the more ready to do this because he took for his wife the Lady Maude, who was descended from the old royal family of England. The English loved this lady very much, and they hoped she would prevail with Henry to treat them better than his father and brother had done. He did make many fine promises, and said the English should be as free as they had been in the old times before the Normans came into England; but he promised much more than he performed. There was, however, one good thing in

Henry's reign: he was often cruel and unjust himself, but he would not suffer the barons to oppress the people as they had done before.

He was not long contented to be only King of England; in 1106 he seized upon Normandy, and shut up his unhappy brother Robert in prison for the remainder of his life. After this Henry was often away in Normandy, taking care of his new dominions, while Queen Maude remained in England, and spent much of her time in ministering to the sick and poor. She died in 1118, greatly lamented by the English.

Maude left two children, William and Matilda; neither of them resembled their good and gentle mother. Matilda had been taken from her parents when she was a very little girl, to be married to the Emperor of Germany. She grew up to be a haughty, imperious woman. William had been heard to say that when he became king, he would have the English yoked to the plough like oxen; but he never lived to wear the crown. He was drowned at sea in 1120.

Henry grieved bitterly over his son's death, and, though he lived fifteen years longer, he was never seen to smile again. He tried to comfort himself by sending for his daughter Matilda, and made the chief men promise that she should be Queen of England after his death. Her husband, the emperor, was dead; her father found another husband for her, Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, in France, and she had a son, called Henry Plantagenet, who became in time a famous king.

On the 1st of December, 1135, King Henry the First died. He was fond of learning, and the Nor-

mans gave him the name of Beauclerc, which meant "fine scholar." He was fond also of raising grand buildings, and began to build Windsor Castle. His brother William had built the first Westminster Hall in London; and several Norman barons and bishops had begun to adorn England with stately castles and abbeys.

CHAPTER XIII

Stephen, 1135—Henry II., 1154—Thomas-à-Becket
(From 1135 to 1174)

HENRY THE FIRST had a nephew named Stephen, who had promised, like the other chief men, that Matilda should be Queen of England when her father died. Instead of keeping his promise he persuaded a number of the barons to make him king. Dreadful misery came upon England now. Some of the chief men took Stephen's part, and some took Matilda's, and one half of the nation fought against the other half. A war like this, between men of the same country, is called *civil war*, and it is the worst and most terrible of all wars.

Both parties hired foreign soldiers to assist them, and some of the barons filled their castles with armed men who went about robbing the people. If they thought any one had hidden some portion of his money or goods, they carried him away to one of these castles and used him cruelly till he gave up everything or died; for very often there was nothing to give up. The country people fled into the woods to hide themselves, leaving the fields untilled year after year, and food became so scarce that many per-

sons died of famine, beside the numbers who were killed in battle. This wretched war lasted nearly fifteen years. At last it was agreed that Stephen should be king as long as he lived, but that Matilda's son, Henry Plantagenet, should reign after him; and England was once more at peace. The following year Stephen died, October, 1154.

Henry Plantagenet was twenty-one years old when he became King of England. He was always a very powerful prince; he inherited Normandy and Anjou from his parents, and his wife Eleanor had brought him all the rich and beautiful provinces in the south-west of France. The English received him joyfully; he had shown already that he was very industrious and able, and liked to go through the country to see whether the judges and officers were doing their duty or not. They hoped to be well governed now, and they were not disappointed; England prospered and was in peace during many years.

But Henry's reign was not so peaceful to himself as for his subjects. His first great trouble was a quarrel with Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Becket was only the son of a London trader, but his genius and learning had raised him to the highest posts in the kingdom; no Englishman had ever stood so high since the battle of Hastings. He had been a brave, skilful leader in battle, an ambassador, tutor to the king's eldest son, and chancellor of the kingdom. In every office he had served the king faithfully, and was his favorite friend and companion. But all this favor and friendship came to an end when Becket was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Henry raised him to that high office because he

hoped Becket would help him to alter the laws relating to the clergy, who were not subject to the same laws as the rest of the people. If a priest committed a crime, he was not tried by the king's judges like other men; he was tried in the courts of the bishops, and those courts had no power to sentence him to death, even when he was guilty of the greatest wickedness.

Henry wished the clergy to be subject to the same laws and judges as the rest of the people, and he thought Becket would assist him to bring this about. Becket told the king he could not help him, and would rather not be made archbishop; but Henry would have it so, and then came years of disputing. Neither the king nor the archbishop was always in the right, and both of them were men of violent temper. At last the king said one day in a rage, "Does no one love me enough to rid me of this insolent priest?" Four knights who heard these words at once made haste to Canterbury and savagely murdered the archbishop in his own cathedral, December 29, 1170.

Becket showed a brave willingness to die; but after his death every one was shocked at the crime which had been committed, and expected that some heavy judgment would fall on the murderers, and on the king himself if he had consented to the death of the archbishop. Henry declared that he had never intended him to be killed, though in the heat of anger he had spoken as if he wished for his death. To show his sorrow, he did penance according to the custom of those times, by going barefoot to Becket's tomb and submitting to be severely scourged by the monks.

CHAPTER XIV

Wars between Henry II. and his Sons—Conquest of Ireland
(From 1168 to 1189)

KING HENRY'S bitterest troubles gathered round the closing years of his life. He had four sons, Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John. The oldest and youngest were his favorites; Richard and Geoffrey were left more to the care of their mother. But neither Henry nor Eleanor set a good example to their children, and the four princes, ill-trained by their parents, grew up proud, passionate, and undutiful. When their father offended them, they raised troops in their mother's French provinces, and made war upon him. In the midst of their rebellion, Prince Henry was seized with a fatal illness. His conscience now accused him bitterly because of his undutiful conduct, and he died in miserable anguish and remorse.

The other princes were not made better by the sad end of their brother. Geoffrey was killed soon after by an accident—he fell from his horse and was trodden under foot in a great crowd—but Richard again went to war with his father. It is true that King Henry had used his son Richard very ill, but Richard was now joined by John, the darling child of his father, who had kept John always with him and indulged him far more than any of his brothers. This last sorrow quite broke the king's heart. When he heard that John was among the rebels, he burst into an agony of rage and disappointment, pronounced a bitter curse on his unnatural children, and in a

short time ended his days, worn out with vexation and grief, July 6th, 1189.

Henry the Second was the first English king who possessed any part of Ireland. At that time Ireland was divided into a number of little kingdoms, and the princes of those kingdoms were constantly quarrelling and at war with one another. One of them, Dermot, King of Leinster, was driven out of his territory, and came over to England in 1168 to ask for help. Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, and some other nobles, went to Ireland to fight for him, and to get lands for themselves. They succeeded so well that when King Henry went over, in 1171, almost all the Irish chiefs made submission to him. From that time the kings of England were called lords of Ireland, but it was long before they really had much power over the country. The English noblemen who settled there became like little kings in their own lands, and would only obey the King of England when they were forced to do so. They made war upon one another and upon the native Irish, whom they drove into the wildest and most distant parts of the island; and for hundreds of years Ireland was never at peace.

CHAPTER XV

Richard I., surnamed Cœur de Lion
(From 1189 to 1199)

When Prince Richard heard of his father's sorrowful end, he was greatly grieved and shocked; he wept bitterly over his corpse, and reproached himself with having done so much to pain him. But his

sorrow was not deep enough to cure the haughty passionate spirit which had made him an undutiful son, and which led him, all his life, to quarrel fiercely with every one who offended him. Richard had, however, some fine qualities, and the English were very proud of their new king, who was the wonder of his time for bravery. All kings and nobles were soldiers in those days, and would have thought it a great disgrace not to fight well, but Richard surpassed them all. Men called him Cœur de Lion—the king with the Lion's Heart.

Unfortunately, he liked nothing else so well as fighting; he would not stay at home and take care of his kingdom, but set forth upon a crusade. Jerusalem had fallen into the hands of Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt, and Richard was bent upon delivering it. He made all his subjects who had any money help him to fit out a fleet and army, and the bravest nobles in England gathered their followers and went crusading with the king.

Philip, King of France, and Leopold, Duke of Austria, went also, but they both quarrelled with Richard. Philip was jealous of him and hated to hear every one admiring his courage, and Leopold had received very rude treatment from Richard when he was in a passion. So they both left the crusade. Philip went back to France, and revenged himself by trying to take Normandy and the other French provinces which belonged to Richard. Leopold revenged himself in another way, as you will learn.

Richard's own troops were so wasted with the hardships of the war that he could not take Jerusalem after the other princes had left him. He was so bit-

terly disappointed that he would not even look on the city from afar, but turned sorrowfully away and prepared to go back to his own land, which had fallen into sad confusion while he was away. Prince John had gained over the worst of the barons, and was trying with their help to steal the kingdom from his brother. These bad men oppressed the people grievously, and no one was powerful enough to put them down. Bands of robbers roamed about the country, attacked travellers, and plundered farms and villages.

All good and peaceable men were longing for their king to return, but Richard was far away, shut up in prison. He had been shipwrecked while going home, and was obliged to make his way through Austria. He knew Leopold would be watching for him, so he sent away all his companions except one or two, and travelled on foot, calling himself Hugh the Merchant. But Leopold found him out and put him in prison; then he sold him to the Emperor of Germany, who put him in another prison.

When Prince John and Philip of France heard what had befallen Richard, they were delighted, and promised the emperor a great sum of money if he would keep him in prison. But the emperor dared not do so, for all good men cried shame upon him when they heard that he had imprisoned the bravest warrior in Christendom. He was, however, base enough to make the English pay an enormous ransom for their king before he would let him go.

There is a tradition that the news of Richard's captivity first reached England through a minstrel named Blondel, who had gone with the king to the

Holy Land It is said that he wandered through Germany, seeking for his master, and singing Richard's favorite song under the walls of every castle. At last he was rewarded for his fidelity by hearing from a tower the voice of the king, who had heard his song and repeated it in reply.

Richard was received in England with transports of joy, but he did not stay there long; and the remainder of his life was spent in France, warring against Philip or against rebels in his own provinces. He was killed in April, 1199, while besieging a castle in which he thought one of them had hidden some treasure.

Out of a reign of ten years, Richard had spent scarcely eight months in England, and was never heard to speak English but once; yet the English people loved him. Of all the kings that had reigned since the battle of Hastings, he was the only one who had seemed to like his English subjects, and they forgave all his faults because he honored their bravery and treated them with kindness. There was still a great distinction between the men of English and Norman race, and they had not yet learned to like one another. The Normans thought themselves superior to their English neighbors, and the English hated the Norman pride. They lived also in a very different way. The Normans were fond of state and ceremony, fine castles, and gay clothes; the English did not care about outside show, and were contented to live in rude timber houses, if they could feast their friends and neighbors, and have plenty of hunting and amusement.

But the time was coming when all wise men would

unite to defend themselves and their countrymen against the tyranny of John; and from that time the two races of men in England began to look upon one another as brothers, and the sons of Norman fathers became proud of the name of Englishman.

CHAPTER XVI

John, 1199—The Great Charter, 1215
(From 1199 to 1216)

RICHARD THE FIRST left no children, and desired that his brother John might be king after him, though there was a prince who seemed to have a better right to the throne. This was Arthur, the son of that Prince Geoffrey who had been killed by falling from his horse. But Arthur was only twelve years old, and the English gave the crown to John. The King of France took Arthur's part, and this led to a war which lasted till poor Arthur was taken prisoner and put to death by order of his cruel uncle. Most persons believed that John had murdered his nephew with his own hands, and the chief men of Normandy declared that so wicked a prince was not fit to rule over them. They gave up their province to the King of France, and by degrees John was driven out of all his French possessions except Guienne, part of the country which had belonged to his mother Eleanor.

He might still have been a powerful king if he had tried to rule England well, but he governed so badly that the people could not endure him. He was fearfully cruel. Other princes had put men to death unjustly, and had been guilty of many bar-

barous actions; but John was the first English sovereign who had shut up men, women, and children in dungeons, and left them to die by the slow agony of hunger. He was cowardly as well as cruel. He quarrelled with the Pope, and defied him to do his worst; then, becoming afraid, he gave up his crown and kingdom of England into the Pope's hands, saying that he would be his servant and king under him.

At last the patience of the English people was quite worn out. There was at that time a very wise Archbishop of Canterbury, named Stephen Langton. He helped the barons to draw up a writing called the Great Charter (or Magna Charta), by which liberty and just laws might be secured to England, so that they could no more be taken away. The barons resolved that John should set his seal to this writing, or that he should be no longer king.

John was furious; he hated just laws, and only wished to have power to do as he pleased. But the barons were stronger than he was; the citizens of the towns and the farmers were all on their side, and not ten of the chief men in England were on the side of John. So he was forced to promise that he would govern justly in future, and on the 19th of June, 1215, he set his seal to the Great Charter, in the meadow called Runnymede, which is on the banks of the Thames, between Staines and Windsor. The more we know of the history of England, the better we can understand how precious a thing that charter was. It was the root from which free government and just laws grew up, and made England a great and happy country.

King John had no intention of keeping his promise. He sent abroad secretly and hired soldiers, and when these troops landed in England he set the barons at defiance and began to ravage the country. This shameful breach of faith provoked some of them to offer the crown of England to Louis, the French king's eldest son, if he would come and help them to put down John. But the other barons refused to give the kingdom to a foreigner; and there would, perhaps, have been a long civil war if the wicked John had not died, October 19th, 1216. His death was hastened by grief for the loss of his treasure. Between Lynn and Lincolnshire his road lay along the seashore, which was overflowed at high water; and the returning tide overtook his army and washed away all his baggage, money, and jewels.

CHAPTER XVII

Henry III.
(From 1216 to 1272)

JOHN'S eldest son, Henry, was hardly nine years old when his father died; but he had a wise guardian, the Earl of Pembroke, who got rid of Prince Louis and the foreign soldiers, and restored England to order and peace. Unhappily, the good earl lived but a few years, and Henry the Third grew up to be a foolish man and a bad king. He was so idle that he hated to take any trouble; he spent money in the most wasteful manner possible, and gave himself up to be guided by favorites, most of whom were foreigners. These men did not care what became of the country, so long as they could gain riches and

power for themselves. If they were charged with breaking the laws, "What are the English laws to us?" was the insolent reply.

When the king was in want of money, he used to promise that he would govern better and keep the Great Charter faithfully; but as soon as the people had given him what he wanted he forgot all his promises. Yet he was not wicked like his father, but so feeble-minded that his favorites could persuade him to do anything they liked.

After bearing with the king's follies for many years, the barons took all power out of his hands and put the kingdom in charge of twenty-four councillors, with Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, at their head. De Montfort did not govern very well, and after some time the king's eldest son, Prince Edward, a brave and able young man, overcame and killed the earl, and Henry was restored to power.

When Edward had made peace between his father and the barons, he set out upon a crusade, as Richard the Lion-Hearted had done eighty years before. Like Richard, he gained a great name by his brave deeds; but he could not win Jerusalem from the Mahometans. They were very much afraid of him, nevertheless, and tried to murder him. He was wounded by a poisoned dagger, and was in great danger of losing his life; but after much suffering he recovered. It is said that Edward's wife, Eleanor of Castile, sucked the poison from his wound; we do not know if this is true, but he always said he owed his life to her tender care and nursing.

While these things were happening in Palestine, there was much trouble in England. Poor King

Henry did not rule more wisely than before, and as no one felt afraid of displeasing him, bad men did almost as much mischief as they chose. But the worst thing of all was the wickedness of the judges, who would take bribes to condemn the innocent and let the guilty go free. At last, after a long reign of fifty-six years, Henry the Third died, November 6th, 1272. His death did more than his life for the peace of the country; for as soon as his son Edward was proclaimed king, bad men began to stand in awe of him, and to fear the weight of his anger even while he was far away.

CHAPTER XVIII

Edward I., 1272—Conquest of Wales, 1284
(From 1272 to 1290)

EDWARD and Eleanor returned to England in the summer of 1274, and were received with great rejoicing. The people gazed with admiration on the lofty stature and majestic countenance of the king, who surpassed most men in strength and activity. Unlike his father, Edward the First was always busy, either in the affairs of his kingdom and in making war or peace, or in manly exercises and amusements.

England soon found the benefit of being ruled by so wise a head and so strong a hand. The unjust judges were dismissed and punished, and better men appointed in their stead. The country was cleared of the bands of robbers who, in the last reign, had infested every highway and committed murder at noonday in the streets of London.

Edward took care to encourage trade. English wool, lead, and tin, were sent to foreign countries,

and there came in return wines and fruits, silk and spices, gold, silver, and cloth; for the English did not yet know how to make cloth, though they had abundance of wool. They had only just learned how to make linen, from a colony of Flemish weavers who had settled in England in the reign of Henry the Third.

It would have been well if Edward could have been contented with making his own kingdom prosperous and powerful; but he had set his heart on adding to it Wales and Scotland, and as neither the Welsh nor the Scots were willing to submit to a foreign ruler, much misery was caused to both countries, and Edward was led to commit terrible acts of injustice and cruelty.

The people of Wales were descended from those ancient Britons who fled to the mountains of the west when their country was conquered by the Saxons. They had been almost always at war, first with the Saxons and then with the Norman kings of England, and were ready to fight to the last for their country; but they never could agree among themselves, and their continual quarrels rendered them so feeble that, under the Norman kings, the English had taken nearly the whole of South Wales.

When Edward the First came to the throne, the Prince of North Wales was Llewellyn; but few of the chief men obeyed him, and, when Edward marched an army into Wales, Llewellyn was ill able to resist so powerful an enemy. After a few years of warfare Llewellyn was killed. His brother David was taken prisoner, and by Edward's orders was put to a shameful and cruel death.

Wales was divided into counties, and strong castles were built at Conway and Caernarvon, and several other places where English troops could overawe the natives. The Welsh entreated that they might have one of their own countrymen to govern them; "one," said they, "who speaks neither French nor English, for we do not understand these languages." Edward promised that it should be so, but they were greatly disappointed when he presented to them his baby son Edward, born a few days before at Caernarvon Castle. "Here is a prince for you," said he, "born a Welshman, and who cannot speak one word of English or French." They dared not resist the king's will, so the Welsh chiefs came forward, kissed the hand of the infant, and promised to be his faithful servants. But obedience won by fear can never be depended on, and it was long before the Welsh ceased to look upon the English as enemies, and to make war on them whenever they had an opportunity.

The conquest of Wales was followed by some years of quietness, but during that time a great calamity befell the king—the loss of his good and beautiful wife, Eleanor. It was a loss to the whole nation, for Eleanor had rendered herself very dear to her husband's subjects. One of our oldest historians truly said of her: "She was a godly, modest, and merciful princess; a loving mother to our nation, the comforter of the sorrowful, and a peace-maker between those who were at strife."

At each of the places where Eleanor's corpse rested on its way to burial, a beautiful cross was erected to her memory; two are still standing—at Northampton

and at Waltham. But the finest memorial is in Westminster Abbey, where the sculptured likeness of the good queen rests upon her tomb, perfect in serene beauty, and scarcely at all injured by time. Eleanor died at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, November 29th, 1290. Of four sons, one only survived her —Edward, the young Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER XIX

Wars of Edward I. with Scotland (From 1290 to 1307)

THE remainder of Edward's life was spent chiefly in a vain attempt to add Scotland to his dominions. At first, it seemed that the two kingdoms would be joined by a better way than war. The King of Scots had died in 1287, leaving only one little granddaughter to reign after him, and Edward had proposed that this little princess should be married, when old enough, to his son, the Prince of Wales. But the little girl died when only six years old, and several noblemen at once laid claim to the crown, as being related to the Scottish royal family. The Scots were afraid they would all go to war together, and asked Edward to say which of the claimants had the best right to reign over them.

Edward said that he should not decide in favor of any one, unless the Scots would all agree to say that the King of England was chief lord of Scotland. He also said that they must put all their strongest castles into his hands. They did not like this at all, but they thought it better to do what was required than to run the risk of a civil war. Edward then decided

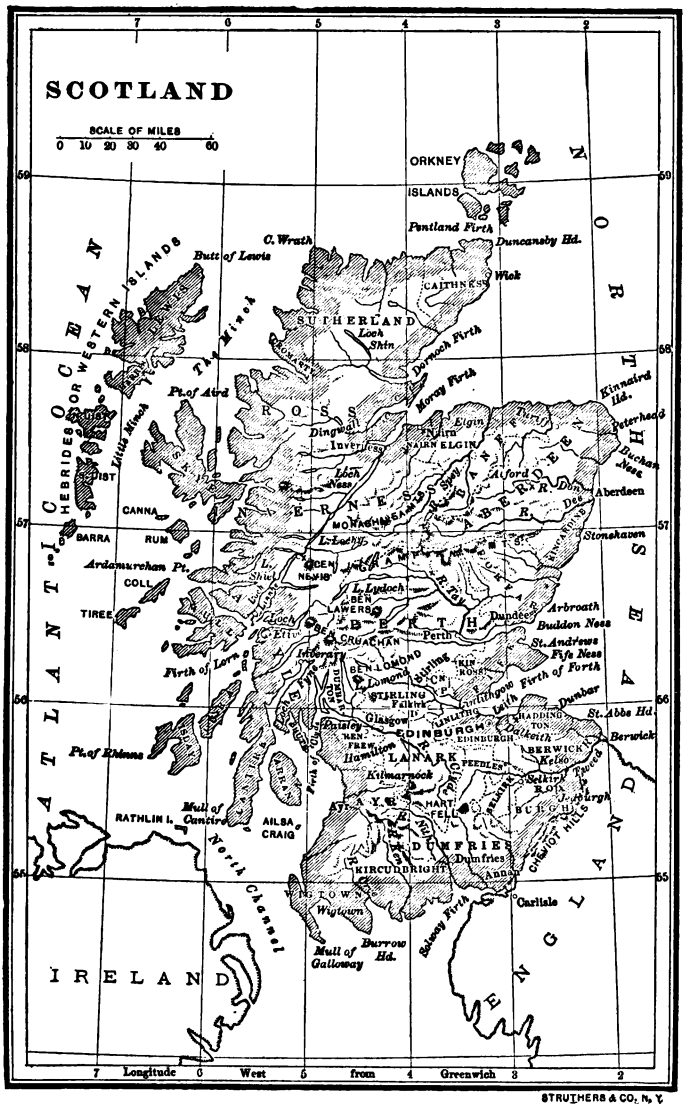
that John Baliol had the best right to the throne, and he was crowned accordingly.

For a little while there was peace, but Edward ruled Baliol with a heavy hand, and treated him as if he had been a private man. The Scots felt that they were insulted as well as their king, and they rose in arms. Edward was, at first, too strong for them; he laid waste their best lands, took Baliol prisoner, and carried away all the treasures of the kingdom.

He took also something which the Scots valued more than gold—the ancient stone on which their kings were seated at their coronation. There was an old superstitious saying, that the Scottish race would reign wherever that stone was found, and so they had a fear that if it did not remain in Scotland, kings of their own race would no longer reign there. It was never restored to them, but was placed in the coronation chair of our English sovereigns; and after some three hundred years the old saying was made true, for Scottish kings came to reign on the throne of England.

When Edward had carried away Baliol and placed governors over Scotland, he thought the country was conquered, but it was not so. There was a brave gentleman, called William Wallace, who could not endure to see his countrymen ill-treated by Edward's officers. He gathered a little band of men, and by degrees drove Edward's forces out of nearly all the towns and castles.

Unfortunately, the Scottish nobles were mean enough to be jealous of this brave man because he was not of high birth. One after another they made



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peace with Edward, and Wallace was left almost alone. Edward set a great price upon his head, and a man was found base enough to earn that price by betraying the hero into the hands of his enemies; his infamy was the greater, because he had been Wallace's familiar friend and companion. When Edward's passions were roused, he forgot all noble and generous feelings. He caused Wallace to be mocked and insulted as if he had been the vilest of mankind, and put him to death in the same horrible manner as the Welsh prince David. Wallace endured all with the same calm courage; and this cruel murder did Edward's cause no good.

The Scots rose in arms again, and, though often beaten, they never left off striving for their freedom. Their leader now was Robert Bruce, the grandson of one of the noblemen who had claimed the crown when the little Queen of Scotland died. Bruce was crowned king at Scone on the 29th of March, 1306; but on the 19th of June following he was defeated in a battle near Hethven by the English Earl of Pembroke. He fled with a few brave adherents into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, and had often to fight for their lives. A tradition which is not improbable tells that, in the course of his wanderings, Bruce was lying one morning in a friendly peasant's hut, considering whether he had not better give up all hopes of making good his right to the Scottish crown, and go to the Holy Land to fight against the Saracens. While thus reflecting he looked up to the roof of the hut, and saw a spider hanging by its line and striving to swing from one beam to another,

in order to go on making its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success, and Bruce counted six times that it had done so. It occurred to him that he had fought six battles against the English and their allies, and, like the spider, had failed to gain his object "Now," thought the king," if the insect makes another effort and succeeds in fixing its thread, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider fails again, I will go to Palestine and never return." The spider did try once more and reached the beam; and Bruce, seeing its success, took courage and continued the war.

When King Edward heard that Bruce had been crowned at Scone, he assembled two great armies and sent them forward, one after the other, while he followed by easier journeys himself, for he was growing old and his great strength began to fail. But he was resolved never to turn back till the Scots were utterly crushed and Bruce was at his mercy. In vain, however, did the angry king strive to reach the Scottish border. The strong hand of death was upon him; and on the 7th of July, 1307, he breathed his last at the little village of Burgh-on-the-Sands, near Carlisle. He was in the sixty-ninth year of his age and the thirty-fifth of his reign.

Edward the First did much for England, and has always been looked upon as one of its greatest kings; but the love of power and conquest made him merciless and unjust. His wars had one good consequence for England: they were so expensive that he was obliged frequently to summon parliaments, in order that they might grant him money. He was the first

king who commanded the counties and borough towns to elect members to Parliament. All the kings who had reigned since the Norman conquest had summoned only barons and men of rank; but from the time of Edward the First there were commons as well as lords in the English Parliament; and it has not been lawful for the king to tax his subjects without their consent.

CHAPTER XX

Edward II, 1307—Bannockburn, 1314—Edward III, 1327—Queen Philippa and the Black Prince—Battle of Crecy, 1346
(From 1307 to 1346)

EDWARD THE SECOND was twenty-three years of age when he succeeded his father. He was a very different man from Edward the First, but there is little to be said in his favor except that he was not cruel and not wanting in courage. He was one of the most unwise kings that ever sat on the English throne, and came at last to the most miserable end; and all this evil and misery was chiefly owing to his bad choice of friends and advisers. Instead of taking counsel with the men who had served his father, the young king surrounded himself with idle companions, and wasted in feasts and diversions the money which his subjects gave him for the expenses of the government.

The barons were so displeased at the king's misconduct that they took up arms against him more than once; and all his favorites came, sooner or later, to a violent death. But the king's worst enemy was his wife, the Princess Isabella of France; she was a talented and beautiful woman, but very wicked.

She was angry that Edward preferred to spend his time and money with his favorites rather than with herself; and in revenge she stirred up the people to take away the crown from him and give it to his son, a boy of fourteen. Some months afterward, the unhappy king was cruelly murdered at Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, September 21st, 1327.

Other miseries beside those of civil war marked the reign of Edward the Second. In 1314, he led an army of one hundred thousand men into Scotland, met Bruce at the head of a small force at Bannockburn, near Stirling, and was utterly routed. Thirty thousand men, the pride and flower of the English army, were left dead on that fatal field, and Edward was forced to fly for his life. This terrible defeat was followed by a famine which lasted three years and caused the death of a multitude of people.

For three years after his father's death, Edward had no part in the government of the kingdom. His mother Isabella had taken for her chief friend and counsellor a wicked nobleman, named Mortimer, with whom she ruled as she chose. But as the young king grew up, he learned by degrees how much evil his mother and Mortimer had committed and how badly they were governing England. He became impatient of their control, and when he was eighteen years old he caused Mortimer to be put to death for his crimes, and imprisoned Queen Isabella for the remainder of her life. From that time Edward had the authority as well as the name of king.

He was as wise as his grandfather, the first Edward, and far more just and merciful. While yet a boy, he had made a campaign against the Scots and

had shown himself a good soldier, and when he became a man his reign was made famous by great victories. But it is famous for better things: England became wiser, freer, and happier. During forty years there was peace at home and honor abroad. There were excellent judges, and the laws were made more just for every man.

The wealth of the people grew with their industry, and one useful thing which they learned at this time was the art of making woollen cloth. The king had married a young Flemish lady, Philippa of Hainault. Her countrymen were noted for the excellent cloth which they wove from English wool. Edward invited some of the best weavers to settle in England and teach his subjects, and the queen took pains to encourage them to learn, so that it was not very long before the cloth made in England became as famous as that of Flanders.

This good Queen Philippa was one of the greatest blessings of Edward's reign; and her eldest son, Edward, Prince of Wales (generally called the Black Prince, because he wore black armor), was good like her. He was wise also, and brave like his father, and there is no name in English history more famous and more beloved than his.

The Black Prince was hardly sixteen when he won his first great victory, August 26th, 1346. King Edward had invaded France, and was overtaken by the French king, Philip the Sixth, at Crecy, near Abbeville. Philip had a very large army, Edward had but a few thousand men; but there was a body of archers among them, and in those days no foot soldiers in any army could compare with the English

archers. The English boys, from the time they were six or seven years old, were taught to use the bow and arrow; in every village archery was the favorite exercise, and more than one famous battle was mainly gained by the skill of the bowmen. Men did not yet know the use of guns, and the first cannon that we read of were two used by Edward at Crecy; but they were clumsy things and seem to have been of little service, as we hear of no more for a long time afterward.

When the king had set his army in order, he retired and left the command to his son, saying that he should have all the honor of that day. The fight began by the archers letting fly their arrows, which fell as thick and fast as the flakes in a snow-storm, pierced through the armor of the Frenchmen, and threw them into great confusion. Then the young prince and his companions, making up in valor what they wanted in numbers, charged them so fiercely that their ranks were utterly broken and they fled in all directions.

The French lost many thousand men; of the English very few were killed; and when it was told at home how thirty thousand men had beaten one hundred thousand, all the people exulted greatly, and thought that with such a prince to lead them Englishmen need not fear the whole world.

CHAPTER XXI

Victory of Poitiers, 1356—Great Deeds of the Black Prince—His Death, 1376—Death of the King, 1377
(From 1356 to 1377)

TEN years afterward there was another great battle like that of Crecy; but this time the Black Prince was alone, King Edward being in England. The French king, Philip, was dead, and his son, John the Second, had succeeded him. King John marched against the prince at the head of sixty thousand men, among whom were all the royal princes and the bravest noblemen of France.

The Black Prince, with a little army of eight thousand men, was on the way to his father's own province of Gascony, when King John came up with him in the high grounds south of Poitiers. When the prince found he must encounter this great host with his little company, he was not at all intimidated; he only said, "God is my help; I must fight them as best I can." He gained a wonderful victory, taking the King of France and a great number of his men prisoners.

King John was greatly cast down at his defeat; but the prince, who was as modest and generous as he was brave, did everything he could to cheer him. He reminded him of the many brave deeds he had performed before he was taken prisoner. He would not sit down to table with him, but waited upon him with as much respect as if John had been his father; and when he returned to England, instead of trying to look like a conqueror bringing his captive in triumph, he made the French king ride in the place of

honor, mounted on a beautiful white charger, while he rode at his side on a little black pony But he could not hide his noble deeds, and men valued them all the more because he seemed to think so little of them.

This war, however, in which such great victories were won, was a very unjust one. The three French kings who reigned before Philip the Sixth were King Edward's uncles; none of them left any sons, and when the last of the three died Edward said that he ought to be King of France now. But the French chose Philip, who had a better right according to their laws, though he was not so nearlv related to the royal family of France as the Englisn king was. Edward then began this war, which lasted thirty years, and brought immense misery on the people of France, whose towns were ruined, and the land laid waste with perpetual marching and countermarching of armies, sieges, and battles. As for the English, they were so proud of Edward's victories that they willingly gave him all the money he required for the expenses of the war, and joined eagerly in every scheme for conquering France.

The Black Prince did conquer a large portion of the country, and ruled in the southwest with kingly state, keeping his court at Bordeaux. Unhappily, he was prevailed on to assist a king of Castile, called Pedro the Cruel, who had been driven away by his own subjects. The prince marched into Spain, won another great victory, and replaced Pedro on the throne; but the wicked king showed his gratitude by trying to poison his benefactor and starving the English troops. The Black Prince never recovered from

the fatigues and miseries of that campaign; wasted with sickness, he returned at length to his native land, where sad changes had taken place.

The good Queen Philippa was dead, and Edward the Third was no longer honored and beloved as he had been. He had given himself up to the guidance of bad men and women, who tried to make him act contrary to the laws for their own selfish ends. The prince fought one more battle for England—not in the field, but in Parliament. He was carried thither from his dying bed, that he might help to overthrow the wicked plans of his father's evil counsellors and support the men who were upholding the laws. A few weeks afterward, on the 8th of June, 1376, he breathed his last; and the nation mourned for him as if every family had lost a son or a brother. He was gone who had been wisest in council and bravest in battle; and who could fill his place?

King Edward lived but one year after his son's death. He ended his days very sadly; none of his own family were near him, and the unworthy favorites in whom he trusted robbed him of everything in his last moments, and left him to die alone (21st of June, 1377). He was sixty-four years old, and had reigned fifty years.

CHAPTER XXII

Some of the Memorable Events and Great Men of the Time of Edward III

THERE are several things to be remembered about the reign of Edward the Third beside those which have been mentioned already, and beside a list of battles and victories too long to be recounted here.

One is the taking of Calais, which the English kept for more than two hundred years, and valued highly as a key by which they could enter France when they chose.

Edward laid siege to Calais immediately after the battle of Crecy. The people defended themselves bravely as long as there was any food in the city; but at the end of eleven months, when all was gone, and they had eaten even the dogs and rats, and were ready to die with hunger, they were obliged to open their gates to the English troops.

The king was very angry that he had been kept so long before Calais, and declared that he would have no mercy on the inhabitants unless six of the chief citizens offered themselves to die for the rest. This terrible sentence filled the city with fear and lamentation, but soon the richest and most honorable of the townsmen, Eustace de St. Pierre, came forward and bade them grieve no more. "I will die for you willingly," said he; and as soon as Eustace had done speaking, his own son, and four others of the chief men, said that they too would die with him. So these six men went out to the English camp, barefooted, with halters round their necks. Every one mourned for them; Edward's own officers entreated him to spare them, but he would listen to no one till Queen Philippa came into the tent. She had just come from England to visit her husband; and now, kneeling before him, she besought so earnestly that he would not put these good men to death, that at last he said, "Dame, I can deny you nothing, but I wish you had not been here." Then he gave up the six men of Calais to her, to do what she pleased with

them; and Philippa gave them food and presents, and sent them away in peace.

While Edward was besieging Calais, Queen Philippa gained a great victory over the Scots. The French had persuaded them to invade England, and they advanced as far as York. But the queen hastened to the north and sent an army against them, by which they were utterly routed at Neville's Cross, near Durham, and their king, David the Second, was taken prisoner (October 12th, 1346).

A very few years after these events, one of the most dreadful plagues ever known ravaged England and all Europe. It was called the Black Death. Having first carried off many millions of people in Asia, it appeared, at the end of 1347, in the south of Italy and thence spread gradually northwards, destroying in its progress one-quarter of the whole population of Europe.

In the reign of Edward the Third the first great English writers appeared—the poets Chaucer and Gower and the famous John Wicliff (or Wickliffe), who translated the Scriptures into English, and did more than any other man to spread the knowledge of them among his countrymen.

CHAPTER XXIII

Richard II
(From 1377 to 1399)

EDWARD THE THIRD was succeeded by his grandson Richard, the only child of the Black Prince. He resembled his father in beauty of countenance, and the people hoped that he would resemble him in charac-

ter; but they were grievously disappointed. Richard the Second was only ten years old when he came to the throne; he was badly trained by the flattering friends who were about him, and when he became a man he showed himself so fond of vain show and amusement, and so foolishly prodigal of money, that he soon lost the affection of his subjects.

He had given promise of better things in his boyhood. When he was only fifteen, a formidable rebellion broke out among the laborers, who had been sorely oppressed by their masters, and now an unjust tax was added to their other grievances. Sixty thousand of them, under the leadership of a man named Wat Tyler, marched to London, murdered some of the king's councillors, and threw the whole city into consternation.

Richard, attended only by sixty persons, met Wat Tyler with several thousand rioters in Smithfield. The young king invited the rebels to state their grievances, and Tyler began to speak; but he played all the while with his sword, and William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, fearing that he would attack the king, struck him to the ground. When the multitude saw their leader fall, loud, angry cries were heard among them, and they bent their bows to avenge his death; but Richard, with great presence of mind, rode boldly up to them. "Are ye angry," said he, "that you have lost your leader? Follow me, and I will be your leader. This Tyler was but a rebel." The rioters were delighted with his frank, fearless manner; they followed him willingly, and Richard led them out of the city. Then he persuaded them to return peaceably to their homes, and

promised them that their wrongs should be redressed. But the king's councillors refused to keep the promise he had made, and put many hundreds of these unhappy people to death after the rebellion was over.

Until Richard was twenty-two years of age, his uncle Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, kept the power as much as possible in his own hands. After that time the king refused to be any longer under control. He arrested Gloucester, who died in prison; and, as it was generally believed that Richard had ordered him to be put to death, the king was more disliked than ever.

He had still two uncles living—John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund, Duke of York. The son of the Duke of Lancaster was called Henry of Bolingbroke; he was an able man, and so great a favorite with the people that the king was very jealous of him. When a quarrel arose between Bolingbroke and another nobleman, Richard took advantage of it to banish his cousin for some years. While Bolingbroke was still in exile his father died, and Richard most unjustly took possession of his uncle's estates, though he had promised his cousin that he would not meddle with his inheritance.

Bolingbroke, who was now become Duke of Lancaster, at once returned to England, saying that he had only come to recover his father's lands; but what he really aimed at was the crown, and he soon obtained it. Almost every one forsook Richard. He was shut up in Pontefract Castle, and it was never certainly known what became of him. Some said that he had been starved or put to death by violence in his prison; others believed that he had escaped to

Scotland and died years afterward, a poor insane man, having lost his reason through grief at his terrible downfall. He had been king twenty-two years. During the early part of his reign his uncles carried on the war with France, but so unsuccessfully that the English lost almost every town which Edward the Third and the Black Prince had taken.

In the border counties of England there was constant fighting between the English and Scots. Earl Douglas led the Scots, and Lord Henry Percy, who was of so daring and fiery a spirit that he was surnamed Hotspur, was the leader of the Engliish.

CHAPTER XXIV

Henry IV, 1399—Henry V, 1413—Victory of Agincourt, 1415 (From 1399 to 1422)

HENRY, Duke of Lancaster, had ascended the throne with the consent of the Parliament, but he was not the nearest heir after Richard the Second. There was a little boy, called Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was descended from an elder brother of Henry's father; but Mortimer was so young that he could do nothing to assert his claim to the crown. His cause was taken up by some of the chief men in the kingdom, and in particular by the three Percys—Hotspur, and his father and uncle, the Earls of Northumberland and Worcester. But they were all overthrown, and perished either in battle or by the hands of the executioner.

In his contest with these noblemen, the king was greatly assisted by his eldest son, Prince Henry, a young man of great courage and capacity, and of a

most noble and generous disposition. But the young prince made a strange choice of companions, and sometimes indulged with them in frolics which were quite unsuitable to his rank and unworthy of his noble character. One of his companions was carried before Chief Justice Gascoyne for making a riot in the streets at midnight. The judge sent him to prison. Prince Henry went to the chief justice and desired him to release his friend, and when he refused to do so the angry prince drew his sword upon him. For this flagrant breach of the laws, Judge Gascoyne ordered Prince Henry himself to prison, and the prince was so sensible that he had done wrong that he submitted without a murmur. When his father heard what had happened, he exclaimed, "Happy am I to have a judge who dares punish such an offender, and still happier that I have a son who is willing to submit to just punishment!" It is probable, however, that the stories of Prince Henry's bad habits, though not without foundation, are much exaggerated.

Henry the Fourth died March 20th, 1413; and as soon as Prince Henry became king he bent all his thoughts to the task of governing his kingdom well. He withdrew from his former wild companions, and forbade them to come into his presence till they should have entirely reformed their lives; but he treated the upright Judge Gascoyne and other wise and good men with the utmost honor. He was a good king; but, unhappily, he was fond of war and conquest, and could not be contented with governing his own people well.

He renewed the war with France, and gained such

astonishing successes that it seemed as if the days of the Black Prince were come again. Henry's greatest victory was at Agincourt (October, 1415). He was on his way from Harfleur to Calais with about twelve thousand men, many of whom were weak and weary for want of food, when he encountered a very large army of Frenchmen. They felt so sure of their victory over the tired, half-starved English that they settled beforehand how much ransom they would ask for King Henry and his chief officers. But the Englishmen remembered Crecy and Poitiers, and fought as their fathers had done. The great French army was beaten with terrible slaughter; the English did not lose many men.

Within a few years after the battle of Agincourt, Henry possessed himself of a large portion of France, and concluded a treaty with the king, Charles the Sixth, by which it was agreed that Charles should give his daughter Katharine in marriage to Henry, and that Henry should be King of France after him instead of his own son. But in the midst of his triumphs Henry was attacked by a fatal illness, and died at Vincennes, in France, on the 31st of August, 1422, aged 33. He was deeply lamented by the people of England.

Henry the Fifth was the first king since the battle of Hastings who had built ships of his own to guard the coasts. They were very much needed, for the seas were so infested with pirates that Henry the Fourth was very near being seized and carried off at the mouth of the Thames.

After the death of Henry the Fifth, his widow, Katharine of France, married a Welsh gentleman,

named Owen Tudor; and the descendants of this marriage afterward became kings of England.

CHAPTER XXV

Henry VI, 1422—War with France—Joan of Arc (From 1422 to 1449)

HENRY THE FIFTH left one son, an infant of eight months old, who, while still in the cradle, was proclaimed King both of France and England.

It would have been happier for the little Henry the Sixth if he had been the son of a private man; he grew up good and gentle, but quite unfit to command an army, or to rule a kingdom, and his reign was one of the most troublous periods in English history. During the first years of his life, everything seemed prosperous; his uncles ruled for him—John, Duke of Bedford, in France, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in England. But they had an uncle, the Cardinal Beaufort, between whom and Duke Humphrey there arose many quarrels, and the Duke of Bedford was often obliged to make peace between them.

At this time all France north of the river Loire owned Henry the Sixth for king; but the provinces south of the Loire looked upon Charles the Seventh, the son of the last king, as their sovereign. The Duke of Bedford resolved to bring these provinces also under the English rule. He began by laying siege to Orleans, an important city on the banks of the Loire; and, as Charles the Seventh took little pains to relieve it, it seemed that Orleans and all the territory on the south would soon be in the hands of the English.

But a new and wonderful champion now appeared on the side of France. This was a peasant girl, called Joan of Arc, who was but eighteen years old, and had been distinguished from her village companions only by her piety and goodness. But Joan loved her country, and, musing upon the misery which the war had brought upon it, believed that she heard voices from heaven bidding her go and place herself at the head of the French army, drive back the English, and conduct her rightful king, Charles the Seventh, to Rheims, there to be crowned as his forefathers had been. At first no one would listen to Joan when she told them what the voices said; but she was quite sure herself of the truth of her story, and after a time other people began to believe it.

She was now brought before Charles, who gave her a suit of armor, a horse, and a little band of soldiers, with whom she made her way to Orleans. In less than three months, Joan forced the English to raise the siege of the city, gained a great battle over them, in which she captured their most famous commander, Lord Talbot, and conducted Charles to Rheims, where he was solemnly crowned king of France. Joan's work was now done, and she wanted to go back to her parents and her village home; but Charles and his officers desired that she would remain and give them yet more help.

Poor Joan could not refuse; but a sad fate awaited her. She was made prisoner by some men of Burgundy who were in league with the English, and by them given up to the Duke of Bedford. He was not, in general, a cruel man, but he had persuaded him-

self that Joan's wonderful successes were owing to witchcraft, and he sent her before a tribunal composed of French and English bishops and priests, to be tried for sorcery. She was kept in prison for many months, and cruelly treated by her judges; but her patience never failed, and she continued to the last to declare that heavenly voices had commanded her to go to the help of her country and her lawful king.

All this while Charles the Seventh, for whom Joan had done so much, made not the least effort to rescue her from the unrighteous judges into whose hands she had fallen. They condemned her to be burned to death as a witch, and then, for a very little while, poor Joan's fortitude did fail her; she burst into tears, and said she would rather lose her head seven times over than be burned. But she soon became as brave and calm as ever, and went patiently to her cruel death, with words of prayer for herself and of forgiveness for her enemies. She suffered on the 30th of May, 1431—little more than two years from the day on which she had driven back the English from the walls of Orleans.

The barbarous murder of poor Joan did not bring any success to the English arms. The war lasted yet many years, but the English lost by degrees all their possessions in France except Calais. In the meantime the Duke of Bedford died, and England began to be much disturbed by the disputes between the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort. The king could do nothing to restrain them; he had become a man in years, but his mind was feeble as a child's. At last, the cardinal and his friends pro-

cured that Gloucester should be imprisoned, and a few days afterward he was found dead in his bed. Beaufort was accused of having murdered him, but no one could prove it, and he died himself a few weeks later.

CHAPTER XXVI

War of the Roses—Henry VI Dethroned, 1461
(From 1449 to 1461)

Now that the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester were dead, the nobleman most nearly related to the royal family was Richard, Duke of York. He was the nephew of that Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, of whom we read in the reign of Henry the Fourth. Mortimer had no children, so that his nephew inherited his claim to the throne, but he had not yet shown any desire to displace King Henry. Unfortunately, Henry, who was so gentle and harmless himself, had married a very haughty, high-spirited princess, Margaret of Anjou. She ruled her husband entirely, and having taken Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, for her chief counsellor, she managed the government with his help in such a way as to give great offence to the Duke of York and his friends.

In 1453, the king became for a time quite insane; then Somerset was imprisoned, and the Parliament placed the government in the hands of York, who was called Protector of the kingdom. But as soon as the king recovered his reason Somerset was set at liberty, and the Duke of York was so deeply offended that he took up arms. Now began one of the most dreadful wars which ever raged in England. It is

called the War of the Roses, because the friends of York took a white rose for their badge, and the friends of King Henry a red one. As Henry the Sixth was descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the men of his party were called Lancastrians; the Duke of York's men were called Yorkists.

The first battle in this terrible war was fought at St. Alban's, in May, 1455. Somerset was killed in this action, and a few years of peace followed his death; but in September, 1459, the war broke out again, and in the following year the king was made prisoner, and Queen Margaret was obliged to fly to Scotland. It was now settled that Henry should continue to be king as long as he lived, but that the Duke of York and his children should inherit the crown, and not Henry's own son.

Queen Margaret could not patiently bear that her child should be deprived of his father's throne; she came back from Scotland, gathered an army, and marched against the Yorkists. In the battle which followed, the Duke of York was slain, his second son murdered in cold blood when the fight was over, and several noblemen who had been taken by the queen's party were put to death as traitors. A few weeks afterward, the duke's eldest son, Edward, took heavy revenge for these things. In a great battle at Mortimer's Cross, near Leominster, he defeated the Lancastrians, and put to death all the chief men who were taken prisoners. This frightful bloodshed continued on both sides during all the War of the Roses, until every noble family in England had seen fathers and sons and brothers fall on the field of battle or by the hand of the executioner.

Edward entered London after his victory at Mortimer's Cross, and was joyfully received by the citizens, who were almost all friendly to the house of York. On the 4th of March, 1461, he was proclaimed king.

CHAPTER XXVII

Edward IV
(From 1461 to 1483)

EDWARD THE FOURTH was no sooner made king than he was obliged to prepare for another encounter with Queen Margaret's forces. At Towton, in Yorkshire, he overthrew them with terrible slaughter; twenty-eight thousand Lancastrians were left dead on the field of battle. Margaret, with her husband and their little son, found refuge in Scotland; but at the end of a few years she returned again, bringing some French and Scottish troops with her. Once more the Lancastrians rose in arms, but only to be again defeated. Their party now seemed quite crushed. The queen fled with her son to France; King Henry remained in concealment in the north of England; but a treacherous monk betrayed his retreat to the Yorkists, and after enduring much insulting treatment he was shut up in the Tower of London.

Hitherto Edward had been entirely successful. His cause had been supported by the most powerful nobleman in England, Neville, Earl of Warwick, who had so many friends and vassals that thirty thousand persons were daily fed at his cost in the various manors and castles which belonged to him. But King Edward began to offend his friends now. He

had married Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Sir John Grey, a Lancastrian knight, and he heaped honors and gifts upon his wife's relatives till every one else became jealous of them.

His own brother George, Duke of Clarence, was particularly indignant at the favors conferred upon the Woodvilles. George had married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Warwick; and when Warwick, in 1470, received great offence from Edward and determined to dethrone him, he hoped that he should be made king in his brother's stead. But Warwick intended to restore Henry the Sixth, and gave his youngest daughter in marriage to Henry's son. Warwick was called "the king-maker," for he was so beloved and so powerful that whichever prince he favored seemed sure to prevail.

Edward was now obliged to fly from the kingdom, and Henry was brought out of the Tower, and once more shown to the people as their sovereign (October, 1470). But this change of kings lasted a very little while; Edward returned by stealth to England, and Clarence, who hated Warwick now, because he had not given him the crown, took revenge by deserting to his brother and assisting him to raise an army. The forces of the White and the Red Rose met at Barnet on Easter-day, 1471, and in the dreadful battle which followed, Warwick, "the king-maker," was slain and the Lancastrians totally routed.

Queen Margaret had been raising troops in France to assist her friends, but contrary winds would not suffer them to sail; and when at last she ventured to embark she was kept tossing about the Channel for sixteen days. She landed at Weymouth but a few

hours before the fatal battle of Barnet, which was the ruin of her husband's cause. When she heard of the death of Warwick and the defeat of her friends, she would fain have returned to France with her son, to wait till better times might come; but some Lancastrian noblemen who had escaped from Barnet raised a force in the western counties, and persuaded her to encounter Edward once more. They met at Tewkesbury, May 4th, 1471, and the Lancastrians were totally defeated. Margaret and her son were taken prisoners; and the prince, who was a brave and accomplished youth in his eighteenth year, is said to have been barbarously murdered in Edward's presence after the battle.

Poor King Henry had been again shut up in the Tower, and was put to death there, a few weeks after the battle of Tewkesbury. Queen Margaret was imprisoned for some years, and then allowed to retire to France, where she wore out the sad remainder of her days in deep distress.

Edward the Fourth had now triumphed over all his enemies. During the rest of his life he gave himself up to every kind of vicious indulgence, and to this he joined extreme cruelty. Among those whom he put to death at this time was his brother, the Duke of Clarence. Some of Clarence's friends had been most unjustly executed, and, when he expressed his indignation at the treatment they had met with, he was accused of being a traitor and condemned to die. It is said that he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine in the Tower.

Only one brother now remained to Edward, Richard Duke of Gloucester. The excesses of the

king ruined his health; he died at the age of forty-two, April 9th, 1483, leaving two young sons and several daughters.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Edward V, 1483—Richard III, 1483—The First English Printer

(From 1483 to 1485)

EDWARD THE FIFTH was about thirteen years old when his father died. He had been placed under the care of his mother's relatives, and was residing with them at Ludlow Castle and keeping court as Prince of Wales, when his father's death occasioned his being called to London. On the way thither he was met by his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who took him away from his mother's friends and sent them to prison.

Gloucester brought the young king to London and placed him in the royal apartments at the Tower—for in those days, and for a long while afterward, the Tower was both a palace and a prison. But the poor boy was not permitted to see his mother. She was so much afraid that some harm would happen to her children that she had taken refuge with her youngest son, Richard, and his sisters, in the abbey of Westminster. Some religious houses, of which the abbey was one, had the privilege of affording refuge, or "sanctuary," as it was called, to persons in danger, and no one, not even the king, might force them to come out.

Gloucester desired that the young Prince Richard might be sent to the Tower, to keep his brother com-

pany, and his mother, much as she feared Gloucester, permitted him to go. She never saw either of her boys again. Preparations had been making for the coronation of the young king all this time, but Gloucester secretly employed persons to go about and persuade the people that his nephew had no right to the throne. He said that Edward the Fourth was really married to another lady, though he pretended not to be so, that he might make Elizabeth Woodville his queen; and most men were too much afraid of Gloucester to say that they did not believe this story, for he had already put to death several of the noblemen who were most attached to his brother's family, on a false charge of treason.

So, on the 24th of June, 1483, it was declared that the children of Edward the Fourth could not lawfully inherit the crown; and the Duke of Gloucester was proclaimed king by the title of Richard the Third. A few months later, it was given out that the little princes had died in the Tower; but no one knew certainly what had become of them till long afterward. In the next reign, two men said that they had been ordered to murder the poor boys, and that they had smothered them one night in their sleep; and, two hundred years afterward, a chest containing the bones of two children was found buried under one of the staircases in the Tower. These were supposed to be the remains of the unfortunate little *King Edward the Fifth* and his brother.

The reign of Richard the Third lasted little more than two years. In that time several good laws were made, and had he not gained the crown by wicked means Richard would have been thought a good

king. But he had few friends even among the men who served him.

A few months after his coronation, the Duke of Buckingham, who had greatly helped him to obtain the throne, raised a revolt against him in the western counties. It came to nothing, because the Severn, swollen by heavy rains, flooded all the neighboring country, and the duke's troops could not march. Buckingham himself was betrayed into Richard's power by an old servant and was beheaded.

But a more formidable enemy was at hand—Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. He was the grandson of that Owen Tudor whom Katharine of France married after the death of her first husband, King Henry the Fifth; and on his mother's side he was descended from John of Gaunt, the father of Henry the Fourth.

During the War of the Roses, all the Lancastrian princes had been cut off, and such of their friends as were still living looked upon Henry Tudor as the head of their party. He had made friends among the Yorkists also by promising to marry Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth. One of his chief adherents was the Yorkist Lord Stanley, who was also his step-father. But Stanley was one of Richard's chief officers, and he dissembled his attachment to his step-son until he could safely throw off the mask.

In August, 1485, Richmond landed in Wales. The Welsh were almost all friendly to him, because he came of a Welsh family; and he advanced without meeting any opposition as far as Bosworth in Leicestershire. There he encountered Richard, and on the 22d of August, 1485, was fought the last

battle of the War of the Roses. In the midst of the action, Lord Stanley decided the fortune of the day by going over with all his forces to Richmond. Richard saw that all was lost, and, plunging into the thickest of the fight, he presently fell covered with wounds. The crown, which he had worn above his helmet, was found in a hawthorn-bush and carried to Stanley, who placed it on the head of Richmond and proclaimed him king on the battle-field, by the title of Henry the Seventh.

Richard the Third was the last of the Plantagenet kings who had ruled over England since the accession of Henry the Second in 1154—a period of three hundred and thirty-one years. During that time the nation had made great advances in power, wealth, and freedom; and even while the country was suffering from the War of the Roses, England was thought happy beyond other kingdoms of Europe, because the king could not impose taxes or make laws without the consent of Parliament. In France, and several other great and powerful states, the king made laws without the consent of the people; and they were forced to obey them.

During the last two or three reigns, the English had begun to pay more attention to learning. For a long while it had been left entirely to the clergy, and many a great baron had not been able so much as to sign his name; but now some of the chief men in the country took pleasure in studying. At this time, too, printing was first practised in England. It was invented about the year 1450 by a German named Gutenberg. William Caxton was the first

Englishman who learned the art, and the first printing-press was set up by him in the abbey of Westminster, in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Caxton worked hard for nearly twenty years, printing histories of knights and heroes, Scripture stories and various religious books; but he was not allowed to print an English Bible. For a long time yet the English Bible could only be had in written copies, and these were so dear that it would have taken all the wages of a laboring man for one year to enable him to purchase the New Testament alone. Even those persons who possessed a copy of the Bible in English, and were able to read it, ran great risk of being punished as heretics; for the clergy had forbidden any one to read Wicliff's translation of the Scriptures.

CHAPTER XXIX

Henry VII., 1485—Lambert Simnel, 1487—Perkin Warbeck, 1492

(From 1485 to 1502)

Two months after the battle of Bosworth, Henry Tudor was crowned king, and in the January following he married the Princess Elizabeth of York. The Red and White Roses were thus united, and the country began to be at peace. But the Yorkists were by no means contented with Henry's government, and more than one revolt was raised against him.

There still lived a prince of the royal house of York, Edward, Earl of Warwick, the son of that unhappy Duke of Clarence who had been put to death by his brother, King Edward the Fourth. Henry

was so afraid that the Yorkists would try to set Warwick on the throne that he kept him in close confinement; and the poor boy, shut up in the Tower, without teachers, companions, or amusements, grew up almost an idiot. When he was about seventeen a handsome youth who was far from being an idiot landed in Ireland, calling himself the Earl of Warwick. He was accompanied by a small body of followers, who gave out that he was the true son of Clarence and the rightful King of England.

The Irish, who had been much attached to the House of York, readily believed the fable, proclaimed the young pretender by the title of Edward the Sixth, and flocked to his standard. Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of Edward the Fourth, was also deceived or feigned to be so; she declared herself satisfied that the youth was her nephew, and sent over two thousand men to fight for him. His real name was Lambert Simnel, and he was the son of a baker at Oxford.

Finding himself at the head of a considerable body of Irishmen, beside the foreigners sent by the Duchess Margaret, Simnel now ventured to encounter King Henry. He landed in Lancashire, and marched to Nottingham without finding any one to check his advance, but no one joined him; for the king had caused the real Earl of Warwick to be taken out of the Tower and led on horseback through the streets of London, that all men might know Simnel to be an impostor. At Stoke, near Newark, the troops of the pretender were met by the king's army, and overthrown with great slaughter. Simnel was made prisoner and brought before the king; and Henry,

perceiving that he had been a mere tool in the hands of men more artful than himself, spared his life and gave him the post of scullion in the royal kitchen.

But a few years afterward a much more dangerous pretender claimed the crown of England. Some persons, indeed, believe that he was no pretender, but the very prince whom he represented himself to be—Richard of York, the brother of Edward the Fifth. He said that, at the time when he and his brother were to have been murdered, some friends contrived to get him out of the Tower and conveyed him to Flanders, where he had been brought up under a feigned name. He was a youth of princely aspect and demeanor, and strongly resembled his supposed father, Edward the Fourth.

The King of Scotland believed his story and led an army across the English border to support his claim; but no one in England dared rise up to help him, for King Henry had seized the chief men among the Yorkists and put them to death. Henry had also sent messengers to Flanders, to find out who this adventurer really was; and they brought back word that he was a young man of low birth, whose true name was Perkin Warbeck. Beside this, two men now came forward and asserted that they were the hired murderers who had put the young King Edward and his brother to death in the Tower; but their story was not believed by everybody, because Henry allowed them to go unpunished.

Still no one dared to help Richard (or Perkin), and, when the King of Scotland saw that the English people did not favor the pretender, he marched his army back and told him that he must leave

Scotland. Perkin's next attempt was in Cornwall, where the people were very much dissatisfied with King Henry's government. In a few weeks he was at the head of ten thousand Cornishmen, with whom he marched into Somersetshire as far as Taunton; but, hearing that two well-appointed armies were coming against him, he lost heart and fled for refuge to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in Hampshire. His forces were soon dispersed by the king's troops.

Perkin was persuaded to come out of sanctuary, on receiving a promise that his life should be spared, and was imprisoned, but not very closely. He escaped from his keeper and tried to flee out of England and then the king sent him to the Tower, where he was allowed to see the Earl of Warwick very often. At the end of three months, Henry accused the young men of plotting treason together and caused them to be executed. Whatever Perkin might have done, the poor young earl was incapable of any crime, for he had no more understanding than an infant; and his cruel execution is the darkest blot on the reign of Henry the Seventh.

He was led to commit this shameful deed of injustice by his desire to obtain the hand of the Spanish princess, Katharine of Arragon, for his eldest son, Arthur, Prince of Wales. King Ferdinand, Katharine's father, had refused to let his daughter marry Arthur while a prince of the house of York was living, for he thought that the English people might some day choose to make Warwick king. When he heard that Warwick was dead, he allowed Katharine to come to England; and in November, 1501, she was married to Prince Arthur. But the marriage

bought with the price of innocent blood was soon dissolved; Arthur died of the plague in less than five months.

Katharine would have returned to her own country now, but King Henry was unwilling to restore the large fortune she had brought with her. So he persuaded Ferdinand to let his daughter remain in England, that she might be married to Arthur's brother, Prince Henry, as soon as he was old enough. Henry was only eleven years of age at this time; Katharine was seven years older.

CHAPTER XXX

Conclusion of the Reign of Henry VII—Decay of the Feudal System

(From 1502 to 1509)

THE concluding years of the reign of Henry the Seventh are chiefly remarkable for the extortions of his two ministers, Empson and Dudley. These shrewd, bad men perverted the laws so dexterously that many innocent persons were accused of offences which they had never committed, and were obliged to pay great sums of money to escape punishment. By such means the king heaped up immense treasure; but it was a heavy burden on his conscience when death drew nigh. He charged his son to make restitution to the persons who had been wronged; but Prince Henry gave little heed to this injunction. He liked to spend money much better than to give it back again; so, when he came to the throne, he put Empson and Dudley to death, but did not restore the money of which they had plundered his father's subjects.

Henry the Seventh died on the 21st of April, 1509, having reigned nearly twenty-four years. His wife, the gentle Queen Elizabeth of York, had died six years before him. Beside his son Henry, the king left two daughters—Margaret, married to James the Fourth, king of Scotland; and Mary.

The reign of Henry the Seventh is looked upon as the period when the kings of England began to acquire more power than they had ever possessed before; for the *feudal system* was coming to an end. It has been told how, in the time of William the First, the largest part of England was portioned out among the king's followers on condition of their doing him service in time of war or whenever he should call upon them; and how all these great lords of the land, who were the king's vassals and were called barons, had vassals of their own, who served them just as they served the king.

A baron who had a great deal of land to divide among his relatives and friends had a great many vassals. That Earl of Warwick who was killed in the battle of Barnet had so many that he could lead an army into the field, either to help the king or to fight against him. For the barons did not always keep their promise to serve the king; if he offended them or if he governed badly, they often went to war with him and forced him to change his conduct. We have read of such wars of the barons against the king in the reigns of Henry the Third and Edward the Second; but there were no barons now who could carry on a contest of that kind.

Most of the great lords who had governed like princes in their castles, and who were able to bring

thousands of armed men into the field, were cut off in the War of the Roses, and most of those who remained had become so poor that they were glad to sell part of their lands to other men. There were few nobles now who dared even to oppose the king in Parliament. And the members of the House of Commons did not as yet take on themselves much authority, except in matters which related to trade or to granting money to the king. So the power of the king became much greater than that of the lords and commons put together.

Beside this, in the reign of Henry the Seventh a new tribunal was established which put greater power into the king's hands. It was called the Court of the Star Chamber. In this court, certain officers appointed by the king had the power of judging and sentencing men without allowing them a trial by jury. This was contrary to the Great Charter, yet the Court of the Star Chamber was allowed to exist one hundred and fifty years. It was in the end the cause of great trouble.

But there are better things for which to remember the reign for Henry the Seventh.

We have already said that the gentlemen of England were beginning to love reading and study, instead of spending all their time in war and hunting. In this reign they advanced much in learning and began to study the Greek language. For hundreds of years there had scarcely been a man in England who knew anything about Greek; but there were several now, and among them were Thomas Wolsey, Thomas More, and Hugh Latimer, all of whom became famous men in their time. Linacre, the first

great English physician, was one of the Greek students; and Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's School in London, that 153 boys might receive a good education free of expense, was another.

In the reign of Henry the Seventh, Englishmen first sailed across the Atlantic, and touched the shores of America.

Columbus discovered the great new world in 1492. About four years afterward, a Venetian mariner, named Cabot, who had settled at Bristol, set out with a small company of Englishmen to find lands to the north of those which Columbus had seen; and in 1497 he discovered the isle of Newfoundland. Afterward he explored a large portion of the coast of North America.

CHAPTER XXXI

Henry VIII, 1509—Battle of Flodden, 1513—Field of the Cloth of Gold, 1520

(From 1509 to 1520)

HENRY THE EIGHTH was not quite eighteen years old when he became king. He was a handsome and accomplished prince. He was also more learned than most men of his time; for his great natural abilities had been carefully cultivated by his tutors. His frank, joyous manners charmed the people, and few suspected that a cruel imperious temper lay hidden beneath those fair appearances.

When once Henry the Eighth had set his mind on a thing, no considerations of justice or mercy could turn him aside from the pursuit of it; but in the first years of his reign this evil disposition was hardly

perceived. All was gayety and enjoyment, and the young king's chief fault seemed to be that of wasting money in an endless succession of amusements. In this manner the great treasures amassed by his father were dissipated, and at the end of a few years he was obliged to ask Parliament for money. They granted it willingly, for Henry was about to invade France, and the English were as eager to conquer that country as they had been in the days of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth.

But Henry the Eighth, though personally brave, was no conqueror. He took a few towns, and routed a body of French troops which were sent against him; but the chief event of the war did not occur in France. The French were in alliance with the Scots, and when Henry invaded France the Scottish king, James the Fourth, attacked England. He crossed the border with the finest army ever raised in Scotland, but his progress was quickly arrested by the English forces under the Earl of Surrey. On the 9th of September, 1513, the two armies came in sight of one another at Flodden, in Northumberland. The battle raged till nightfall; then the broken remains of the Scottish host drew off under cover of the darkness. They had lost their gallant king and almost every gentleman in Scotland capable of bearing arms, beside ten thousand common soldiers.

After this terrible overthrow the Scots were glad to make peace. Soon afterward the war in France was also brought to a close, and the treaty was sealed by the marriage of the French king, Louis the Twelfth, to Henry's youngest sister, Mary, a beautiful girl of sixteen. Louis died three months after,

and Mary gave her hand to a nobleman of her brother's court, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Francis the First, who succeeded Louis on the throne of France, was a warlike prince, ambitious of conquest and military glory; like Henry, he was also fond of feasts and tournaments and all kinds of athletic sports, and the two kings were disposed at first to be very friendly. In June, 1520, they agreed to meet at Ardres, near Calais, attended by all the chief nobles of England and France. So splendid an encampment had never been seen before. The meeting-place was called the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and gold and silver tissue, rich jewels, and armor of the most costly workmanship met the eye on all sides. The days were spent in feats of arms, the nights in amusement, and the attendants of the two kings were so anxious to excel one another in the splendor of their dress that it was said of many a foolish young courtier that he wore all his estates on his back.

There was another monarch, younger than Henry and Francis, but wiser and more powerful than either, who paid court to the English king. This was Charles, King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, and Ruler of the Netherlands and of a large part of Italy. Charles and Francis were jealous of each other's power; they saw that, if they went to war, the help of England would enable either to prevail over the other; and Henry liked to feel himself of so much consequence, and used to boast that he held the balance between the two most powerful sovereigns in Europe.

He was too fickle to be a firm friend to either of

them; but in general he sided with Charles, and made war upon France two or three times in the course of his reign. Enormous sums of money were spent in these military operations, which only ended in the conquest of Boulogne and a few other towns. The most important events of the reign of Henry the Eighth were those which occurred in his own palace and kingdom.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Six Wives of Henry the Eighth

VERY soon after Henry became king, he married Katharine of Arragon. This was contrary to the law of the Church, which forbade a man to marry his brother's widow; but Henry the Seventh had obtained the Pope's permission to give Prince Arthur's widow to Henry. Katharine was a sensible and amiable woman, and for many years she and the king lived happily together, but they had the grief to lose all their children except one, a daughter named Mary.

At the end of several years, a beautiful young lady, named Anne Boleyn, became one of the queen's attendants, and Henry was so charmed with her that he resolved to get rid of his wife in order to marry Anne. He complained that his conscience was very much troubled because he had married his brother's widow, and desired that the Pope (who was not the same that had given permission for the marriage) would command him to put away Katharine.

The Pope was desirous to please Henry, but he did not wish to offend the powerful Emperor Charles, who was Queen Katharine's nephew; so he put off

giving an answer as long as he possibly could. Henry, enraged at the delay, resolved that the Pope should have no more authority in England. He had tried to persuade Katharine to leave him and go into a convent, but she refused to do so and always said that she was his lawful wife. At length, in great anger, he sent her word that she must instantly leave Windsor Castle and return to it no more; nor would he ever permit her to see her daughter again.

Henry had procured a divorce from the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, without the consent of the Pope. He now married Anne Boleyn; and soon afterward, in 1534, it was declared in Parliament that the Pope had no authority in the Church of England.

Poor Katharine did not live long after her husband had so cruelly sent her away. She remembered him with affection to the last, and earnestly desired to see him when she lay dying; but he did not go to her. He heaped honors and caresses on his new queen, and appeared to be very fond of her; but it was soon Anne's turn to be supplanted, as she had supplanted Katharine. The king began to admire Jane Seymour, one of Anne's ladies in waiting; and, in order to get rid of Anne, he caused her to be accused of horrible crimes and condemned to death. Only three years after she had been crowned queen, her beautiful head was cut off in the Tower. She left an infant daughter, named Elizabeth. The very day after poor Anne's execution, the king married Jane Seymour. Jane survived her marriage only eighteen months. She died a few days after she had become the mother of a little prince, named Edward.

Henry next asked in marriage a German princess, Anna of Cleves. He had seen a portrait of her which was beautiful, but when the lady arrived in England, and he found that she was much less handsome than her picture, he was very angry. His favorite minister, Cromwell, who had advised the marriage, was soon disgraced on a mock charge of treason and put to death. The lady Anna herself was easily persuaded to consent that the marriage should be dissolved. She spent the remainder of her life in England, much respected on account of her goodness, and, no doubt, much happier in her retirement than she could have been as the wife of Henry.

He chose for his fifth wife a beautiful young lady, named Katharine Howard; but the unfortunate lady came to a miserable end. While yet a child, she had been left an orphan and had been suffered to grow up among wicked servants and companions, who led her into great sin. She had been queen but a little while when some of these wretches betrayed her former misconduct, and Henry put her to death without mercy.

Every lady in England was afraid of him; and when he told Katharine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer, that his choice had fallen on her, she was dismayed. But it was dangerous to refuse so fierce and self-willed a suitor; and Katharine Parr became his sixth wife. She was a very pious and learned woman, a kind mother to the king's children, and a most patient nurse to the king, who became miserably diseased toward the close of his life.

But Henry's temper became more and more furious as his bodily sufferings increased; and all Katha-

rine's excellent qualities hardly availed to save her from a cruel death.

Henry adhered to the doctrines of Rome, though he had shaken off the authority of the Pope; Katharine accepted the doctrines which are now those of the English Church. Some of Henry's councillors, whose religion was like his, and especially Bishop Gardiner and Chancellor Wriothesley, longed to destroy the queen, and, finding the king very much out of temper one day when she had been arguing with him on religious matters, they persuaded him to sign a warrant for her arrest. Happily, the chancellor dropped the paper without being aware of it, and some friend of the queen found it and brought it to her.

When Katharine knew that the king had consented to deliver her into the hands of her enemies, she gave herself up for lost and became ill with terror and distress. Henry relented a little when he heard of her sickness, but as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to attend on him as usual, he turned the conversation to religion, and tried to make her argue with him again, saying, "You are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us." "Not so, Sir," said Katharine, meekly; "I only wished to divert you from your pain by these arguments, and to instruct myself in some things about which I stood in doubt." "Is it so, sweetheart?" said he, "then we are friends again."

The next day, Wriothesley, who little thought the king had changed his mind, came into the palace garden where Henry and Katharine were walking together. He had brought with him forty armed men, intending to seize the queen and carry her off

to the Tower. But Henry met him with a burst of indignation, called him "knave," "beast," and "fool," and ordered him to get out of his sight instantly. Katharine, seeing her husband so incensed against the chancellor, generously interceded for him. "Ah, poor soul!" said Henry, "thou little knowest how ill he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word, Kate, he hath been to thee a very knave." After some time he forgave Wriothesley, but could never again endure the sight of Gardiner. During the short remainder of her husband's life no one dared to molest Katharine Parr.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Reformation

It is now necessary to say something about that great change in the Church which began to take place in the time of Henry the Eighth, and which is called the Reformation.

At the time when Henry began to reign, England and most other nations of Europe had long been subject to the authority of the Pope in matters relating to religion. But, in the year 1517, Martin Luther began in Germany to preach and write against the Church of Rome, and a great multitude separated themselves from that Church. Before many years had passed away, several of the German states, the kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden, and half of the cantons of Switzerland had thrown off their allegiance to the Pope. The Churches of these countries were now called Reformed, and also Protestant, because they *protested* against the doctrines of Rome.

In England there appeared, at first, to be little prospect of any change in the Church, for Henry the Eighth was so much shocked at the doctrines of Luther that he wrote a book against them. And this book pleased the Pope so much that he conferred on him a new title, "Defender of the Faith." The English sovereigns have borne it ever since; that is the meaning of the F. D. (for *Fidei Defensor*) which is engraved on their coins; but the faith which they have to defend now is that of the Church of England.

Notwithstanding the king's indignation at Luther, many of his books found their way into England, and were much read; and English Bibles began to be brought into the country. At that time it was against the law to print them in England; but some learned zealous men went over to Germany and Switzerland, and printed them there.

We have seen already that Henry lost his regard for the Pope when he could not obtain from him permission to divorce Queen Katharine; and in the year 1534 he caused his subjects to renounce the authority of Rome. Four years afterward he gave leave for a Bible to be placed in every parish church; and in the year 1539 the Scriptures were for the first time printed in England. These Bibles were very large; they were chained to the reading-desk, round which, in some of the churches, groups of working-men gathered in the evening when the labors of the day were done and listened while one more learned than the rest read aloud to his companions.

But though Henry allowed the people to hear the Bible read, he would not allow them to understand it differently from himself; he adhered in almost all

points to the doctrines of Rome, and he made the most cruel laws to force his subjects to do so too. He put to death with equal cruelty those who acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and those who renounced the doctrines of Rome; the first were hanged and quartered as traitors, the last were burned as heretics.

Now and then, indeed, Henry interposed to save some one for whom he had a particular friendship; we have seen that he spared Katharine Parr, and on another occasion he rescued Cranmer out of the hands of the men who sought his life. The king had an extraordinary regard for Cranmer, whom he had made Archbishop of Canterbury; but it was with the greatest difficulty that even Cranmer could obtain leave to make any change in the services of the Church. In the last year of his reign Henry did permit that one portion of the prayers, the Litany, should be said in English.

One great change in the Church Henry made willingly, but in such a way as to cause much evil as well as good: he suppressed all the houses of monks and nuns. When Christian missionaries first came to the Saxons, they built monasteries that they might dwell together for prayer and study, and for preaching to the people and many other useful works. Since then nine hundred years had passed away, and the monasteries had increased exceedingly in number and had been enriched with great estates and treasures of gold and silver. At this time, many men and women retired into convents and monasteries, not to pray and to labor, but to lead an idle luxurious life.

The abuses existing in some of these houses were made pretexts for overthrowing them all. But the king had another reason; he wanted the lands and wealth of the monks. The abbeys, priories, and other large religious houses were the most beautiful buildings in England, and the land which belonged to them was the richest and best cultivated. The heads of these houses lived in princely state, but they were kind to their tenants and charitable to the poor. There was no poor-law in England then, and the poor had no sure resource in times of sickness and distress except the food, alms, and medicine which were given away at every convent and monastery. The king now seized all these houses with everything that belonged to them. Some of the abbots resisted, and were hanged as traitors; as for the monks and nuns, they were turned out of doors with a small present of money.

It was in vain that Cranmer, Latimer, and other good men entreated that some portion of the wealth belonging to the religious houses might be consecrated to pious and charitable uses; the king and his courtiers were too greedy of gain. A very little was reserved, partly for religious purposes and partly to build forts on the coast; but all the rest was spent by Henry or lavished on his favorite courtiers.

Each abbey had a noble church belonging to it, but the new owners tore down the abbeys and even profaned and ruined the churches, that they might sell the materials of which they were built. The poor suffered great misery now that their former benefactors had no longer the power to relieve them. Some formidable insurrections took place in conse-

quence, and the evil was never thoroughly remedied until, about sixty years afterward, a law was made that every parish should provide for its own poor.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Some of the Chief Men of the Time of Henry VIII—Death of the King, 1547—Creation of a Navy by Henry VIII—Wales

(From 1509 to 1547)

AMONG the famous men who lived in the time of Henry the Eighth, no one held so high a place during the first twenty years of his reign as Thomas Wolsey. Wolsey was the son of a butcher at Ipswich, but was sent when very young to Oxford to be educated for the priesthood. His abilities and love of learning soon won friends, who promoted him in the Church and introduced him to Henry the Seventh, by whom he was employed in some affairs of state which he managed much to the king's satisfaction; but when Henry the Eighth succeeded his father on the throne, Wolsey rose rapidly in power and honor. The young king made him his favorite companion and consulted him upon all occasions; and all the most important business of the realm, whether at home or abroad, was committed to his management. Beside this, the king gave him several bishoprics; but Wolsey gave very little heed to his duties as a bishop, his time being taken up with other employments.

All the foreign princes who wished to obtain anything from Henry began by lavishing honors and presents on his favorite minister. Wolsey became enormously rich, but he spent as largely as he received. He built a noble palace at Hampton Court,

and presented it with all its contents to the king; he devised innumerable costly pageants for his master's entertainment; he also bestowed liberal gifts on learned men, and founded the great college of Christ Church in Oxford. Wolsey meant it to be called "Cardinal College;" the Pope had lately made him a cardinal, and he was very proud of his new dignity. Soon afterward the king promoted him to be Lord Chancellor.

He was now as high in station as it was possible for any English subject to be, but this did not content Wolsey. He wanted to climb higher still and be pope. In the mean time he surrounded himself with pomp and magnificence, and the sons of the noblest families in England waited as pages in his palace. Even his daily progress to Westminster Hall was a ceremony for the multitude to gaze at. In front went his gentlemen-ushers, bareheaded, calling out, "Make way, my lords and masters, make way for my Lord Cardinal;" then came the tallest priests that could be found in the kingdom, riding on horses clothed in scarlet and bearing in their hands great silver crosses. These were followed by gentlemen who carried silver pillars, to denote that their master was a pillar of the Church. Behind these rode a long train of gentlemen, richly apparelled, and in the midst was the great man himself, in his robes of scarlet or crimson satin, mounted on a mule with trappings of gold. A hundred servants attended him and prevented the crowd from pressing too closely round their master.

But with all his splendor Wolsey did not win much real honor or regard. His arrogance made him hate-

ful both to rich and poor; and when the king began to look coldly on him every one was ready to hasten his downfall. Wolsey ventured at first to oppose the marriage of the king with Anne Boleyn, and Henry never liked him so well afterward. An accusation of treason being got up against him, he was stripped of all his wealth and honors, and left utterly at the king's mercy. He now fell into such a state of terror and misery that Henry relented a little. He would not see his fallen favorite, but he sent him word that he might go and live in the diocese of York, of which he was archbishop. Poor Wolsey still clung fondly to the pomp of office, and prepared to be magnificently enthroned in York Minster; but before this could be done messengers came from the king to arrest him and bring him prisoner to London. This was the death-blow of the unhappy cardinal. He advanced as far as Leicester on his sorrowful journey; but there fear and anguish of mind brought him to the grave, complaining with his dying breath, "Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

The Lord Chancellor who succeeded Wolsey was a very different man. The wisdom, wit, and eloquence of Sir Thomas More made him the most renowned Englishman of his time. He was deeply learned and his writings are still much admired; but we remember him for his virtues quite as much as for his genius. He did not care in the least for outward show and parade, or for great riches; he delighted in study, in works of charity, and above all in the care and instruction of his family. All his

children and grandchildren lived under the same roof with him, and there was not a happier home in England.

Before he became a judge he had been a great lawyer, and used to seek out poor persons who were involved in law-suits, especially any distressed widow or orphans who needed an advocate to plead their cause, and to these he would give his best services without any fee or reward. And after he was made Lord Chancellor he showed the same anxiety that no one should suffer wrong for want of money to seek redress in a court of law.

The king often sent for More that he might enjoy his delightful conversation, and would sometimes visit him at his own house without ceremony. His children were elated at this extraordinary honor put upon their father; but More discerned Henry's true character beneath his seeming friendliness and checked their rejoicing by telling them there was no cause to be proud of the king's favor, "If my head could win him a castle in France, he would strike it off without fail." And at the end of a very few years the head of this virtuous man was struck off, not even to win a castle for his ungrateful master, but because he was too honest to say that which he did not believe.

The king required him to declare that it was right for Katharine of Arragon to be sent away, and for Anne Boleyn to be queen in her stead; and also that it was right for Henry to be head of the English Church instead of the Pope. More did not think these things were right, and could not say so. He did not oppose the king; he gave up his office of

chancellor, and only begged that he might be allowed to live quietly at home with his family. But Henry was enraged that his will should be crossed. He tore More away from his pleasant home, shut him up in close confinement for more than a year, and then caused his head to be cut off upon a false charge of treason.

From that time the king seemed to become more cruel than before, and the last eighteen years of his reign were filled with deeds of blood. Among the victims whom he sent to the scaffold was his cousin, Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, an aged lady of seventy. She was the sister of that unhappy Earl of Warwick who was kept in prison nearly all his life and then beheaded by Henry the Seventh.

The Countess Margaret had several sons. The youngest of them, Reginald Pole, who was a priest and a talented man, had excited Henry's wrath by refusing to take part with him against the Pope; he had also said plainly that he thought the king in many respects acted wickedly. Reginald Pole was abroad, out of the king's reach; but Henry took fearful vengeance on those members of the family who were in England. His eldest brother and his cousin, the Marquis of Exeter, were put to death; another brother was imprisoned for life; and his aged mother, after enduring much ill-treatment, was condemned to be beheaded. Reginald Pole became a cardinal, and we shall find him playing an important part in another reign.

The last of Henry's victims was the gallant Earl of Surrey, the grandson of the victor of Flodden,

and the most accomplished nobleman in England; he was executed on some pretence of treason. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, was involved in the same accusation. Norfolk was a bad man, a very different character from his son; but he had done nothing for which it was lawful to put him to death. Nevertheless, he would have had his head cut off if the king had not died a few hours before the time fixed for Norfolk's execution.

Henry the Eighth breathed his last on the 28th of January, 1547, after a reign of nearly thirty-eight years. Notwithstanding his cruelties, of which in this little history we have not told the hundredth part, he was always a popular king with the lower orders of the people. They were allowed to see him without restraint when he was amusing himself with out-door sports, and there was a rough mirthfulness in his character which pleased them greatly. His parliaments were afraid to provoke his anger, and basely gave their consent to all his worst deeds. There was only one thing they would not allow him to do—to tax the people without their consent. He tried to do so, but the attempt was so stoutly resisted that he was forced to give it up.

There was one thing in which Henry the Eighth showed the spirit of an English king—he took great pains to create a navy. Ever since the time of Henry the Fifth the kings of England had possessed a few ships of their own; but Henry the Eighth established the royal dockyards of Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth. He made laws for the planting and preserving of trees, so that there might always be a supply of timber fit to build ships of war. He

was the first to appoint regular salaries for the officers and sailors; and he did several other things which helped to raise up those "wooden walls of Old England" of which the nation is so proud.

In the year 1543, Henry the Eighth gave better laws to Wales, increased the number of the Welsh counties to twelve, and ordered that every county and chief town should send a member to the English Parliament.

CHAPTER XXXV

Edward VI, 1547—War with Scotland—Reformation in the English Church

(From 1547 to 1552)

HENRY THE EIGHTH left three children: Edward, the son of Jane Seymour, who was nine years of age when his father died; Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, who was thirteen; and Mary, the daughter of Katharine of Arragon, who was thirty-one. He had given them a thorough education, and the little prince was already remarkable for his love of knowledge. He was also a very amiable boy, and his early wisdom and piety gave promise of a happy reign; but he lived only a few years and was too young to be king except in name.

The real rulers of England during his reign were, first, his uncle Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and then Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterward made Duke of Northumberland. It had been a favorite plan with Henry the Eighth to marry his son Edward to the little Mary, Queen of Scotland. Mary was the granddaughter of James the Fourth, who fell at Flodden; she had become the Queen of Scots even

in her cradle, for her father, James the Fifth, died a few days after her birth. If she had been given in marriage to Edward, the whole island would have been united under one ruler, and there would have been an end to the wars between England and Scotland. Some of the Scottish lords were willing to consent to the marriage; but Henry was impatient to make them all do so, and went to war.

After his death, Somerset continued the war, and entered Scotland at the head of seventy thousand men. The Scots raised a still larger force, but they were overthrown with great slaughter at Pinkie, near Musselburgh, in September, 1547. The injuries inflicted on them by England only made them the more determined that their little queen should not marry an English husband. They agreed to give her in marriage to the eldest son of Henry the Second, King of France; and Mary was sent to the French court to be educated with Prince Francis, her future husband.

The Duke of Somerset favored the Reformation, and allowed Cranmer to make many changes in the services of the Church. The mass was abolished; the Bible was allowed to be freely read; and on Whitsunday, 1549, the English Book of Common Prayer was enjoined to be used for the first time in every parish church throughout the kingdom. In general, the priests consented to these changes; but some of the bishops refused to do so, and were deprived of their sees, which were given to other men.

But, while Somerset allowed Cranmer and his fellow-laborers to alter the doctrine and worship of the Church, he would not listen to them when they

told him it was wrong to destroy churches, or to take away the riches which belonged to them for himself and his friends. Somerset pulled down two churches to build a palace, and all the great men about the court behaved as they had done in the time of Henry the Eighth. They stripped the churches and other religious edifices of everything which could be taken away, destroyed the tombs that they might sell the brasses with which they were ornamented, and even sold the church bells to foreign countries.

Every one seemed intent chiefly on making himself rich and great. Somerset even sacrificed his own brother for fear he should become more powerful than himself. Lord Thomas Seymour, the king's youngest uncle, was jealous of Somerset's great authority, and wanted to share the government of the kingdom with him; for this Somerset caused him to be executed as a traitor. In less than three years afterward the same fate fell upon himself. Dudley hated him and wanted to step into his place; so he stirred up the other councillors of state to accuse Somerset of high treason, and after a very unfair trial he was beheaded.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Reign of Edward VI—(*continued*)

The King's Sisters—Schools and Hospitals founded by Edward VI—Voyage of Discovery to the Northeast—Lady Jane Grey—Death of Edward, 1553

(From 1552 to 1553)

THE young king had been made to sign the death-warrant of both his uncles, and now Dudley, who had become Duke of Northumberland, kept him en-

tirely under his own control and would hardly allow him even to see his sisters. Edward was very fond of his sister Elizabeth; they had been brought up together when little children, and they had the same love for learning. They were still two of the most diligent students in the kingdom, but they no longer studied together; Elizabeth lived by herself at Hatfield House, and was only allowed to pay a formal visit now and then to the palace.

Edward loved her the more because she was attached, like himself, to the doctrines of the English Church. His eldest sister, Mary, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and her determination to have mass celebrated in her house gave great pain to the young king. He almost thought he was guilty of sin in permitting her to follow her own conscience, though she was so much older than himself.

But in those days every one thought it wrong that kings should allow their subjects to follow an erroneous religion. The Reformers forbade the Roman Catholics to say mass on pain of being fined and imprisoned. They even thought that those persons ought to be put to death who refused to acknowledge the doctrine of the Trinity, or who denied that Christ was both God and man. Two persons were burned in the reign of Edward for offences of that kind.

In general, Cranmer used his power in the Church with much gentleness. He was much more desirous to instruct and convert men than to punish them. By his advice, excellent public schools were founded in many parts of England.

In every way in which so young a king could bene-

fit the state, Edward tried to do good to England. He began already to form plans for increasing the trade and shipping of the country, and would often send for the wise old navigator Cabot, that he might talk with him about finding out new lands, so that his people might have plenty of employment; sending abroad the things they could make in England, and bringing back from strange countries all the useful and pleasant things they could find there.

He was greatly pleased when a few merchants and gentlemen fitted out three ships to search for a northeast passage to China and India. No one knew then that such a passage was impracticable on account of the ice; and the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby, who commanded the expedition, set sail in the highest spirits, after receiving many marks of favor from the young king. Edward watched the departing ships from his palace at Greenwich, little thinking of the sad fate which awaited most of those brave sailors. Sir Hugh and seventy of his companions were frozen up in a harbor on the east coast of Lapland and died of cold and hunger. The others reached Archangel and travelled overland to Moscow, where the czar took them into great favor, and willingly consented that his subjects should trade with England. Before this time Englishmen hardly knew that there was such a country as Russia (or, as it was then called, Muscovy); but ever since they have carried on a profitable trade with the Russians.

Soon after this expedition left England, the young king died. His health had been declining for many months, and he thought anxiously what would become of his people when his sister Mary succeeded

him. He feared she would not only restore Roman Catholicism, but would persecute the Protestants.

Northumberland represented to him that he might prevent these evils by appointing another successor, and urged him to leave the crown to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey. Edward would have appointed Elizabeth, but Northumberland said he could not exclude one of his sisters from the throne without shutting out both.

The next heir after Mary and Elizabeth was the young Queen of Scots, the granddaughter of Henry the Seventh's eldest daughter Margaret; but, as she was a Roman Catholic, Edward did not think of her for his successor. The Lady Jane Grey was the granddaughter of Henry the Seventh's youngest daughter Mary, who married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She was the most learned, and at the same time the loveliest and most gentle lady at the English court, of the same age with the young king, and one of his favorite companions. Northumberland wished her to be queen, not because she was wise and good, but because he had married his youngest son, Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane.

When Edward told his judges and councillors that he was going to leave the crown away from his sisters, they assured him that it would be contrary to law. Northumberland replied that Henry the Eighth had caused one of his parliaments to pass an act which shut out both Mary and Elizabeth from the throne, though he changed his mind afterward, and made another parliament pass an act which gave them back their right of succession; and he said a parliament should be called in order to give the

crown to Lady Jane. This was not done, for Edward died on the 6th of July, 1553.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Lady Jane Grey, Queen—Mary I—Execution of Lady Jane and her Husband—The Roman Catholic Worship restored in the Churches—The Queen's Marriage to Philip of Spain—Imprisonment of the Princess Elizabeth

(From 1553 to 1554)

NORTHUMBERLAND concealed the death of Edward for two days that he might take measures for securing the crown to his daughter-in-law. He however deceived himself greatly in supposing that the nation would accept a sovereign at his bidding. Even if the Lady Jane had had any right to the throne, she was so young that the real ruler of England for years to come must have been Northumberland; and the people hated him. The Lady Jane knew nothing of his schemes for placing her on the throne, and did not wish to be a queen. When Northumberland and her own father, the Duke of Suffolk, came to tell her that King Edward was dead and that she was to succeed him, she fainted and fell to the ground; and when she recovered her senses and her parents knelt before her, urging and entreating her to assume the crown, she wept bitterly and told them she had no right to it while the sisters of Edward were living. They forced her at last to take the title of queen; but her reign lasted only for a few days.

Mary was not at all intimidated by Northumberland's proceedings; the Roman Catholics of England were on her side, and many of the Protestants also, since she was the lawful successor to King Edward.

They were the more ready to take up arms for her, because she promised that no one should be molested on account of his religion. At the end of ten days Northumberland saw that his cause was hopeless. He was obliged to proclaim Mary queen, and the Lady Jane, gladly laying aside the royal state she had been forced to assume, returned with her husband to her own quiet home.

They were not suffered to remain in peace; Mary's ministers threw them into prison on a charge of treason, and they were condemned to die, though the sentence was not immediately executed. Northumberland was put to death at once. Suffolk was pardoned; but at the end of a few months he attempted a rebellion and was then put to death. His innocent daughter shared in his punishment, though she had taken no part in his crime. Mary gave orders that Jane and her husband should be beheaded without further delay.

They died on the same day, but not together; Lord Guilford Dudley was executed on Tower Hill, Lady Jane within the walls of the Tower. Early in the morning Jane saw her husband led through the gates toward the scaffold, and about an hour afterward, chancing to look through the window, she beheld his bleeding body brought back in a cart. When she had seen that sad sight she went forth to die with the same gentle, pious firmness which had marked all her conduct. She was only seventeen at the time of her death.

Suffolk had been encouraged to make his fatal attempt at rebellion by the discontent with which men were already beginning to regard Queen Mary's

government. She had quickly departed from her promise about religion; the Protestant bishops, and many of the best men in the Church, had already been thrown into prison. She was hardly seated on the throne when she began to exchange letters and messages with the Pope, and with Cardinal Pole, to whom she was much attached, asking them to assist her in bringing back England under the authority of the Pope. This was done with great secrecy, but the Roman Catholic worship had been at once openly restored and the English prayers forbidden to be used.

All the queen's subjects, of whatever religion they might be, murmured greatly when they heard that she meant to marry Philip of Spain, the son of the Emperor Charles. Philip was but a young man, many years younger than Mary; but he was already notorious for a proud, stern, gloomy disposition, and it was well known that he hated a free government. Englishmen feared he would try to destroy their liberties, and dreaded him the more because he possessed fleets and armies with which to uphold his tyranny. The Spanish ambassador, who came to conclude the marriage, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the populace, and a few weeks later a formidable insurrection broke out in Kent.

It was headed by a brave, rash young man, named Sir Thomas Wyatt, who declared that he took up arms to prevent the queen from marrying a Spaniard. Some of Mary's own troops joined him, and he nearly obtained possession of the city of London.

The queen behaved very bravely; she went to the Guildhall, where the citizens were assembled, and

promised them that she would think no more about marrying Philip if the parliament did not heartily agree to it. This encouraged them to take up arms in her cause, and when Wyatt attempted to force his way into London he was repulsed both at London Bridge and at Ludgate. In those old times, these were fortified posts, defended by strong gates and bars of iron.

Wyatt was obliged to surrender, and was put to death for his treason; but not until he had been detained in prison for a month, during which time Mary's ministers strove to make him accuse the Princess Elizabeth of having shared in his plot.

Elizabeth was much more beloved by the people than Mary; and the queen's Spanish friends wanted to put her to death. But, as nothing could be proved against her, they were obliged to content themselves with shutting her up in the Tower, where her only indulgence was a daily walk in a little garden enclosed within the walls of the prison. The little children of the officers of the Tower pitied the poor captive lady, and used to watch for her coming out that they might bring her flowers. But her sister's ministers soon deprived her of these harmless companions, giving orders that the children should be locked indoors while the princess was out.

Elizabeth was at length permitted to remove into the country, but was so rigorously guarded that when she heard a milkmaid singing at her work she could not help wishing to change places with her. After the marriage which the people hated so much had taken place, her captivity was lightened. The queen's health was very feeble; Philip thought she

would probably not live long, and he wished to be on good terms with Elizabeth, so he persuaded Mary to send for her to court and show her some kindness.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Reign of Mary I—(*continued*)

The Authority of the Pope Re-established in England—Loss of Calais, 1558—Death of Mary I

(From 1554 to 1558)

Soon after the queen's marriage Cardinal Pole arrived in England. He was empowered by the Pope to receive the humble submission of the nation, and to pardon England for having thrown off its obedience to Rome in the time of Henry the Eighth.

The lords and gentlemen who had been enriched by the plunder of the monasteries refused, at first, to have anything to do with the Pope; for they thought he would require them to give back all the lands which had once belonged to the Church. But when the Pope gave them leave to keep all this property they were satisfied; and, although many of them had professed to be Protestants in the reign of Edward the Sixth, they readily consented to pass laws against their Protestant fellow-subjects. Only thirty-seven members of the House of Commons refused their assent and withdrew from Parliament, for which they were punished by fines and imprisonment.

And now the fires of persecution were lighted. It was an age of intolerance, and the party in power, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, believed it right to destroy those of their opponents whom they could not convert. Mary and her ministers were

doubtless conscientious in the cruelties they inflicted upon the Protestants, hundreds of whom suffered death for their faith. Among these were many great and good men, like Ridley and Latimer, who were burned together at Oxford. "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley," said his aged friend, "and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

It was even so; for, notwithstanding all this persecution, England was becoming a more Protestant country than it had ever been before. The attempts to root out the new faith served only to strengthen it.

It is impossible to say what share Queen Mary had in all these horrible deeds. She was in very bad health, and may not always have known what her ministers and bishops were doing; but she had given them full power to persecute her Protestant subjects. Some of the bishops were humane men, and would have no burnings in their dioceses; but others had no mercy for those whom they regarded as heretics. From February, 1555, to November, 1558, two hundred and ninety persons were burned alive, beside many who perished in prison.

The queen was very miserable. Philip had become King of Spain and made that an excuse for withdrawing from England; he did not care for Mary, but she was very fond of him and tried in all things to please him. Because he was at war with France, it pleased the queen that England should go to war; the consequence of which was that in January, 1558, the English lost Calais after possessing it for more than two hundred years. The whole

country broke out in loud complaints; but no one was so grieved and mortified as the queen, who used to say that when she died "Calais" would be found written on her heart.

But nothing prospered in this wretched reign. Bad seasons had destroyed the harvests, year after year; they were followed by a virulent fever, which, in 1558, carried off so many of the country people that in some places the corn rotted on the ground for want of laborers to gather it in. Mary's prime minister, Gardiner, was dead; Cardinal Pole was dying; and the queen herself was sinking rapidly. On the 17th of November, 1558, to the unspeakable relief of her subjects, she died. That same afternoon, the bells of all the churches in London rang joyfully for the accession of her sister; every open space was lit up with bonfires; and the citizens set out tables in the streets and invited every one who went by to feast and make merry in honor of Queen Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Queen Elizabeth, 1558—Protestantism established in England —Elizabeth's Navy—Her new Coinage

(From 1558 to 1568)

ELIZABETH was twenty-five years of age when she came to the throne. She was tall, handsome, and majestic; the queenly dignity of her behavior was mingled with a kind and cheerful condescension which won all hearts; her subjects loved as much as they reverenced her. She was a princess of extraordinary sagacity, and gave proof of it on the first day of her reign by choosing for her chief adviser

Sir William Cecil, afterward the famous Lord Burleigh; with him she joined Sir Nicholas Bacon, and some years afterward Sir Francis Walsingham. These were three of the wisest statesmen who have ever helped to govern England; and under their direction the rule of Elizabeth was prosperous at home and glorious in the eyes of foreign nations.

The first care of the queen was to set free all persons who were in prison for their religious opinions. Leave was at once given to use English instead of Latin in the Church services; and Parliament was summoned to meet as soon as possible, that all things relating to the Church might be set in order.

The day before her coronation, Queen Elizabeth made a grand progress through the city of London, and was everywhere "greeted by the prayers, the shouts, the tender words, and uplifted hands of the people." The narrow and dingy streets were turned into gayly decorated avenues. Arches of flowers and green boughs were thrown across them; flags waved on the roofs, and the houses were covered with hangings of tapestry, silk, and velvet, suspended from the topmost windows.

Elizabeth advanced at a slow pace through this gay scene, returning with many kind words the greetings of her people, and often pausing to look at the pageants which they had erected for her entertainment. One of these represented Time, under the figure of an old man issuing from a cave and carrying a scythe and hour-glass; Time led by the hand his daughter Truth, who presented to the queen a book, on which was written, "The Word of Truth:" it was an English Bible. Elizabeth took it

reverently in her hands, kissed it, and laid it upon her heart, much to the joy of the beholders.

As soon as Parliament assembled the authority of the Pope was once more renounced; the queen was declared supreme governor both in church and state; the mass was abolished, and the Book of Common Prayer was restored in all the churches. Nearly all the parish priests conformed to the new laws; fourteen bishops refused to do so and were deprived of their sees, but no harm was done to them. The new bishops were chosen from among the learned and pious men who had been forced to hide themselves or to flee to foreign countries during the reign of Mary.

Though several years of peace and prosperity followed these changes, Elizabeth knew that she could not hope to keep her kingdom in safety and honor without being prepared for a time of war. The navy had dwindled away during the reign of her sister; Elizabeth repaired the evil without loss of time. She built ships of war, fortified the banks of the Medway where they rode at anchor, and established well-stocked arsenals in the chief towns along the coast. She encouraged her subjects to make gunpowder, instead of buying it from foreigners as they had done. The merchants and people of the seaport towns followed their sovereign's example, and built so many ships that in the fourth year of her reign Elizabeth was able to send to sea a fleet with twenty thousand fighting men on board.

She had already done another thing which greatly pleased and benefited her subjects. In the time of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, the gov-

ernment had mixed so much base metal with the silver out of which the money was coined, that the pieces of money *called* crowns, shillings, sixpences, etc., were not worth half their pretended value.

Elizabeth caused plenty of new good silver to be coined, and then she ordered all the people to bring their base money to the royal mint, and gave them the good money instead of it. No copper was coined in England then; it was all gold and silver.

In the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, she ordered the Bible and Book of Common Prayer to be translated into Welsh.

CHAPTER XL

Some of the Chief Men in Queen Elizabeth's Time

ELIZABETH reigned nearly forty-five years, of which the first ten were by far the most peaceful. During the remainder of the period, the quiet of the country was more or less disturbed by plots against the government. The root of these evils was the enmity of the Pope and of the rulers of France and Spain to the queen and people of England. These powers had banded themselves in a league to root out Protestantism.

Before we can proceed with the history of Elizabeth's reign, it is necessary to know a little about the affairs of some other countries, and especially of Scotland. Something must be said, also, of the great men whose wisdom and bravery rendered this period of English history so glorious.

First, there were the great sea-captains, who carried the flag of England into regions which no

Englishman had ever seen before. And not only seamen engaged in these voyages, but gentlemen of large estate, knights, and courtiers, all took the greatest delight in finding out new countries, and also in attacking and despoiling the settlements of the Spaniards.

Drake and Frobisher were two of the most famous navigators. Frobisher was intent upon finding out a northwest passage to India, and, though he did not succeed in that, he was the first man to penetrate into the Polar Sea, and to discover many parts both of the land and water in the far north of America. Drake was the first Englishman who sailed round the world, and the one whom the Spaniards most dreaded.

The Spaniards and Portuguese wanted to keep America and Africa and India, and the rich islands or the Indian seas, entirely for themselves. The Portuguese had planted colonies in Africa and India; the Spaniards in America, the West Indies, and the Indian islands. Their settlements were on both sides of America; and they knew the way to pass round from the east to the west by the Straits of Magellan, but they never attempted it, because the sea there was very stormy and dangerous. So they went to and fro between Spain and Peru, by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope and crossing the Indian and Pacific oceans, and they hoped they should never see the ships of any other nation than their own in the wide waters of the Pacific.

In the year 1572, Drake was in the Caribbean Sea. He landed on the isthmus of Darien, and having travelled a good way across the country and climbed

a high tree on a hill, he looked on each side of him and saw to the east the Atlantic over which he had sailed, and to the west the boundless Pacific. Drake lifted up his hands, and said, "Almighty God, of thy goodness give me life and leave to sail once an English ship on that sea!"

Four years afterward, he set sail from England in a small ship with a gallant little company of one hundred and fifty-four gentlemen and sailors. He directed his course to the dreaded strait of Magellan, passed safely through it, then cruised about the coast till he had taken several large Spanish ships laden with treasure from the mines of Peru. Afterward he went far to the north, and found a country the inhabitants of which were so pleased with their English visitors that they brought them many presents, among which were baskets of tobacco, a plant which no Englishman had ever seen before.

From the main land Drake steered boldly out across the Pacific till he came to the Indian islands, where the sailors obtained quantities of sago and many other things which were as new and strange to them as the tobacco.

After this they made no more land till they passed the Cape of Good Hope, and in three months more reached England, after an absence of two years and ten months. Great was the rejoicing when it was told that Drake had been quite round the world. The queen herself went to visit him on board his ship and knighted him; saying at the same time, that his own actions did him more honor than any title she could give him.

Brave men all over England longed to follow

Drake's example; and soon they endeavored to plant English colonies in America. Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the chief movers in this attempt. He spent a large fortune in trying to found a settlement in Virginia: it did not succeed for many years, but the ships which went to and fro began to bring home a great many valuable American productions, and especially potatoes, which were now seen in England for the first time. Englishmen did not find out the use of this root so quickly as they did that of tobacco, which Raleigh's settlers taught them to smoke, having learned it themselves of the natives of Virginia.

Raleigh was a brave knight, a good author, and an adventurous sailor; he was also a very elegant and accomplished man, and a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth. It is said that he first gained her favor one day when she was coming out of the palace at Greenwich, and he happened to be in the crowd that had gathered to see her pass to her barge on the Thames. The night had been rainy, and just where young Raleigh stood the road was muddy. The queen hesitated to go on, when he gallantly took his rich cloak from his shoulders and laid it on the miry spot that she might step over it without soiling her shoes. The cloak was ruined, but its owner had won the grateful regard of his sovereign.

Elizabeth used to say that the brightest jewel of her court was another knight, Sir Philip Sidney. His memory is a lasting treasure to his native land. He equalled Raleigh in genius and bravery, and far excelled him in goodness. At five-and-twenty he was already as much honored for his wisdom as he was

loved for his valor and generosity. We now remember him more for the last of his kind actions than for all the great deeds of his life. He had gone to the Netherlands to help the men who were fighting for their religion and liberty against the king of Spain, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen. Bleeding to death and parched with thirst, he asked for water, and with great difficulty a little was procured and brought to him on the battlefield. But Sidney would not drink, for he had seen a poor wounded soldier looking at the cup with longing eyes. "Give it to that poor man," said he, "his necessity is still greater than mine."

Philip Sidney was only thirty-two when he died; and all England mourned for his loss. One of his friends, the young Earl of Essex, tried to copy his example, and he did show himself to be brave, and clever, and generous; but Essex never learned to rule his own spirit, and his end was far unlike Sidney's.

Essex was Queen Elizabeth's chief favorite. She had always some favorite among the courtiers and nobles who attended on her. The first one was Robert Dudley, whom she afterward made Earl of Leicester. He was handsome and accomplished, but he was a bad man, though he concealed his real character so artfully that the queen never found him out. After his death, Essex came into the highest favor. But the queen did not take counsel about great matters of state with her favorites; in all important affairs she consulted Burleigh and the wise statesmen whom she had associated with him.

CHAPTER XLI

Reign of Elizabeth—(*continued*)

Ill-will of the French and Spaniards to England—Assistance given by Elizabeth to the foreign Protestants—Mary, Queen of Scots

DURING most of the time that Elizabeth reigned, Spain was governed by that same King Philip who had been the husband of her sister, and who was at this time the richest and most powerful monarch in the world. He possessed a large portion of Europe and vast territories in America, where the Spaniards had seized upon Mexico, Chili, Peru, and the finest of the West India Islands. Everywhere they ruled the natives with a rod of iron, making them labor like slaves in the mines and plantations. In the West Indies the unhappy people had almost perished from the face of the earth, and the Spaniards brought negroes from Africa to supply their place. This was the beginning of the slave trade between Africa and America; and a brave English seaman, Captain John Hawkins, was not ashamed to steal negroes on the coast of Guinea and sell them to the Spaniards of the West Indies.

When Elizabeth first came to the throne, Philip asked her to marry him. But she had no inclination to share her power with any one, and least of all with Philip; and when he found that she was not at heart a Roman Catholic he no longer wished to ally himself with her. He married a princess of France, and from that time was always, secretly or openly, the enemy of England. During the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign, Philip was so much engaged in

making war on his own subjects in the Netherlands that he could not prosecute his designs against her kingdom. The Netherlands then comprised the countries we now call Holland and Belgium and the northeast of France; the inhabitants excelled all the nations of Europe in commerce and manufactures, and England had a greater trade with them than with all the rest of the world beside.

They had been subject to the crown of Spain for many years, but enjoyed their own laws and much freedom till Protestantism began to spread among them. Then the Spaniards persecuted them fearfully; and thousands of the people fled to England, made it their home, and by degrees taught Englishmen to excel like themselves in the manufacture of silk and wool. Those who remained behind boldly took up arms against their oppressors, and many Englishmen by the queen's permission went to help them. Elizabeth also assisted them with large sums of money; and after many years, and a very hard struggle, the inhabitants of what we now call Holland succeeded in gaining independence, formed a state of their own which they called The Seven United Provinces, and enjoyed their own laws and religion in peace.

France was no more friendly to England than was Spain, but the King of France generally kept at peace with Elizabeth because he had so much to do at home in trying, like Philip, to subdue his Protestant subjects. More than two millions of Frenchmen had become Protestants, and Elizabeth was a good friend to them as well as to the men of Holland.

Everywhere the Protestants looked up to her as a

protectress and helper, and nowhere more than in Scotland. Mention has been made of the little Queen of Scots, who was sent to the French court to be educated with the Prince Francis, to whom she was betrothed. It was a very bad school for the little Queen Mary, as the court of France was not only the most splendid and luxurious, but the most wicked in Europe; and the mother of the prince, Catharine de Medicis, was infamous above all women of her time for cruelty and deceit. She taught her sons to be as false and cruel as herself. Mary grew up very witty and accomplished, and exquisitely beautiful. Every one admired her, though some feared she had been infected by the vices of her associates, and concealed an artful ruthless character behind that veil of grace and beauty.

The Roman Catholic party looked upon her as the rightful Queen of England, for they declared that Henry the Eighth had never been lawfully married to Anne Boleyn, and that her daughter Elizabeth could have no title to the crown. As soon as Queen Mary of England died, the Queen of Scots and her husband had taken the title of Queen and King of England. This was a great insult to Elizabeth and to the English people, who chose that Elizabeth should be their queen; and it was never forgiven or forgotten. As long as Mary of Scotland lived, Englishmen always suspected her of plotting to dethrone Elizabeth, that she might be queen herself and force them to obey the Pope again. This plan had really been formed for Mary by her French kinsmen when she was too young to form any plans for herself; but her husband, King Francis the Second, died, and in

1561 Mary left France and came back to reign over her own kingdom of Scotland.

She was then nineteen years old. While she had been in France a great change had taken place among her Scottish subjects, most of whom had become Protestants. Mary was much displeased when she found this to be the case; but she was not powerful enough to put down the Protestants, so she allowed them to follow their own religion, and was content to place the government chiefly in the hands of her half-brother, James Stuart, Earl of Murray, the most esteemed of the Protestant lords.

As long as Mary followed his advice her reign was honorable and prosperous. The Scots could not help admiring and liking their queen, but many of them were so unreasonable as to expect her at once to give up the religion in which she had been educated and become a Protestant like themselves; and they were ready to murder the priests who said mass in her chapel. While Murray governed he preserved peace, but he ceased to be friendly to Mary when he found that she was going to marry her cousin, Lord Darnley, a foolish vicious youth of eighteen, who had nothing to recommend him but his good looks.

CHAPTER XLII

Reign of Elizabeth—(*continued*)

Murder of Rizzio and Darnley—The Queen of Scots is Dethroned—She flies to England, and is Imprisoned there

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS soon repented her unwise choice of a husband. Darnley behaved very ill, and because Mary would not make him equal in power

with herself he revenged himself by murdering her favorite secretary, an Italian named Rizzio, who had, as he supposed, persuaded the queen not to give him all the authority he desired to have. Some Scottish lords, who were offended because the queen preferred Rizzio's company to theirs, assisted Darnley in the murder. The unfortunate secretary was butchered almost in his mistress's presence. Mary earnestly entreated for his life; but when they told her he was already dead, "I will dry my tears, then, and study revenge," was her answer. Mary never could endure her husband after this, though for a little while they seemed to be reconciled.

The queen had now given her confidence to one of the most wicked men in Scotland, Lord Bothwell. Her husband, who was ill with the small-pox, was lodged apart from the palace, in a lone house called the Kirk of Field. There the queen visited him daily, and with seeming affection. One evening, in February, 1567, she took leave of him as usual, but it was for the last time. Bothwell had already conveyed a quantity of gunpowder into the room beneath Darnley's apartment, and two hours after midnight he came by stealth to the house, laid a long lighted match to the powder, and withdrew to a safe distance. Presently afterward, all Edinburgh was startled out of sleep by what seemed to be the shock of an earthquake. When day dawned, the house in which Darnley had lodged was found blown to pieces, and his dead body and that of his page were lying in the adjacent fields.

Scotland was filled with horror at this murder, of which every one justly accused Bothwell; but the

horror was greatly increased when, three months afterward, the queen married her husband's murderer. The people rose in arms and forced her to send Bothwell away; and some were not contented with this, but shut her up in Lochleven Castle, and made her give up her kingdom to her little son, James the Sixth, an infant of a year old. Murray, who had left Scotland, was called back to be Regent for his little nephew.

All Scotland was divided into king's men and queen's men. The queen's men wanted Mary to be released from prison and to be queen again, now that Bothwell had left the country; the king's men were determined she should not reign. And although Mary escaped from Lochleven, and found herself in a few days at the head of six thousand men, Murray quickly routed her forces. The queen watched the battle, and when she saw all was lost put her horse to its speed and rode sixty miles that day to the shores of the Solway Firth. Thence she passed over into England, and proceeded to Carlisle, confident that she should find a refuge with Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was greatly perplexed when she heard that Mary had come to England. Though she did not at all approve of subjects dethroning their sovereign, as the Scots had done, yet she did not wish that Mary should be able to crush Murray and the rest of the Scottish Protestants. She would not receive her at court; partly because she suspected that Mary had been concerned in the murder of her husband Darnley; and partly because she had heard that Mary's exquisite grace and wit and sprightly manners captivated every one who came near her. She was

not inclined to give the Scottish Queen an opportunity of making too many friends among the noblemen and gentry of England. And yet she would not bid her leave England, lest she should take refuge in France or Spain, and persuade the princes of those countries to replace her on the throne of Scotland by force of arms. Elizabeth knew very well that, if once French or Spanish troops obtained a footing in Scotland, they would use it as the best starting-point from which to invade England.

The best, because the most just, plan would have been to let Mary go away at once wherever she pleased; for, whatever evil she might have committed, she was not Elizabeth's subject, and it was most unfair to make her suffer for having taken refuge in England in the hour of her terror and distress. But Burleigh, and the other wise councillors who advised Queen Elizabeth, thought Mary ought not to come to court, and ought not to be allowed to leave England for a year at least.

Elizabeth, however, said that some of Mary's friends, and some of the Scottish lords who were against her, should come to England, and tell all they knew, or could find out, about Darnley's murder; and, if it should be proved that Mary was innocent, she would help her to get her kingdom back again. The Queen of Scots did not much like this, but she gave her consent, and some time was spent in searching out the truth about the murder.

Murray, who came forward as his sister's accuser, produced a number of letters from Mary to Bothwell, which were so very bad that, if the Queen of Scots wrote them, she must have been capable of almost

any crime. But Mary said they were none of hers, and that they must have been written by some one who could imitate her handwriting. And to this day no one knows whether that is true or not. Elizabeth said at last that she did not think Murray had proved his charges against Queen Mary, and yet she did not think he and his friends had done wrong in depriving her of the crown. So Murray went back to be Regent in Scotland, and Mary was obliged to remain in England.

Elizabeth placed her first under the charge of Lord Shrewsbury, and then of other gentlemen, who were forced to take great care that she did not get away. Whenever she rode out hunting or hawking, according to the fashion of ladies in those times, armed men were in attendance lest she should take that opportunity of escaping. It was a weary captivity both to the unfortunate queen and to those who were obliged to take care of her. Part of the time she lived at Bolton Castle, and at other times at Sheffield, Tutbury, and Fotheringay.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Reign of Elizabeth—(*continued*)

Plots in favor of the Queen of Scots—Her Execution (From 1568 to 1587)

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS did not willingly submit to be held in captivity. She had a great deal of property in France, so that she was able to secure the services of many persons, who labored continually to stir up plots against Queen Elizabeth, in order that her government might be overturned and the Queen of

Scots might become Queen of England. Much English blood was shed in this cause; for even from her prison Mary found means to correspond with the Roman Catholic lords and gentlemen, and to rouse them to take her part.

The first who rebelled against Elizabeth, partly in order to set up Mary, and partly to restore Catholicism in England, were the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland; but their rebellion was soon put down, and many of their followers were put to death. The next nobleman drawn into rebellion was the Duke of Norfolk. Of all the English nobility he was the highest in rank and the most beloved; and it was long before Elizabeth could bring herself to order his execution. The Parliament and the people said that Mary ought to be put to death also. To this Elizabeth would not consent; but she said that, since the Queen of Scots had stirred up her own subjects to rebel against her, she would never set her free.

In all the plans which were formed, the Pope, Spain, or France, had some hand. The Pope issued a bull by which he declared Elizabeth accursed and forbade her subjects to obey her; and he sent over many English Jesuits to go up and down among the Roman Catholics and teach them to incite opposition to the queen. They came over in various disguises; many were discovered and put to death, but more still continued to come; and at last the English began to look on all their Roman Catholic countrymen as traitors, only waiting for a favorable opportunity to revolt against Elizabeth.

Thus many years went on, till, about fourteen years

after Norfolk's death, a most daring plot was found out. The leader in it was a young Roman Catholic gentleman named Babington. Queen Elizabeth was to be murdered, and immediately afterward a Spanish army was to invade England, set Mary on the throne, and put down the Protestants.

Babington was executed for his treason, and Burleigh and the other ministers of state declared that Mary ought to be put to death too, because she shared in the plot. The Queen of Scots was put on her trial, found guilty, and condemned to death, much to the joy of the people, who looked upon her as the most dangerous enemy of their country and their religion. Elizabeth was very unwilling to let the sentence be executed. She wished Mary dead, but not by a public execution. After several weeks, she at length signed the death-warrant, and gave it to Davison, the secretary of state. Burleigh and the other ministers immediately sent it to Fotheringay Castle, and ordered that it should be put into execution without delay; but they did not tell their mistress what they had done.

When Elizabeth heard that Mary was dead, she affected the most extreme sorrow, refused to see Burleigh and the other councillors, and ordered Davison to be imprisoned in the Tower. We should have respected Elizabeth more if she had been honest, and said plainly that she was grieved to put Mary to death but saw no other means of preserving her people and kingdom in peace and safety.

As for the Queen of Scots, she never appeared to such advantage as in the last scene of her life. She received the intelligence that she was to die with the

utmost firmness, comforted her weeping attendants, and lay down quietly to rest. Rising very early the next morning, she spent the hours in devotion till the sheriff came to lead her to the great hall of the castle. It was hung with black, and a scaffold stood in the midst, on which were the block, the axe, and the executioner. Mary looked on them without shrinking. The Dean of Peterborough came to her with entreaties that she would at this last hour renounce the Catholic faith, but Mary replied that she would die in the religion in which she had lived. She prayed for her son and for Queen Elizabeth, recited some prayers from the offices of the Roman Church, then quietly put off her veil and mantle, and laid her head upon the block. Age and ill-health, and the sorrows of eighteen years' captivity, had robbed her of the beauty for which she had been so remarkable; but she preserved to the last her graceful and majestic demeanor, and none could see without grief and pity the sad ending of a life which might have been so honorable and happy.

When the executioner held up the head, and the customary words were pronounced, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" few of the spectators could stifle their tears and sighs sufficiently to say Amen.

CHAPTER XLIV

Reign of Elizabeth—(*continued*)

The Spanish Armada

(From 1587 to 1588)

For some years before the execution of the Queen of Scots, Philip of Spain had been making immense

preparations of ships, arms, and warlike stores of all kinds. He said that these were intended for the war in the Netherlands and the protection of his American colonies; but no one believed him, for it was well known that his heart was set upon the conquest of England. There were 130 magnificent war-ships, which carried a numerous army of soldiers and sailors, and were attended by a fleet of transports laden with the arms and tools necessary for sieges and battles on land, and also with abundance of whips, fetters, thumbscrews, and other instruments of torture, with which to punish and convert the heretic English.

Another army, under command of the Duke of Parma, Philip's greatest general, waited in the Netherlands, ready to set sail when the time should come. But now the Hollanders returned the good offices of Queen Elizabeth; they blocked up the ports of the Netherlands with their ships, and Parma and his army waited in vain.

The first thing done by the queen, when she heard of the danger which threatened her kingdom, was to send Drake to the coast of Spain with thirty ships.

With these he contrived to destroy one hundred vessels laden with stores of war, and also to intercept and capture one of Philip's largest treasure-ships. Then he came home merrily, saying that he had "singed the King of Spain's beard." He had, in fact, done him so much mischief that the sailing of the expedition was delayed a whole year. But in the summer of 1588 all was ready. The Spaniards called their armament "The Invincible Armada," for they felt certain of victory. "One battle on sea," said

they, "and one on land, and the country is ours." They forgot that sometimes "the battle is not to the strong."

In England, prayers were offered in every parish for Divine help; and the brave spirit of the nation rose the higher in presence of the great danger.

All came forward, high and low, rich and poor; some brought money, others gave their ships, thousands of every rank volunteered to serve anywhere, on sea or on shore; not only Protestants but Catholics also, for they did not like Philip, though they were of his religion. Eighty thousand men were soon in arms for the defence of England. One-third of this force was encamped at Tilbury, near Gravesend, to prevent the Spaniards from advancing upon London. There the queen joined them.

Elizabeth was growing old, but she retained all the vigor and spirit of her youth. Arrayed in armor she rode on horseback between the lines, and told her soldiers that she had come among them, not for recreation, but to live or die among them. "I have resolved," continued she, "to lay down, for God, my kingdom and my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm." Shouts of loyal affection rent the air as the queen's voice died away. "Who would not fight for such a queen?" said the soldiers one to another.

The fleet was placed under the command of Lord Howard of Effingham, and with him were Drake

and Frobisher and Hawkins, and many other famous seamen. Watch was kept night and day along the coast, and barrels of tar raised on tall poles were placed on all the loftiest hills, ready to be kindled so soon as the first glimpse of the Spanish fleet appeared. On the 20th of July, it was descried sailing slowly down the Channel in form of a half-moon, the ships showing like castles, they were so strong and tall. Then the tar-barrels were lighted on the highlands of Cornwall and Devon, and, as the flames flew from height to height through all England, the people knew that their great enemy had come at last.

On the 21st, the attack began, and the Spaniards were surprised and alarmed to see how much more easily and swiftly the English ships were worked than their own. The very size of the Spanish vessels rendered them almost unmanageable in the narrow seas—and they soon ran foul of one another. For eighteen days the Spanish admiral, Medina Sidonia, kept slowly on his way eastward; and all that time there were perpetual small fights, the Englishmen hovering about him, and attacking his fleet whenever they could find an opportunity. In this way they had already damaged, sunk, or taken several vessels, and among them a ship which contained a large cargo of instruments of torture. It hardly needed this to inflame the courage of the people; but, if anything had been wanting to make them fight to the death in defence of their homes and their churches, the sight of this cargo would have supplied it.

On the 8th of August, the battle between the fleets became general and lasted the whole day. The

English were entirely victorious. Their enemies lost all hope of conquering England for this time; the only care of Medina Sidonia was to get safely back to Spain with the remainder of his ships. But there was no returning by the way he had come; Dutch ships as well as English covered all the Channel, so the Spanish admiral resolved to go round by the north of Scotland. A more terrible foe awaited him there—an awful tempest, which sunk some of his ships at once, drove others on the rocks of Norway, where they were broken to pieces, and wrecked about fifty on the Hebrides and the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Of all the grand Armada which had sailed triumphantly from the ports of Spain four months before, hardly one vessel returned uninjured, and the greater number had been utterly destroyed. The mourning in Spain was universal. In England, one voice of joy and thanksgiving rang through all the land.

CHAPTER XLV

Reign of Elizabeth—(*concluded*)

Final Attempts of Philip II to Conquer England—Rebellions in Ireland—Death of Essex, 1601—Death of the Queen, 1603

(From 1588 to 1603)

PHILIP still hoped to conquer England by attacking it from Ireland. A large number of the Irish were always in rebellion against the English government, and were ready and eager to join the Spaniards. A fine fleet and army were prepared, but they had hardly left the ports of Spain when an

awful storm shattered the fleet, and the expedition came to an end.

Another time Elizabeth prevented Philip's designs by sending Lords Howard and Essex to attack his great naval port, Cadiz, and to burn the ships collected there. At last, Philip the Second died; his son, Philip the Third, succeeded him and carried on the war with England, but Elizabeth used to say she could not feel any fear of a prince who had been twelve years learning his alphabet.

Ireland was the great care and grief of her latter days. It was almost as wild and miserable as it had been in the days of Henry the Second. There were three principal rebellions during Elizabeth's reign, besides many smaller ones. The rebel chieftains were O'Neill, Desmond, and Tyrone. O'Neill and Desmond, each in their turn, fell victims to the revenge of the men whom they or their followers had injured. Tyrone's rebellion lasted the longest, and was not subdued without great difficulty. But at last Tyrone came to England and made his submission; and Ireland became a little more quiet. Much of the land had become a mere desert, for the people had been fighting, burning, and wasting for years, instead of tilling the ground; and they were reduced to a shocking state of famine and misery.

The rebellion of Tyrone helped to bring about the ruin of the queen's favorite, Lord Essex. He had been sent to Ireland to reduce Tyrone to obedience; but the queen thought that Essex took very little pains to do his duty. Her rebukes made him so angry that he left his post without her permission, and came over to England that he might justify him-

self. Elizabeth was incensed at his presumption; and, although she afterward forgave him, she did not bestow on him the same favor as formerly. This wounded the pride of Essex so much that he even endeavored to raise an insurrection in London. For this treason he was tried and condemned to death.

The queen was greatly grieved for him. She had once given him a ring, and desired him to send it to her if he should ever fall into great trouble and disgrace, and she would forgive him. The ring had not been returned to her, and she thought he was too proud to ask forgiveness. But Essex had sent it. Unhappily, it had fallen into the hands of a lady who was base enough to keep it back, because she hated him and wished that he should die. Two years afterward, when she lay on her own death-bed, she confessed to the queen what she had done. Elizabeth was in an agony of grief and anger; she even said to the dying woman these terrible words: "God may forgive you, but I never can!"

From that time the queen seemed to lose her usual cheerfulness and composure of mind. Her health was rapidly declining, and on the 24th of March, 1603, she breathed her last, being then nearly seventy years old.

Few sovereigns have been so deeply regretted by their subjects. They loved her, not only, or chiefly, because her rule had been so wise and prosperous, but because she loved her people and heartily desired to make them happy. She was naturally of a vehement, imperious character, and did not spare sharp rebukes to her courtiers, and even to her council, if they displeased her; but this warm temper was

seldom or never seen beyond the bounds of the palace.

Elizabeth delighted to make journeys from one part of England to another, and to visit the towns and country seats which lay in her way. Everywhere the people came joyfully and without any fear to see her and to wait upon her—private persons and magistrates, men, women, and children. She would not suffer the meanest of her subjects to be shut out from her presence. If they had anything to ask or to complain of, she listened kindly, took their petitions with her own hand, and assured them that their affairs should be attended to. Her visits were delightful to the country people for another reason; they were always allowed some share in the sports and pageants which were prepared for her entertainment.

On entering a town, Elizabeth was often welcomed by the citizens with a present of money. On one of these occasions, when the mayor of Coventry presented her with a handsome and well-filled purse, the queen replied: "I have few such gifts. It is a hundred pounds in gold." "Please your grace," answered the mayor, "it is a great deal more." "What is that?" she asked. "It is," said he, "the hearts of all your loving subjects." "We thank you, Mr. Mayor," replied the queen; "it is a great deal more indeed."

CHAPTER XLVI

State of England in Queen Elizabeth's Time—The City of London—Mines—Great Writers—East India Company—Sir Thomas Gresham—Great Power of the Queen in Church and State

EVEN under the wise government of Queen Elizabeth's ministers, the extreme north of England continued to be in a very wild condition, for the people were almost always at war with their Scotch neighbors. The Scots plundered the villages, and even attacked the towns, whenever they could find an opportunity; the Englishmen did not fail to revenge themselves, and a great deal of blood was shed on both sides. In the valley of the North Tyne and the adjoining dales, men armed themselves when they went out to watch their flocks and to labor in the fields. Besides this border warfare of the Scots and English, the district was infested with bands of robbers, who plundered wherever they could on both sides of the border.

In all other parts of England the people were in peace, and increased much in wealth and comfort during the reign of Elizabeth. Even in her sister's time, the Spaniards who came over with King Philip were astonished at the good cheer of the farmers and shopkeepers. "These English," they said, "have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly as well as the king." By "sticks and dirt," they meant walls of clay or a mixture of clay and straw. In the days of Mary and Elizabeth, bricks were not much used except for large, handsome houses. Where there was plenty of wood, the

people built their houses of substantial timber; where there was little timber, they used clay.

Wood had been used in such quantities for building and fuel, and for so many hundred years, that the forests which had once covered England were now almost all destroyed, and in many parts of the country the people hardly knew what to use for fuel.

Coal was little thought of, except in the neighborhood of the coal-mines, and in a few places to which it was conveyed by sea. Even in London it was not much used, because the people disliked the smoke of the coal-fires. In the country, the laborers were only now beginning to have chimneys to their cottages. Old men complained that the people used to be much stronger when they hardly used fires except to cook their food, and when they let the smoke find its way out at the door or window or by a hole in the roof, than now when they had a chimney to carry it up and wanted to sit by the fire in cold weather. Even in the best houses a carpet was a great rarity; the floors were finely polished, or else they were strewn with rushes. This was an uncleanly practice, because few persons could afford to have fresh rushes every day or even every week. On festival days the pavement of the churches was covered with green rushes.

London was a very small place then compared with what it is now. The city was enclosed within a wall, and at all the chief points there were strong gates. At a certain hour every evening the gates were locked and barred, and armed men watched by them till morning. The shops in the streets were open, like booths, and at every shop there hung a

picture or an image, by way of sign. Old London Bridge was the only bridge over the river; it had shops and houses on each side of it, and there was always a ghastly sight to be seen there—the heads and skulls of men executed for treason. During hundreds of years it was the custom to expose the heads of traitors on London Bridge, and leave them there to moulder and decay.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, new mines of copper and other minerals were discovered; and the first brass manufactory was set up in England. The first paper-mill also was erected, at Dartford, in Kent.

The books written by the men who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time are still the instruction and delight of Englishmen. Among the famous writers of that period were the poets Spenser, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, and the philosopher Francis Bacon.

The East India Company was founded in the reign of Elizabeth. It was at first only for trade to India and China, but it long ruled all India, and was by far the most wealthy and powerful body of merchants in the world. Elizabeth held in great esteem the chief of London merchants, Sir Thomas Gresham; she called him "my merchant," and visited him like a friend. And when Gresham built his great Exchange, and made a present of it to his fellow-citizens, the queen went in state to open it and gave it the name of the Royal Exchange.

With all the wisdom and the good qualities of this great sovereign, she had some follies. She liked to have her courtiers address her as if she were young and beautiful, even after she had become

an old woman. She was very fond of amusing herself with the offers of marriage made to her by foreign princes, and would go on exchanging letters and presents with her suitors when she had no intention of marrying any of them. "I will have here but one mistress, and no master," she said to Leicester, one day, when he spoke to her of marriage; and she was indeed the one mistress of her kingdom.

We have already heard that in the reign of Henry the Seventh the kings of England began to be more powerful than ever before, because neither House of Parliament opposed them. Elizabeth was the last sovereign who possessed this great power; the Parliament was already wishing for more authority, but the queen governed so wisely that neither lords nor commons thought fit to resist her will. She exacted strict obedience in matters of religion as well as in the affairs of the state, and established a tribunal, called the Court of High Commission, to inquire into offences against the laws of the Church. In time, this court became as oppressive and created as much discontent as that of the Star Chamber,* but not in the reign of Elizabeth. She was the last of the Tudor sovereigns, who had governed England since the accession of Henry the Seventh in 1485, a period of one hundred and eighteen years.

* The Court of the Star Chamber (see Chap. XXX) dealt with offences against the king and the laws of the land. Since the time of Henry the Seventh, its powers had been gradually increasing. It was permitted to inflict any punishment short of death.

CHAPTER XLVII

Reign of James I—James, First King of Great Britain, 1603—State of Scotland—The English Puritans and Roman Catholics—The Gunpowder Plot, 1605

(From 1603 to 1606)

At the death of Queen Elizabeth, the crown of England passed to the Scottish royal family of Stuart. James Stuart (who was James the Sixth of Scotland), the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and great-grandson of Henry the Seventh's eldest daughter, Margaret, now became King James the First of England. From this time the English sovereigns have been the rulers of Great Britain, and not only of England and Wales.

After the accession of James the First, England and Scotland made no more war on one another, but it was long before the people of the two countries learned to be as friendly as natives of the same island ought to have been. Scotland was then a poor and wild country, where the nobles were constantly quarrelling among themselves. If one Scottish gentleman received an affront from another, he summoned all his friends and tenants and made a little war of his own upon the offender, besieging his house, wasting his lands, and killing him if he could.

The farmers were called away from tilling the ground to fight in the quarrels of their lords; and so Scotland remained barren and ill-cultivated. Rich, fertile England looked down scornfully on its sister kingdom; and Englishmen, who were proud of the good order of their country and of the high place they had won for themselves among the nations of

Europe, were angry that the Scots should claim to be equal with them. The Scots were proud of their country, too, and they were very much afraid they would lose their consequence as a nation now that their king had a richer and more powerful kingdom.

They were jealous also lest their laws or their Church should be interfered with. The Scottish reformers had abolished the government of the Church by bishops, and they spoke against the English liturgy almost as if it had been a service of idolaters. They were afraid that, when they became one people with the English, England would try to make them have bishops and a liturgy.

King James had been in the habit of talking as if he despised the Church of England; but the Scottish preachers had so often opposed his wishes, and even insulted him, that he had come to think it would be a good thing if they were governed by loyal, peaceable men, like the English bishops. A great many of the Puritans in England, who were like the Scots in their notions of what a Church ought to be, had been hoping that James would show them some favor. The Roman Catholics also looked for kindness at the hands of the new king, for he had treated their Scottish brethren very mildly.

It would have been impossible to please both Puritans and Catholics, and James soon showed that he was not inclined to favor either party. He held a conference at Hampton Court palace, with some of the leading Puritans and some of the bishops and clergy, and when he found that the Puritans wished to alter the Prayer-Book to their liking, or not to use it at all, he entirely refused to allow them

any such liberty. They objected to be governed by bishops; he told them what they really meant was, "No bishop, no king."

This conference had one good result: all parties were agreed that the English translations of the Bible needed to be corrected; and the king appointed fifty of the most learned divines in the kingdom to make a new version from the original languages. This work employed them during several years; and the result was the present English Bible.

The laws against the Roman Catholics James allowed to remain in full force, and some of them, in their disappointment, made plots against the king. The first plot was hard to understand, for there were Catholics, Puritans, and men of no religion in it. They wanted to dethrone James and set up his cousin, Lady Arabella Stuart, in his stead. Sir Walter Raleigh was accused of having something to do with this plot, and was condemned to lose his head. But the sentence was thought to be very unjust, and was not then executed; Raleigh remained a prisoner in the Tower.

The next conspiracy was the famous "Gunpowder Treason and Plot." A few unscrupulous Catholics devised a plan for blowing up the king, the royal family, and the Parliament. Parliament was to meet on the 5th of November, 1605. Long before that day, the conspirators secretly conveyed thirty-six barrels of gunpowder into a vault beneath the parliament-house, and covered them over with coal and wood. Guido (or Guy) Fawkes was to lay the train and light the matches when the fatal hour arrived. But one of the plotters wished to save the

life of his kinsman, Lord Mounteagle. A few days before the 5th of November, that gentleman received a letter in an unknown hand, warning him not to attend at the opening of Parliament; "for," said the letter, "they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them."

Lord Mounteagle carried the letter to the king's council, who laid it before their master; and James, remembering the fate of his unhappy father, thought the terrible unseen blow was to be caused by gunpowder. The vaults under the parliament-house were searched, and there stood Guy Fawkes, with his dark lantern. In his pockets were slow-matches, tinder, and touchwood, all ready for his murderous work; and under the coal and wood were found the barrels of gunpowder.

As soon as the other plotters heard that Fawkes was taken, they made haste to escape into the country, but all of them were found in a few days. Some died in resisting the officers who went to apprehend them, and the others were executed as traitors.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Reign of James I—(*continued*)

His Children: Prince Henry; "Baby Charles;" Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia

By the time James had been King of England three or four years, the joy with which the nation had welcomed him was changed to disappointment and in many minds to contempt. In Scotland James had been very poor; a yearly pension allowed him by Queen Elizabeth was the chief part of his income,

and he had often been obliged to defend himself and maintain his power against the assaults of the rebellious nobles.

He had guided himself so wisely through those times of poverty and danger that Englishmen thought he would be a prudent and courageous king, a fitting successor to the wise queen whom they had lost. But prosperity seemed to have spoiled King James. He was overjoyed when he succeeded to the crown of wealthy loyal England, and from that time he gave much of his time to amusing himself. Half of his days were spent in field sports, cock-fighting, baiting of bears, lions, and bulls. He was good-natured, but he hated trouble so much that, if his favorite courtiers wished him to commit an act of injustice, he would do it to be rid of their importunities.

He was always surrounded by favorites, on whom he lavished money, lands, and titles. When Queen Elizabeth made a man a peer or a knight, it was for some great service rendered to the country or for some merit which she saw in him. Those titles were highly valued; but sensible men were ashamed to take titles from James when they had done nothing to deserve them, and many persons paid large sums of money for leave to refuse these worthless honors. Other men, who wished for a title, were compelled to buy one; and either way of getting money was agreeable to King James, for he was always in debt. His wife, Queen Anne, did not help him out of his difficulties; she was fond of pleasure and extravagant. A great deal of money was wasted in riotous living at the court; even the ladies joined in the nightly revels. There was very little in the man-

ners or appearance of the king which could excite respect. His tongue was too large for his mouth, so that he did not speak plainly; he was very awkward, and so timorous that the sight of a drawn sword made him tremble, and he caused all his clothes to be lined with wadding lest he should be stabbed by some traitor.

He liked to mix the most unseemly jests even with his gravest conversation, nicknamed himself and his courtiers, and allowed his favorite, George Villiers, to call him "Dad" and "Gossip." He was very learned, and was fond of showing his learning by mingling scraps of Latin and Greek with his talk. With all this, some sparkles of sense and spirit shone out occasionally; but he provoked the English by boasting of his own wisdom and deriding Queen Elizabeth, as if he were a greater sovereign than she had been.

The king's eldest son, Prince Henry, was quite unlike his father. The people loved him dearly; he was a youth of the highest spirit, longing to take part in some noble enterprise, and especially interested in all that related to ships and sea affairs.

In the midst of the vices of the court, he led an exemplary life, and the people looked forward to the days when he would sit on his father's throne, and hoped that he would be all that an English king should be. But these bright hopes were blighted; Prince Henry died in 1612, at the age of eighteen. He had one brother, a sickly little boy named Charles. The king feared that Charles would not live to grow up; he made him his pet child, and called him always "Baby Charles." Even when

Charles grew up strong and tall and became a grave, stately man, the foolish king always called him "Baby."

King James had also a daughter, Elizabeth, who married the German prince Frederic, Count Palatine. His territory, which was called the Palatinate, lay near the Rhine, having Heidelberg for its capital city. The marriage pleased the English, because Frederic was a Protestant prince, and they had feared that James would marry all his children to Roman Catholics. But it was not a very fortunate marriage. Elizabeth was remarkably beautiful, but not very prudent; and at the end of a few years she persuaded her husband to accept the kingdom of Bohemia. Bohemia was governed by the Emperor of Germany; it was inhabited partly by Protestants and partly by Roman Catholics, and the Protestants, who thought themselves ill-used, resolved to have a Protestant king. They offered their crown to Count Frederic, who was unwise enough to accept it without taking steps to maintain himself in the kingdom. The emperor soon drove him out of Bohemia, and then took from him his own country of the Palatinate; and then unfortunate Frederic and Elizabeth were obliged to fly to Holland, where they lived upon the bounty of their friends. They had a great many sons and daughters; some of them will be mentioned in the course of this history, especially Prince Rupert.

The people of England wished much to go to war with the emperor, but King James could not be persuaded to draw the sword, even to restore his daughter and her husband to their own territory. He was

afraid that he might displease the King of Spain, who was in alliance with the emperor; and he would not offend the Spaniards, because he wished to marry his son Charles to a Spanish princess. The thought of this marriage was hateful to the English nation; they feared that a Roman Catholic wife would incline Charles himself to change his faith, and of all the Roman Catholic powers they had the greatest dislike of Spain. But James, though a Protestant at heart, was proud to ally himself with so great and powerful a kingdom as Spain.

CHAPTER XLIX

Reign of James I—(*continued*)

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—Journey of Prince Charles to Spain—War—Death of James I, 1625

(From 1606 to 1625)

DURING the first nine years of the reign of James the First, Robert Cecil, son of the wise Lord Burleigh, was at the head of the government. But after his death the king threw almost all the power of the state into the hands, first of one favorite, then of another. The most mischievous of these was George Villiers, a young gentleman whose courtly accomplishments and handsome person pleased the king so much that he quickly made him knight, viscount, earl, marquis, and finally Duke of Buckingham, and gave him many of the highest dignities in the kingdom.

One of his posts of honor was that of Lord High Admiral of England. Buckingham wished for this post, and the brave Lord Howard, the admiral who had fought the Armada and carried the flag of Eng-

land in many a battle besides, was forced to give up his well-earned dignity to the young courtier, who knew nothing about ships or naval matters. Every one who wished to rise at court bought Buckingham's favor with money and presents. Unfortunately, he was as great a favorite with Prince Charles as with his father; and Charles, though he had much good sense and many virtues, was often led into wrong and foolish conduct by the evil counsels of Buckingham.

The prince was now twenty-two years of age; his marriage with the Spanish princess had been talked about for several years, but still the Spaniards made delays, and Charles became impatient to have the affair concluded. Buckingham persuaded him to go to Madrid in disguise, and see his intended wife and her brother the king. Charles and Buckingham set out, calling themselves James and Thomas Smith; but when they reached Spain it was found out who they were. The Spaniards were very much pleased with Charles, who was polite and grave like themselves; but they could not endure Buckingham, he was so rude and arrogant. His pride was offended, and after Charles had left Madrid he persuaded him to break off his marriage with the Spanish princess.

Coming home through France, the prince saw the beautiful Princess Henrietta Maria and chose her for his wife. The Spaniards were very angry, as they well might be, but the English, although they did not like the thought of a French queen—for she also was a Roman Catholic—were delighted to go to war with Spain. King James was forced, much against his will, to consent to it. The war was very badly

conducted; Englishmen fought as bravely as ever, but no one seemed to know how to command them.

In the midst of the disasters, James the First died, March 27th, 1625, aged fifty-eight. He was bitterly grieved that he had plunged into a war in his old age, after trying through all his reign to keep at peace with the Spaniards. To secure their good-will, he had even put to death Sir Walter Raleigh. Of all the great seamen and commanders who had attacked the Spaniards during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh was the only survivor. He had been in prison during a great part of the reign of James, but in the year 1616 he was allowed to come out of the Tower and prepare an expedition to Guiana, where, he said, he was sure he could find a gold-mine. But the voyage ended only in sorrow and loss. Raleigh was so ill that he could not command; his men had a fight with the Spanish colonists, in which his eldest son was killed; some of his captains deserted him; and when he returned to England, worn down with grief and vexation, the king put him to death to please the Spanish ambassador, whose brother had been killed by Raleigh's men.

In the time of King James, the English took possession of the Bermuda Islands, and planted colonies in Virginia and New England. Some brave navigators, of whom Baffin was the most celebrated, explored the northern part of America.

At home, the people improved much both in manufactures and farming, and began to grow a great deal more wheat than before. But a time was coming when the beautiful peaceful country was to be made the scene of war. Many a grand old castle

and manor-house was to be made a desolate ruin, many a noble estate wasted and destroyed—not by foreign enemies, but by Englishmen fighting against Englishmen.

CHAPTER L

Disputes in the Church and State, which led to the Civil War

THE government of England is called a monarchy. There are two kinds of monarchies: one, in which the sovereign governs the people just as he pleases: he makes the laws, and they have only to obey them. This is an *absolute* monarchy. In the other the people choose some of themselves to help make the laws which every one is to obey. This is a *limited* monarchy, the power of the sovereign being restrained within bounds or limits.

The King of England is a monarch with limited power. He can declare war, make peace, and rule all that concerns the relations with foreign countries; but he cannot by his own will and authority make a law or impose a tax upon his subjects. Any new law must first be proposed in Parliament, and, when both Houses of Parliament have agreed to it, it is laid before the king; when he has given his consent to it, it becomes a law all are bound to obey.

Some kings have tried to make laws without the Parliament, and James the First often made the English people angry by proclaiming that such and such things were to be done, and expecting his subjects to obey these proclamations as if they had been laws made in the proper legal manner. They were still more angry when the king said, as he often did, that

Parliament had no power of their own, that it was only by his permission they could help to make laws or impose taxes. James never could or would understand that an English king has no right to make his people obey a law or pay a tax to which Parliament has not consented; and he brought up his son Charles in the same mistaken notions.

The nation had borne with James; for he was a timid man, who hated the trouble of governing, and whenever he found that he had made Parliament angry he drew back. Charles had great ability and great industry, and liked to govern as if he were an absolute king; but by the time that he came to the throne the people had made up their minds that it should be clearly settled how much power belonged to the king, and how much to Parliament. Above all, they were determined that the king should not make laws by himself and punish his subjects for disobeying them, nor ask the people to pay him taxes which Parliament had not ordered to be paid.

These things were no more than right; and if the people could have been contented with these, and Charles would have agreed to them, it would have been happy for England. But the king was not willing to grant even these, and some of the people wanted much more; they wanted not only to have the power which justly belonged to them, but also to have all the power which rightly belonged to the king. At last they determined to have no king, but to make England a republic. A republic is a state in which the people elect one or more persons to govern them.

Most of the men who wished to take away the king's power were Puritans. There were two kinds of men called Puritans. Some men who loved the Church and the king were so called only because they led a more strict and devout life than their neighbors. The other kind of Puritans loved neither the Church nor the king; they objected to be governed by bishops and to use the liturgy.

Neither Queen Elizabeth nor King James had liked these Puritans at all; they had often enjoined the bishops to make them obey the rules of the Church, or to punish them if they did not. Many of the Puritans had left the country, and founded the settlement of New England in America, that they might follow their own ideas of religion and government; but a much greater number remained in England. They were divided into many sects, the chief of which were the Presbyterians and the Independents. Each of these rose in turn to great power in the state.

The Independents said that each congregation was a church by itself and ought to make rules for its own government. The Presbyterians thought that the Church should be governed by assemblies of ministers and people chosen from every parish. A few years after James became King of England, he had grievously displeased the Scottish Presbyterians by appointing some bishops for Scotland. The Scots unwillingly consented to let them sit in the place of honor in the Church assemblies, but they would not allow them to exercise authority in the Church.

CHAPTER LI

Reign of Charles I—Character of the King—His Disputes with Parliament: Petition of Right—Murder of Buckingham

(From 1625 to 1629)

CHARLES THE FIRST was twenty-four years old when he succeeded his father; he was a prince of noble countenance, but with a sad expression which seemed like a foreshowing of his melancholy fortunes. Yet when he ascended the throne he saw only bright prospects before him. He sincerely desired to make his kingdom happy and prosperous, and he thought his subjects would place entire confidence in his good intentions.

Charles did not see that the time was come when the King of England, if he wished to have a peaceable reign, must be contented with much less power than had been exercised by the Tudor sovereigns; and unfortunately he had been taught that a king may lawfully dissemble with his subjects. Charles was a good man in other respects, and it seems strange he could ever think it right to say one thing and do another. When his subjects found out that he did not always mean what he said, they began to think he could not be trusted to keep any of his promises.

He was apt also to take the advice given to him by others, even when it was contrary to his own better judgment. He would make up his mind to do some right and wise thing, and then allow his counsellors or his wife to persuade him out of it. His favorite, Buckingham, gave him very bad advice and encour-

aged him in his mistaken notions of kingly power. Charles had also a very unwise counsellor in his wife, Queen Henrietta Maria; he was excessively fond of her, and used to tell her his state secrets and follow her advice. And her advice was bad, for she did not know what was good for England or care for English law and freedom; she only wanted her husband to be great and powerful. The people of England did not like the queen much; and they hated Buckingham.

The struggle between the king and his subjects began as soon as he called his first Parliament together. England was in the midst of a war with Spain, and Charles thought the people who had been so pleased to begin the war would surely grant him money to carry it on. Instead of this, the House of Commons began by complaining of the bad conduct of the Duke of Buckingham, and by calling upon the king to put into force the severe laws against the Roman Catholics. By these laws, no Roman Catholic could hear mass so much as once, without being in danger of fine or imprisonment.

Charles would hear nothing against Buckingham; and as for his Roman Catholic subjects, he did not wish to trouble them while they behaved like honest and peaceable men. So he dissolved his first Parliament, and summoned another. The second was as uncomplying as the first, and was dissolved in like manner, at the end of a few weeks.

Now the king had received no money for the expenses of the war and the government; but there was a tax on all goods imported into England, called Tunnage and Poundage, which had always been

granted by Parliament to other kings. Charles ordered that this tax should be collected just as if Parliament had granted it to him. He also ordered certain persons to lend him money, and bade the seaport towns provide ships.

Other kings had done all these things and the people had submitted quietly; but now they murmured loudly. Few dared to refuse obedience, because those who refused were put in prison, but every one said the king was acting unlawfully; and so he was. He had no right to force his subjects to give him ships and money when Parliament had not agreed to it. But Charles thought he might lawfully do whatever other kings had done, when he was in the midst of a war and had no money to carry it on. This war added greatly to the discontent of the people; the commanders behaved so ill that all the money and the lives of many men were expended for nothing.

To make the evil greater, Buckingham had persuaded the king to go to war with France as well as with Spain, and to give him the command of the forces. His generalship was as bad as his advice; and after losing a great many men he was obliged to return to England without having obtained the smallest success.

In March, 1628, Charles called a third Parliament, and the members of it came together with the firm resolve that they would put an end to the unlawful doings of the last three years. They prepared a law called the Petition of Right, which enacted that the king should never again raise taxes by his own authority nor put any man in prison except in the due

course of law. Charles would not at first consent to the Petition of Right, but finally agreed that it should become law, and then many men thought all would go right and made great rejoicings.

Their joy did not last long. The Parliament proceeded to accuse Buckingham of being a traitor, and urged the king to dismiss him. Charles would do nothing of the kind. Buckingham, however, soon met his dismissal in a more terrible manner. A man named Felton, who had a quarrel of his own against the duke, stabbed him to the heart in the midst of his attendants; and when he was tried for the murder he justified it as a good deed, saying that Parliament had pronounced Buckingham to be a traitor. Charles grieved deeply for his favorite, and disliked his Parliament more than ever.

As the House of Commons would not agree to grant him the tax called Tunnage and Poundage, he began to raise it by his own authority and imprisoned the merchants who refused to pay. Parliament complained that the king had already broken the Petition of Right; and the quarrel ran so high that Charles sent some members of the House of Commons to prison and dissolved Parliament, threatening that he would never summon another.

CHAPTER LII

Reign of Charles I—(*continued*)

Strafford and Laud—Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission—Ship-Money—Revolt in Scotland—The Covenant

(From 1629 to 1640)

For eleven years King Charles governed without a Parliament; he made laws and exacted taxes by

his own authority. He made peace both with Spain and France; and during most of the time the kingdom was in great prosperity. But the people were dissatisfied, because the king was not governing according to the laws of England. His chief counsellors at this time were Archbishop Laud and Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterward Earl of Strafford.

Wentworth had been one of the leaders in the House of Commons against the king, but Charles won him over to his side, and from that time Wentworth bent all the powers of his great mind to make Charles the absolute master of his subjects. Wentworth's former friends now hated him because he had deserted their cause, and one of them, Mr. Pym, plainly told him, "You may leave us, but I will never leave you till your head is off your shoulders."

Archbishop Laud was the chief mark for the hatred of the Puritans; he had done everything he could to put them down, and they in return never ceased to accuse him of being a Roman Catholic. He was a Protestant, but very fond of pomp and ceremonies in divine worship. Those who knew him well esteemed him for many virtues; but those who knew him but little disliked him on account of his harsh, positive temper.

A great many books were written at this time against the king's government and against all the chief officers in church and state; and the writers were cruelly punished by the courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. Some of these books were very bad, full of slanders and only fit to stir up a rebellion; but when the authors were not only fined and imprisoned, but flogged, branded, set in the pil-

lory, and had their ears cut off, men could not help pitying them, and were more inclined to believe what they said, however untrue it might be. Laud was reviled as the chief author of these cruel punishments, though he had in truth no more to do with them than the other judges who presided in the Star Chamber and High Commission; but the courts themselves were contrary to the just laws of England and ought not to have existed at all.

Another thing which added to the growing discontent was the exaction of a tax called ship-money. In former times, the people of the seaport towns had paid a tax in war-time to provide ships for the defence of the coast; but Charles required them to pay ship-money in time of peace, and ordered that those who lived in the interior of the country should pay it, as well as those in the seaports. A gentleman of Buckinghamshire, named John Hampden, refused to pay, though he was only asked for twenty shillings, because it was an unlawful tax; but the king's judges decided that he ought to pay, and declared that the king had a right to require every one to pay ship-money whenever he thought proper.

Hampden and those who thought as he did were obliged to give way, and it seemed that King Charles would soon be able to govern as he pleased. He had sent Strafford to govern Ireland, which was almost always in a state of rebellion, and Strafford had put down the rebels and reduced the country to quietness. He hoped that he should enable the king to make England perfectly obedient before long; and perhaps he might have done so, if Charles had not provoked a quarrel with his Scottish subjects.

We have seen that the Scots were utterly averse to a liturgy and were much displeased when King James appointed bishops for Scotland. King Charles had appointed more bishops, but the Scots would not allow them to have any authority, and no liturgy was used in the churches; every minister prayed and preached as he thought proper. But in 1637 Charles ordered that a liturgy should be prepared for Scotland and used in all the parishes of the kingdom. This unwise order kindled a flame which spread from Scotland to England and involved the whole island in civil war.

The liturgy was appointed to be used for the first time in Edinburgh, on the 23d of July, and the church was thronged with angry people. The moment that the clergyman, clad in a white surplice, began to read the service, a frightful tumult arose on all sides, with reproaches, curses, and cries of rage. Still he attempted to read, until a strong woman who had provided herself with a three-legged stool flung it at his head. It missed its mark or he must have been killed on the spot; but the riot became general, and the clergy, dragged violently through the streets of the city, hardly escaped with their lives.

The indignant Presbyterians did not stop here; urged on by some of their ministers, they drew up a bond which they called the Solemn League and Covenant. By this they bound themselves to resist even to the death all attempts to make any changes in their Church. Gentry, citizens, farmers, all signed the Covenant; then they took up arms, seized on most of the strong places in the kingdom, and set

out for the borders of England, saying that they were in arms to maintain the true religion.

CHAPTER LIII

Reign of Charles I—(*continued*)

The Long Parliament—Death of Strafford, 1641; and of Laud, 1645

(From 1640 to 1645)

CHARLES hastened to Berwick to meet the Scottish army; but he had no money for a war, and he was not inclined to fight against his own subjects and fellow-countrymen. So he came to an agreement with them that everything should be settled peaceably by the Assembly of the Scottish Church and Parliament, and that the troops on both sides should lay down their arms. Charles sent his army home at once, but the Scots did not perform their part of the agreement; they kept their forces together, and the following summer they overran the northern counties of England. Charles was obliged now to summon a Parliament, that they might grant him money to raise troops and drive back the Scots.

Instead of granting him money, the Parliament complained of all the unlawful actions the king had committed during the last eleven years. At the end of three weeks Charles dissolved this Parliament; but he was no longer able to govern without one. Many of the English nobles and gentlemen had provided him with money to march against the Scots, but they could not give him nearly enough to help him out of all his difficulties. So, in November, 1640, King Charles once more, and for the last time, assembled a Parliament.

IRELAND
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
10 9 8 7 6
56 55 54 53 52 51
North Channel
St. George's Channel
IRISH SEA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Malin Hd.
Lough Swilly
TORY I.
Bloody Foreland
ARANMORE
Londonderry
Portrush
RATHLIN I.
Red B.
Larne
Belfast L.
Donaghadee
Carrickfergus
Lough Neagh
Tyrone
Donegal Bay
Lough Erne
Armagh
Newry
Dundrum B.
Broad Haven
Killala Bay
Sligo Bay
The Mullet
SLIGO
Carrick
Cavan
Dundalk
Carlingford L.
ACHIL I.
CLARE I.
Clew B.
Castlebar
Killery Hd.
Longford
Drogheda
Lough Mask
Roscommon
Ballinasloe
Athlone
Tullamore
Mullingar
Slyne Hd.
Birterbuy B.
Kilkieran B.
Galway Bay
Portumna
Aughrim
Dublin
Dublin Bay
Naas
ISLES OF ARRAN
Maryborough
Kildare
Wicklow
Mizen Hd.
Arklow
Lisconor B.
Dooneg B.
Ennis
Carlow
Loop Hd.
River Shannon
Kilrush
Limerick
Kilkenny
Tipperary
Cahir
Cahore Pt.
Ballyheige B.
Clonmel
Ross
Wexford Har.
Dingle Bay
R. Blackwater
Waterford
Greenore Pt.
Carnsore Pt.
VALENTIA I.
Lee
Cork
Youghal Har.
Ballycotton B.
Kenmare R.
Bantry B.
Cork Harbour
Mizen Hd.
Long Island B.
Clonakilty B.
Galley Hd.
Glengariffe
Crookhaven
Female Hav.
Dunmanus B.
C. Clear
Longitude 10 9 West 8 from 7 Greenwich 6

Under the name of the Long Parliament it became the most memorable in English history, both for the good and the evil which it did. The members came together with the determination that they would not be dismissed until the king had been compelled to govern according to the laws. But most of the House of Commons hoped to accomplish much more than this; they were bent on overturning the Church and taking away all power from the king, so that he should be merely king in name.

One of the first steps taken by the Long Parliament was to accuse Strafford and Laud of treason and cast them into prison. Neither of them had done anything which could be called treason by the laws of the land, but their enemies were determined to make a law by which to condemn them, rather than that they should escape death. Strafford was quickly brought to trial, and behaved himself so nobly while surrounded on all hands by men who thirsted for his blood, and made so eloquent and manly a defence of his conduct, that his very enemies could not help admiring him. But no defence could avail a man whom his judges were determined to condemn. He was sentenced to be beheaded, and the king was asked to give his consent to the sentence.

Charles was cruelly perplexed. He knew that every action for which Strafford was condemned had been done with a view of serving him, and it was a base return to give up his servant into the hands of his enemies. But the leaders of the Commons, and even the Puritan preachers in their sermons, stirred up the people of London to demand the execution of Strafford. Fierce mobs surrounded the palace, and

the queen and her mother, in dreadful alarm, entreated Charles to purchase peace and safety by the sacrifice of his friend. Strafford himself wrote a beautiful letter to his master, begging him not to spare his blood if the shedding of it would bring peace to the kingdom. Charles had one faithful counsellor near him, Bishop Juxon, who entreated his master not to listen to his fears but to his conscience; but the king did not follow this upright counsel. He betrayed his friend, and in so doing committed the worst action of his life, and one for which he never ceased to reproach himself till his own head fell beneath the axe of the executioner.

In May, 1641, Strafford was beheaded on Tower Hill in the midst of a mob whose shouts and yells of triumph could not disturb the calm Christian courage with which he looked upon death. His fellow-captive, Archbishop Laud, was detained in prison four years, and was treated with more cruel injustice than Strafford. Before the end of that time, King Charles had lost all power to save any one, and could only grieve deeply when he heard that Laud had met the same fate as Strafford. Laud suffered as became a Christian bishop, with piety and fortitude; his last words were a fervent prayer for the Church and the people of England.

CHAPTER LIV

Reign of Charles I—(*continued*)

The Irish Rebellion, 1641—Beginning of the Civil War, 1642—Battle of Edge Hill—Oliver Cromwell

(From 1641 to 1645)

In October, 1641, a dreadful insurrection broke out in Ireland. The native chieftains, with the Roman

Catholic priests and bishops, had formed a scheme for clearing the island of the English and Protestant settlers, and recovering the lands which had been granted to them. But while Strafford governed they dared not resist his iron rule. Now he was dead and England in confusion, owing to the quarrel between the Parliament and the king; and they thought it a good time to revolt. In a few weeks the north of Ireland was filled with bloodshed; 154,000 men, women, and children were put to death, by every variety of torment which the cruelty of their murderers could invent.

The king did what he could to quell the insurrection, but he had hardly any power left, and some of his enemies in England declared that he did not wish to put down the rebels, and laid the guilt of their cruelties at his door. There was some little excuse for the men who uttered these slanders, for Charles in the course of his contests with Parliament did not always tell the exact truth; and at this time one of the rebel chiefs pretended he had obtained the king's consent to the revolt. But Charles was a very humane man; and though he would have been glad to enlist any loyal Irishmen, whatever their creed might be, to serve him against the Parliament, he would have died rather than allow the slaughter of his innocent subjects, whether Catholics or Protestants.

Parliament had already abolished the tyrannical courts of the Star Chamber and High Commission, and had punished all the judges and officers who had acted unjustly for the king; but they were beginning to act quite as unjustly against him. Step by step,

they deprived him of all his lawful authority. Several of the best and wisest men in the House of Commons came over now to the king's side; two-thirds of the House of Lords were already with him.

The Parliament had taken into their own hands Hull, Portsmouth, and the Tower of London, in which places were stored the arms and ammunition laid up for the defence of the kingdom. They now required that the king should give up to them the power of calling out the militia. Charles refused, for this would have made the Parliament absolute masters of England; but he saw plainly that he must either agree to all their demands and be nothing more than a puppet in their hands, or he must maintain his rights by force of arms.

Both sides prepared for war, and on the 22d of August, 1642, the king set up his standard at Nottingham. The first battle was fought on the 23d of October, at Edge Hill, in Warwickshire. Neither party gained the victory, but many men were slain on both sides. The king now moved to Oxford, which became his chief home as long as he was allowed to call any part of his kingdom his own. Large bodies of men were in arms for him in Yorkshire, Cornwall, and Wales, and almost every part of England became in turn the seat of war.

Most of the noblemen and gentlemen and a great number of the country people were for the king; the citizens of the large towns were, for the most part, against him, and so were those country gentlemen and farmers who had embraced the Puritan principles. The Parliament had also the assistance of the Scots. At first the king had much success, for the

loyal gentry and farmers who fought for him made better soldiers than the troops of the Parliament.

But Charles, though surrounded by brave men, had no very good general. His nephew, Prince Rupert, distinguished himself by his dashing valor; but he was so rash in battle and so impatient of control that on the whole he did more mischief than good. Charles himself showed greater ability both for war and government than any of his servants, but he was apt to follow their advice rather than his own wiser counsels. The Parliament, on the other hand, had one of the best generals that ever lived—Oliver Cromwell, a man of universal genius. He had been known only as a Puritan country gentleman till he made his appearance in the Parliament of 1640—a rough-looking, unpolished man, who spoke with warmth, but in so confused a manner that it was hard to make out what he meant. Now he threw himself eagerly into the struggle against the king, raised a troop of horse, which he commanded himself, and soon became famous for his military skill.

During some years, Lord Essex first, and then General Fairfax, were called commanders of the parliamentary army, but Cromwell was the leader to whom the troops really looked up. By his excellent discipline he made them some of the best soldiers in the world. His own regiment was called Ironsides; they were Independents, filled with the fiercest enthusiasm for their own notions of religion and government, and ready to destroy both king and Parliament that they might make England a republic.

The Parliament and their army took to themselves the name of "The Saints" and "The Godly," and

called all who loved the king or fought for him "Malignants." But among these so-called "Malignants" were some of the noblest men that ever trod on English ground. The king's men were also nick-named "Cavaliers," and the Parliament men "Roundheads," because they wore their hair cut short and close; the Cavaliers, on the contrary, wore long, flowing locks.

The entire dress of the two parties was as different as the cut of their hair. That of the Cavaliers was more elegant and showy than had been seen before in England. The men wore tall hats, with a feather on one side and a bunch of ribbons on the other. A broad collar, edged with lace, was turned down over the shoulders; the tight vest or jacket was buttoned at top, but unbuttoned below, where the ruffled shirt was displayed. The breeches reached to the knee, ending in points and gay ribbons, and hose tied above the calf covered the legs. The tops of the boots were large, fringed with lace, and the toes of the boots much longer than the foot. The dress of the fine lady was no less elaborate, and her face was adorned with black patches, in the form of circles, stars, half-moons, and sometimes horses, coaches, and the like. The Roundheads, on the other hand, were extremely plain in their dress, and the ladies wore no ornaments whatever. The garments of both sexes were made of the coarsest materials and in the simplest fashion.

CHAPTER LV

Reign of Charles I—(*continued*)

Tyrannical Government of the Parliament and the Puritans—Battle of Naseby, 1645—Charles takes Refuge with the Scots; and is given up by them to the Parliament, 1647

(From 1643 to 1649)

For about five or six years the Parliament ruled without control. They said they were fighting for the laws and liberties of England, and all the while they were committing acts of greater oppression and injustice than had ever been laid to the charge of the king or his ministers. They forced the people to pay heavier taxes than had been known in England before; they obliged them to provide horses and arms for the war, and even ordered that men should be pressed into their service for soldiers. When some citizens of London objected to their proceedings, they hanged them at their own doors; and if any one wished to take no part either for or against them, they ordered that he should be treated as an enemy.

They had encouraged fierce mobs to petition against the Church, the king, and his ministers; but now that the people wanted to complain of their own unjust doings, they passed a severe law against what they called "tumultuous petitioning." The friends of the king sold their valuable things to help him, and gave him their gold and silver plate to coin into money; the Parliament punished these loyal men by confiscating their estates. Those who raised troops for him were ordered to be put to death without mercy.

The clergy were treated with the most barbarous

injustice. In the year 1643, a bond was drawn up, called "A solemn league and covenant, for the reformation and defence of religion, the honor and happiness of the king, and the peace and safety of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland." This covenant bound men by a solemn oath to promote to the utmost of their power the designs of the Parliament; and, in particular, to overturn the English Church, in order that a form of doctrine, worship, and discipline, similar to those of Scotland, might be established in the three kingdoms. The clergy were commanded to take the covenant on pain of losing their benefices; and seven thousand clergymen were turned out of their homes and livings and deprived of everything they possessed, even to their household furniture, because they would not bind themselves to renounce the doctrine, government, and worship of the English Church. Some of the clergy were so ill-used that they died in consequence; hundreds perished in jails, and others were shut up in the holds of ships.

The Puritans meddled even with the private worship of families, and forbade any one to use the Prayer-Book in his own house, under pain of fine and imprisonment. The churches were miserably profaned by the soldiers of the Parliament; they broke down the carved work, destroyed the painted windows, and tore up the monuments of the dead, that they might sell the materials. The troopers stabled their horses in the cathedrals, and sat there smoking and drinking, as if the house of God had been a tavern.

All this while, many battles and sieges were tak-

ing place, and thousands of Englishmen had fallen. In 1643, two of the most famous men in the kingdom were killed—John Hampden, fighting against the king, at Chalgrove, near Oxford; and Lord Falkland, fighting for the king, at Newbury. The war was not confined to England. A brave young man, the Marquis of Montrose, had taken arms in Scotland, and was fighting for the king against the Scottish Covenanters. But the forces of Charles grew weaker and weaker, and at Naseby, in Northamptonshire, on the 14th of June, 1645, they were defeated with terrible slaughter by the parliamentary army under Fairfax. This defeat was the ruin of the king's cause. Fairfax proceeded to subdue all the west of England, and, in the spring of 1646, approached Oxford.

Charles had the greatest horror of falling alive into the hands of the Parliament. He determined rather to trust himself with the Scots, who had entered England and were encamped near Newark. When he heard that Fairfax was drawing near, he fled from Oxford and repaired to the Scottish camp. He was received with some show of respect, but found himself in fact a prisoner. The Scots required him to give orders that Montrose should lay down his arms, and that all the towns and castles which his friends still held for him should be surrendered to the troops of the Parliament. Charles complied; Oxford, Worcester, Pendennis, and Raglan were given up, and Montrose retired to Norway. The king had no place left in all his kingdom which he could call his own. Even his poor shelter in the Scottish camp was soon taken from him.

Although much insulted and annoyed by some of the Scots, he won greatly upon the affections of others, and the Parliament began to fear that they would help him to regain his kingdom. They would fain have driven back their allies into their own country; but they found an easier way of getting rid of them, and at the same time of obtaining possession of the captive king. They promised the Scottish leaders a large sum of money if they would give up the king and go back to Scotland; and, to their lasting disgrace, the Scots betrayed their sovereign who had fled to them in the hour of his distress, and, on the 30th of January, 1647, gave him up into the hands of his enemies.

During two years Charles remained a prisoner, sometimes in the hands of the Parliament, sometimes in those of the army. The Parliament had begun to find out that, in attempting to destroy the authority of their king, they had raised up to themselves many masters; for their own army would no longer obey them. They would have been glad now to come to some agreement with Charles, but it was too late. Unknown to Fairfax, who was commander-in-chief, Cromwell had ordered a troop of horse to take the king out of the hands of the persons whom the Parliament had set to guard him, and to bring him to the headquarters of the army in Cambridgeshire. He now took the command of the army himself, and by his orders Charles was taken from place to place, and at last to Hampton Court palace. He remained there some months, and was able to arrange a plan of escape for his second son, James, a boy of fourteen. Disguised in girl's clothes, James got safely

away and joined his elder brother and sister in Holland. The queen and her youngest child, Henrietta, were in France; and only two of the king's children, Elizabeth and Henry, remained in England.

When Charles had been for some time at Hampton Court, the soldiers, stirred up by their preacher, Hugh Peters, began to demand his blood. The king, afraid they would murder him, contrived to get away from Hampton Court and fly to the south coast, hoping to find there some ship which would take him abroad. But there was none, and he was forced to give himself up to Colonel Hammond, who governed the Isle of Wight for the Parliament, and who was ordered by his masters to confine Charles a close prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. There Charles spent ten dreary months, but he was always patient and cheerful, and gentle to everybody about him. He had always won the love of those who lived with him, but never so much as in these days of captivity and sorrow, when all that was faulty in his character seemed to have been purged away by the fire of affliction.

At the end of ten months the Parliament again tried to make a treaty with the king, but there was one thing to which he could not consent—that those brave men who had fought for him should be counted traitors. When he heard that some of them had been shot in cold blood by order of Cromwell, he could not refrain from tears. Even if Charles had agreed to the demand of the Parliament, the army did not intend that the treaty should take effect, for they were resolved that he should die. There were some members of the Parliament who could not make up

their minds to the murder of the king; but Cromwell soon got rid of them by sending Colonel Pride with 500 soldiers to turn them out of the House.

There remained now but fifty members of the House of Commons, and this miserable remnant of a Parliament was called in derision "The Rump." Almost all the members of the House of Lords had long since ceased to attend; most of them had armed for the king, and several had fallen in his service.

CHAPTER LVI

Reign of Charles I—(*continued*)

Trial and Execution of King Charles (1649)

THERE was no law in England by which it could be even pretended that the king had deserved death. But the Rump dared not disobey the will of their masters; so they first made a new law—that it was treason for a king to go to war with his subjects—and then they set up a new kind of tribunal, which they called the High Court of Justice, to try Charles for this pretended crime. The people of England looked on in fear and sorrow. They were powerless beneath the yoke of the army; but even the lowest of the populace had come to their senses at last, and when they saw their king led up, day by day, like a criminal to Westminster Hall, they greeted him with tears and blessings.

Before his judges Charles behaved with the utmost dignity, meekness, and courage. He told them that he would not even make answer to their false accusations, lest he should seem to acknowledge that

they had a right to try him; he would rather die in defence of the laws and rights of Englishmen which they were now trampling under foot. He told them that, even if it were not contrary to English law to try the king, *they* could have no right to try any one; for they had set themselves up as a court of justice without the consent of the people, or of the House of Lords, or even of their own House of Commons, having turned most of their companions out of doors because they would not consent to these unlawful proceedings. Even of the judges who were appointed, one-half refused to appear in the court. But Cromwell, his son-in-law, Ireton, and Bradshaw were among the foremost there.

The soldiers who guarded the king to and from the hall were encouraged by their officers to insult him. One poor fellow who dared to say, "God bless you, sir," was instantly knocked down, while those who spat in the king's face were commended. But no insult could disturb the patient fortitude of Charles. He listened calmly to the sentence of death pronounced upon him; only when his murderers called him a traitor, he cried "Ha!" in a voice which echoed through the hall.

The two days of life which yet remained to him he spent in devotion, and in a last interview with his children, Elizabeth and Henry. The Princess Elizabeth was thirteen years old, and wrote an account of this sad meeting. Her father gave her his last counsels, directed her what books to study, and, seeing her agony of grief, bade her not sorrow overmuch for his death, since he died in a good cause, defending the rights and laws and religion of England.

Taking the little Henry, who was eight years old, on his knee, he said to him: "Mark, my child, what I say. Thou must not be made a king while thy brothers are alive. Now will they cut off thy father's head, and they will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." "I will be torn in pieces first," said the little boy. Well pleased with his earnestness, the king embraced him and his sister, commended them fervently to God, and gave them his last blessing. He watched them sadly as they retired, and, when they reached the door, ran to them and folded them once more in his arms; then, turning away as one who had done with earthly cares, he betook himself to prayer.

Early on the morning of the 30th of January, 1649. Charles rose with a cheerful countenance, and dressed himself with unusual care as for a festival. "To-day," said he, "I hope to go from earth to heaven." His faithful chaplain, Bishop Juxon, came to him and read the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, which was in the church ritual for the day, and then the king walked to the scaffold, which was erected at Whitehall. Thousands of people filled all the space around and crowded every roof within sight. The king looked round him and began to speak, but the soldiers who guarded the scaffold made so much noise that none could hear but those who stood near. He declared himself innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, but added that he looked on himself as guilty in the sight of God of the murder of Strafford, and that he took his own beheading as a righteous

retribution for that great sin. He forgave his enemies, and prayed that his death might not be laid to their charge. Then he took off the jewel of the Garter and gave it to Bishop Juxon, with the word "Remember." Kneeling down by the block, he spent a few moments in prayer, then gave the signal by stretching out his arms, and at one blow his head was struck off. The executioner, whose face was hidden by a mask, held it up in sight of the people, saying, "This is the head of a traitor." But from all that vast multitude there rose one deep groan of sorrow.

Charles the First was forty-eight years old at the time of his death. He left six children: Charles, who now took the title of king; James, Duke of York; Mary, who had been married at the beginning of her father's troubles to the Prince of Orange; Henrietta, Elizabeth, and Henry. After their father's death, it was ordered that Elizabeth and Henry should no more be called prince and princess, but plain Elizabeth and Henry Stuart; and it was proposed to apprentice them to a trade, or to marry Elizabeth to the son of one of her father's murderers.

A happier fate was in store for the gentle, affectionate girl, who had never recovered from the grief of her father's loss. Shut up in Carisbrooke Castle, with no earthly friend near her but her little brother, she slowly pined away, and in her fifteenth year was one day found dead, with her face resting on her open Bible. Henry was permitted when thirteen years old to join his mother in France, but she treated him very unkindly because he would not become a Roman Catholic.

CHAPTER LVII

The Commonwealth—Cromwell Subdues Ireland—Charles II Proclaimed King in Scotland, 1649—The Scots Overthrown at Dunbar, 1650; and at Worcester, 1651—Narrow Escape of Charles—Complete Subjection of Scotland—Cromwell Enthroned as Protector of the Commonwealth, 1653

(From 1649 to 1654)

AFTER the death of Charles the First, England was no longer called a kingdom, but a commonwealth, and a "Council of State" of thirty-seven persons was appointed to govern it. But the power was almost entirely in the hands of Cromwell, and some of the people called him "King Cromwell." His first care was to reduce Ireland and Scotland to submission. Ireland had never been very loyal to the king, and was still less disposed to obey the men who had usurped his power; but the vigorous cruelty of Cromwell soon subdued all resistance. He began with Drogheda, took it by assault, and no sooner found himself master of the town than he gave orders for putting the whole garrison to the sword. This hideous execution was continued for five days; thirty persons only remained unslaughtered, and these were instantly transported as slaves to Barbadoes. Wexford met a like fate, and most of the other towns were so intimidated that they surrendered at once.

In the mean time the Scottish Covenanters had refused to acknowledge the authority of the Council of State, and had taken up arms in the name of King Charles the Second. They invited him over from France, but he no sooner set his foot in Scotland than he found himself a prisoner. The Covenanters had

already put his best friend, the brave Marquis of Montrose, to death, because he fought for the young king and would have nothing to do with the Covenant. They obliged Charles to sign it, denied him every amusement, and made him listen to long sermons upon his own sins and the sins of his father and his mother. The king was only nineteen, and but too fond of pleasure. This kind of life was so wearisome to him that he heartily rejoiced when he heard that Cromwell and his formidable army had arrived in Scotland. But the Covenanters would not allow Charles to go with them to battle. They encountered Cromwell at Dunbar on the 3d of September, 1650, and were utterly routed.

The next year, Charles persuaded the Scottish commander to march boldly into England, where he thought the country people and the gentry would flock to his standard. His coming was so unexpected that very few men joined him. Cromwell had hastened after him from Scotland, and came up with him at Worcester. There, on the 3d of September, 1651, the Scottish troops were again utterly routed with very great slaughter. Several thousand prisoners were taken; Cromwell sent them all into slavery, some to work in the African gold-mines, the rest in the West Indian plantations. Charles escaped. The Parliament offered a large reward to any one who would apprehend "the son of the last man" (that was what they called him); but no one was tempted by it, though forty-one days passed before he could reach the coast and take ship for France, and he had so many dangers and escapes that the story of them would fill a book.

The first persons who sheltered him were five brothers, wood-cutters, named Penderell, who lived at a wild, secluded spot called Boscobel, on the borders of Shropshire. But their house was so beset that they were obliged to hide him one whole day in an oak tree, where he sat among the thick branches, and heard the soldiers going to and fro underneath looking for him. Another time he was disguised as the servant of a lady, who contrived to get him safely through a three-days' journey to Bristol; but he was very near being discovered at one house where they stopped, by his awkwardness in helping the cook, who bade him assist her to get the dinner ready.

For the next nine years, Charles led a wandering life in France, Holland, or the Netherlands; sheltered by the governments of those countries when they were not afraid of Cromwell, and at other times obliged to go and seek refuge elsewhere. Mr. Hyde, afterward made Lord Clarendon, and a few other faithful friends, accompanied him in all his wanderings; but the little court was beset with spies, who betrayed all their correspondence with their English friends, so that every attempt which the royalists made in England on behalf of Charles only ended in their own destruction.

After the victory of Worcester, Cromwell had returned in triumph to London, and taken up his abode with kingly state at Hampton Court palace. He had left an able general, named Monk, in Scotland, who reduced the people to complete subjection. Strong forts were built to keep them in awe, English judges were sent to administer the laws, and even the preachers, the most untamable set of men in

the kingdom, were forced to obey Cromwell and his general.

The conquest of Ireland had been completed by Ireton. Most of the natives were dispossessed of their lands and their places filled with English settlers, the best lands being shared among Cromwell's soldiers. The Irish were forced to leave the country, or to go and live in the wild province of Connaught. The new settlers soon rebuilt the towns, cultivated the fields, and changed the face of the country. Cromwell's youngest son, Henry, was placed over them as governor. He was a good man, who tried to do justice to every one and was much beloved.

In England, Cromwell was mounting with rapid steps to the highest place. The Rump tried to shake off the yoke of the army, and to act as if they were the masters of the commonwealth. Cromwell immediately went down to the House of Commons, attended by three hundred soldiers. He left them at the door, and bade them wait till he gave them the signal to enter by stamping with his foot. Then he went in and sat down as usual. After listening to the debate for a few minutes, he jumped up, saying, "This is the time—I must do it." He poured out a torrent of reproaches on the astonished members, called them drunkards, extortioners, and other bad names; then, stamping with his foot, he continued: "For shame! get you gone, and make way for honester men. You are no longer a Parliament. I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament. The Lord has done with you." By this time the House was full of armed men. Pointing to the mace, "Take

away that bauble," said Cromwell to one of the soldiers; and, driving the cowed members before him like a flock of sheep, he locked the door behind them, put the key in his pocket, and returned to the royal apartments at Whitehall.

He now summoned a Parliament after a fashion of his own. Scotland was to send five members, Ireland six, and England and Wales one hundred and twenty-eight. Englishmen in derision called this "Barebone's Parliament," from the name of a leather-seller, called Praise-God Barbon, or Barebone, who was one of the members. It talked of doing great things—abolishing the universities, the courts of law, etc., but it was not willing to be what Cromwell intended—a mere tool in his hands. So the soldiers were again called in, and Barebone's Parliament shared the fate of the Rump.

Cromwell was now declared "Protector of the Commonwealth," and afterward "Lord Protector." He was solemnly enthroned in Westminster Hall, presented with the Bible, with the sword of state, with everything but the crown—for his army would not bear the *name* of king. But he had more power than any English king had possessed, and an army of thirty thousand men to keep down all resistance; and for the next five or six years Cromwell reigned over Great Britain and Ireland, feared abroad and obeyed, though by no means beloved, at home.

CHAPTER LVIII

The Commonwealth—(*continued*)

Despotic Government of Cromwell—Gloom of the Puritans—Glorious Exploits and Death of Blake—Death of Cromwell, 1658—Richard Cromwell Proclaimed Protector: he Resigns his Office, 1659

(From 1654 to 1659)

THE Puritan republicans who had brought England to civil war, rather than have a king to reign over them, were bitterly disappointed when they found they had only been fighting and warring to make one of their own companions a more absolute monarch than Charles the First had ever been. They made many plots against him, but Cromwell always found them out. He divided England into fourteen districts, and set over each an officer, whom he called a major-general. He gave these officers great power, particularly in oppressing the royalists, who had been already ground down by repeated exactions, and were now required to give up the tenth part of their remaining property. The clergy, who had been persecuted and turned out of their livings, were to be brought to more utter ruin and beggary, if possible. They were forbidden to act as schoolmasters, the only means of support which remained to most of them; and all persons were forbidden to receive them into their houses as tutors or chaplains.

All these oppressions were committed in the name of religion, and by men who seldom spoke without using the language of Scripture. The Puritans forbade all the amusements of the people—broke down the maypoles and set the fiddlers in the stocks; the

festivals of Christmas and Easter were no longer to be observed, and all the old holidays were done away with. The apprentices of London made such a clamor at this, that the second Tuesday in each month was given them for a holiday. In general the people submitted very impatiently, and grew no better for all the restraints imposed on them.

Indeed, many of those persons who wished to restore the king tried to be as riotous and profane as they could, just to show that they despised the Puritans. Seven years of war and bloodshed had greatly injured the character of the nation; and good men who lived in those days have left a sad picture of the change which had come over England. Piety, charity, and plain dealing had given place to contempt for sacred things, covetousness, strife, and perjury.

With all Cromwell's faults, he had the honor of his country at heart and did much to fulfil his words, that "he would make the name of an Englishman to be as much feared as that of a Roman had ever been." Under his protectorate, all the states of Europe courted the alliance of England, and the British flag rode triumphant in every sea. Under Admiral Blake and Monk, who was as good a commander at sea as on land, English fleets vanquished the Dutch and the Spaniards, and forced the Italians and the pirates of Barbary to make amends for the wrongs of which they had been guilty toward the British merchant-ships.

Blake did not become a sailor till he was fifty years of age, yet he is one of England's most famous admirals. His last and greatest exploit was the seiz-

ing the Spanish treasure-fleet in the harbor of Santa Cruz, in the isle of Teneriffe. The harbor was so strongly fortified with a castle at the entrance and forts all round, and there were so many ships of war ready to repel all intruders, that the Spaniards thought themselves perfectly safe. But a Dutchman, whose ship was lying there, went to the governor the moment he heard Blake's fleet was near, and besought leave to quit the harbor at once; "for I am sure," said he, "Blake will be among you very soon." The governor laughed at his fears: "Go, if you will, and let Blake come if he dare." It would have been hard to find the thing which Blake dared not do. He sailed boldly into Santa Cruz Bay, faced the fire of the castle, silenced all the smaller forts, and, having seized the treasure-ships, he returned by the way he came, without losing a single vessel. The damage done to the Spaniards on sea and on shore was immense, but they comforted themselves with the notion that the English must have been devils and not men, to attack them in such a situation.

At home, every one longed to heap honors on Blake, but he was very ill and longed only for one thing—to see England again before he died. Very often, when he could no longer go on deck, he used to ask if the white cliffs were in sight yet. But he saw them no more. Just as the victorious squadron entered Plymouth harbor, and the flag-ship of the dying admiral "came within sight of the eager thousands who crowded the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz and salute him with a true English welcome—he, in his silent cabin, in the

midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God."

Jamaica had already been conquered from the Spaniards, and in 1658 Dunkirk was taken, much to the gratification of the people, for Englishmen had not yet left off regretting the loss of Calais, their one town on the continent of Europe. Dunkirk was the last acquisition of Cromwell; on the 3d of September, 1658, he died. His last years had been harassed with fears lest some of the persons who were discontented with his government should murder him. He wore armor under his ordinary dress, never stirred abroad unless surrounded by guards, never returned by the same road, nor slept in the same apartment more than two or three nights at a time. But he died quietly in his bed, and was interred with more than royal pomp in Westminster Abbey among the tombs of the kings.

He left his dignity of lord protector to his son Richard, who was an honest country gentleman, not at all fit for such a station or inclined to it. The army soon gave him to understand that they would not submit to a second lord protector, and Richard quietly gave up his post. His brother Henry also gave up the command of Ireland.

CHAPTER LIX

Charles II—The Army Attempt to Govern—Charles II Recalled, 1660—Joy of the Nation—Character of King Charles II

(From 1659 to 1660)

ENGLAND seemed now to have no ruler. The republicans hoped they should be able to set up their

favorite government, and the royalists longed to call back Charles the Second and place him on his father's throne; but no one ventured to propose this from fear of the army, who were now the most powerful body in the state. They elected a certain number of officers from each regiment as a "Committee of Safety," which was to govern the commonwealth. The people hated the thought of these military tyrants; but there was a deliverer at hand whom they had not dreamed of.

Monk, the commander of Scotland, was a very silent, prudent man, but at heart a royalist; and he was resolved to restore if possible the old government by kings, lords, and commons. He set out from Scotland with his little army of 7,000 veterans; and no sooner was it known that Monk had entered England and was marching toward London than the whole nation rose up against the "Committee of Safety." Even the soldiers deserted their leaders to go over to Monk's side. All this while Monk had only said he would have a free Parliament. But every one knew that a free Parliament would call back the king, and all England was filled with joyful expectation.

Once more the members of the House of Commons, who had been expelled by Colonel Pride and by Cromwell, came back to their places, but only to issue writs for a new Parliament and to declare themselves dissolved. This was the end of the Long Parliament, in March, 1660, more than nineteen years after its first assembling.

The new Parliament quickly assembled; and, for the first time for many years, the House of Lords

met as well as the House of Commons. Monk proposed the recall of the king. Not one voice was raised against it, and on the 8th of May Charles the Second was proclaimed at London, amid such rejoicings as had not been seen since the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The fleet set out for Holland to take the king on board, and on the 27th of May he landed at Dover, in sight of an innumerable multitude of spectators, who covered the cliffs and wept for very gladness. His journey to London, which he entered two days afterward, on his thirtieth birthday, was a continued triumph. The whole road from Rochester was bordered by booths and tents. "Everywhere flags were flying, bells and music sounding, wine and ale flowing in rivers to the health of him whose return was the return of peace, of law, and of freedom." "It must have been my own fault that I did not come back before," said Charles, laughing, "for every one says he is glad to see me."

Among those who attended the king and shared his triumph was his brother Henry Duke of Gloucester, now nineteen years old. Henry had grown up with a high reputation as a youth of gallant spirit and blameless conduct, and he died before the breath of reproach could sully it. In the midst of the rejoicings at his brother's coronation, he was seized with a fatal attack of small-pox. Soon afterward his eldest sister, Mary Princess of Orange, was carried off by the same complaint. She left one young son, named William, who afterward became very famous.

Charles the Second was a graceful, well-bred man, his conversation very witty and sensible, his manners so lively and engaging that they pleased every one.

The nation was wild with joy at the restoration of its ancient government. One way in which this feeling showed itself was by taking the body of Cromwell out of his grave and hanging it on a gibbet at Tyburn, after which it was thrown into a hole beneath the gallows. This unworthy deed of revenge was committed by order of the Parliament; but it was even more disgraceful that Charles should command the body of the heroic Blake to be disentombed from its honored resting-place in Westminster Abbey, that it might be interred among the undistinguished dead in the neighboring churchyard.

It was too soon seen that Charles the Second could not admire any man merely for having served his country well; for he cared not at all for the honor of England or anything but his own ease and pleasure. If he might but lead an idle, merry life, he was satisfied. He would give no attention to the business of the state, but surrounded himself with dissolute companions, elegant men and beautiful women, who were some of the most profligate characters that ever disgraced a court. He had married Catherine of Portugal, a sensible and amiable princess; but he utterly neglected her, and squandered the large marriage-portion she had brought him on the companions of his vicious pleasures.

Charles was not unmerciful; he took no stern vengeance on the men who had murdered his father and had forced himself to spend so many years in exile and penury. Eleven only of those who had sat in judgment on Charles the First or assisted in his death were executed, all of them glorying in their

deed to the last. But the king showed little gratitude to the men who had suffered for his father and himself. Many a brave man who had spent all his goods and shed his blood in the service of Charles the First was left destitute of a home or a meal, while the king lavished money and rewards on the courtiers who amused him. The evil example of the court spread downward, and affected all classes of the people; they were weary of the restraints which their Puritan governors had imposed even on their innocent pleasures, and now they ran into the opposite extreme of riot and intemperance.

CHAPTER LX

Reign of Charles II—(*continued*)

The English Church Restored—The Nonconformists—War with Holland—The Great Plague, 1665—The Fire of London, 1666

(From 1660 to 1667)

NOTWITHSTANDING the careless indolence of the king, it seemed at first that England would enjoy good government under his reign. Clarendon and other upright men who had followed him in his exile were promoted to chief offices in the state. The great and good Sir Matthew Hale, who had been too honest a judge to please Cromwell, was now made one of the principal judges and afterward chief justice.

The bishops and clergy who had been deprived of their offices were restored to them, and it was hoped at first that some plan might be formed by which Churchmen and Presbyterians could agree to form one church. But the Presbyterians wanted too many changes, and the Churchmen were not very willing

to make any; and in the second year after the king's return, an act of Parliament was passed which required that every clergyman who had a parish should be ordained by a bishop and use the Book of Common Prayer.

Many of the parishes were held by the Puritan ministers who had taken possession of them in the times of the civil war and the commonwealth, and about two thousand of these refused to conform to the act. They were obliged, therefore, to give place to Churchmen. This was done at the Feast of St. Bartholomew, 1662, exactly the date at which, sixteen years before, the loyal clergy had been turned out of their livings.

The Puritan ministers were now called Nonconformists. They were much more gently dealt with than the clergy had been, but they were forbidden to preach to congregations, and the people were forbidden to hear them; for no set of men in England, whether Churchmen or Puritans, had yet learned to allow other men to worship God according to their own consciences. Some very wise and good Nonconformists were much harassed on this account.

In the third year of the king's reign he sold Dunkirk to the French, much to the displeasure of his own subjects. It was said in excuse that it was too expensive a possession; but the people saw too plainly that Charles wasted every year a great deal more money than would have been necessary to keep up the garrison and fortifications of Dunkirk. Soon afterward the Dutch and English merchants who traded to the colonies quarrelled so much that England went to war with Holland. Some victories

were gained by Monk, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of York, but the war seemed to be to little purpose, except to waste the lives of brave men on both sides; and the English grew the more weary of it because of the calamities which had befallen them at home in the years 1665 and 1666.

In 1665 broke out the Great Plague of London. The city had been many times visited by the plague, for the old wooden houses and the narrow, winding streets harbored infection; but so terrible a pestilence as this had not been known since the Black Death, in the days of Edward the Third. It began in the winter, and while the weather continued cold not many persons died, though the number increased weekly. But in May, when the air grew warm and close, the sickness increased fearfully, and went on growing worse and worse till September, when the deaths were ten thousand a week. As London then contained not more than one-quarter of its present population, and was not one-quarter so large as it is now, we may imagine how dreadful this plague appeared to the people. The king and court fled to Oxford, and all who could do so shut up their houses and shops and went away; but they carried the infection with them, and several other places, as well as London, suffered terribly.

At last the country people would not let any one who had been in an infected place come into their houses, and people camped out of doors in any solitary place they could find. In the city the sight was dismal indeed. Every house where the plague appeared was immediately shut up; a red cross and the words "Lord, have mercy upon us!" were marked

on the outside, and no one was suffered to go in or come out. Provisions were put in at the windows. All night long the dead-carts went their dismal rounds, and at the call, "Bring out your dead!" the watchers at each house brought forth the corpses, which were conveyed away to the nearest burying-ground and shot into one common grave. No funeral service was read, no friend was permitted to attend these gloomy interments, and few would have dared to do it. Men were afraid to speak to one another in the streets lest they should receive infection. Some suffered terribly, and would throw themselves out of the windows or rush into the river in their frenzy; but others felt no pain and went about their daily business as usual, till suddenly they grew faint, the plague spots appeared, and in less than an hour all was over.

After 100,000 persons had perished the pestilence seemed to be ceasing, and early in 1666 the people who had fled away returned to the city. But on the 2d of September in that year began the Great Fire. It broke out near the spot where the Monument now stands on Fish Street Hill, and a tempestuous wind, which was raging at the time, blew the flames from house to house and from street to street with frightful rapidity. Four days and four nights the fire burned furiously, till the ancient cathedral of St. Paul's, eighty-nine churches, thirteen thousand houses, and many noble public buildings had been reduced to ashes. The light of the flames was seen forty miles off, and the clouds of smoke reached still further. At first the people were so astonished and terrified that they did nothing but run about like

distracted creatures; but when they regained their senses they took the only method of staying the progress of the fire, by blowing up a great many houses, so as to make wide gaps which the flames could not cross. Two hundred thousand people were burned out of house and home and were scattered over the fields for several miles round, lying along by the heaps of what they could save from the fire. Very many were reduced from comfort and wealth to the utmost misery. The king took pains to relieve them, and for a little while this terrible fire seemed quite to have roused him out of his selfish, idle way of living; but he soon returned to it.

The fire was, however, a very good thing for London. The city was rebuilt in a far better way, with wider streets, and the houses constructed of bricks instead of timber; and all remains of infection were so utterly burned away that the plague never appeared again. Sir Christopher Wren was charged with the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Monument was raised in memory of this great fire, and it bore for a long time an inscription signifying that the Roman Catholics had set fire to the city; for Protestants were still ready to blame them for every mischief for which they could not account.

CHAPTER LXI

Reign of Charles II—(*continued*)

Dutch Fleet in the Thames, 1667—Banishment of Clarendon—The Cabal—The Duke of York a Catholic—The Test Act

(From 1667 to 1676)

In the spring after the great fire, Charles began to make peace with Holland. Before it was concluded

he was unwise enough to dismantle his fleet and dismiss the seamen. The Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, heard of it, sailed up the Thames, destroyed the arsenal at Sheerness, and hovered about Gravesend for some weeks. Then he appeared off Chatham and burned the ships which lay there. The nation was filled with fear and mortification, and even the men who loved Charles for his own sake as well as for his father's could not help saying, "If Cromwell or any one else with the spirit of an Englishman had been on the throne, the Dutch would never have dared so to insult our flag."

The king cared not for it; the great sums of money which Parliament had supplied for the fleet had been wasted, even while the war lasted, on the worthless people about the court, while the ships and sailors were in want of everything and the poor wounded men were ready to die of hunger and misery. And now he made peace with Holland just as if nothing had happened. The people, determined to punish some one, fell upon Lord Clarendon, and blamed him very unjustly for all that had gone wrong. And the king was delighted to sacrifice Clarendon, who rebuked his vices and gave him a great deal of good advice, which he had no will to take.

After sending Clarendon into banishment, Charles took to himself a set of the worst ministers that have ever helped a king to govern. The initial letters of their names* made up the word *Cabal*, and ever since the days of those wicked men that word has been used to signify a number of persons who join to-

* These were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley-Cooper, and Lauderdale.

gether in some mischievous plot. The favorite plot of the Cabal was to enable their master to govern just as he pleased, with or without the consent of Parliament. Though the Parliament was made up of men who were loyal to the king, they could not help blaming his misconduct, and they would not allow him to set aside the laws. Charles wanted to do exactly what he pleased, and in particular to spend or waste as much money as he chose without being called to account for it.

He also wanted to favor the Roman Catholics and give them some power. His brother James had become a Roman Catholic, and Charles, though he pretended to be a member of the English Church, was at heart a Catholic, like his brother. He began by setting aside, or, as it was called, *dispensing with*, the laws against the Catholics and the Protestant Nonconformists. Now, almost every one felt quite sure that this was done for the sake of the former, and not out of kindness to the Nonconformists; and all Protestant Englishmen feared that it was a beginning of what would be very bad for the country. Charles had no lawful children, and his brother James was heir to the crown.

A great many persons were afraid that James would try to restore Catholicism in England. They would have been still more afraid if his children had been Roman Catholics, but he had no sons, and his two daughters were Protestants. As James was not young, they thought they should not have a Roman Catholic sovereign very long, even if he should out-live his brother. Still, when Charles tried to set aside the laws against the Catholics, they were

alarmed and angry, for they thought he would bring many of them to high offices in the state. Besides this, they said it was no more lawful for Charles to set aside the laws without the consent of Parliament than it would have been for him to make new laws.

The king was obliged to give way, and Parliament, to make sure that no Catholics should be employed in the government, brought in an act called the Test Act, by which it was ordered that every one who held any office in the state should receive the sacrament of the Holy Communion according to the manner of the Church of England, and deny that he believed in the Roman Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. The Duke of York, who was Lord High Admiral, was obliged now to give up his office; and every Catholic who had any post under the government resigned it. But the people of England little thought that he who held the highest post of all, the king, was himself a Roman Catholic.

Now the only way in which Charles could undo all that Parliament did, and make himself the absolute master of his people, was by getting help from a foreign power. So he promised the King of France that if he would give him a great deal of money and also send him some soldiers if necessary, he would do nothing to hinder his conquering other countries.

The Cabal joined with Charles in this shameful agreement, and the French king gave money to them as well as to their master. Charles also promised that he would declare himself to be a Roman Catholic as soon as he could find a good opportunity to do so; for the King of France wished that England

should return to the Roman Catholic Church. All these doings were kept quite secret. But the English history of this period is so mixed up with the affairs of other countries, especially with those of Spain, France, and Holland, that it is necessary to say something about them.

CHAPTER LXII

Reign of Charles II—(*continued*)

France; Louis the Fourteenth—Spain—Holland; the Prince of Orange

(From 1676 to 1678)

FRANCE was the most powerful state in Europe at this time. The king, Louis the Fourteenth, received a much larger revenue and had a much larger army than any other sovereign. He was also very ambitious, and wanted to make his large territory larger still by taking all the Netherlands and Holland, so as to make the kingdom of France reach to the river Rhine. He also wished to get Spain into his power.

Spain was no longer formidable, though she possessed much larger dominions than France. In Europe she had the Netherlands and a large part of Italy, and in America she had great and rich possessions, whence fleets laden with gold and silver sailed every year to the Spanish ports. But wisdom had departed from the rulers of this great kingdom, and Spain was much less to be feared than the little republic of Holland.

Holland was not much larger than Wales, and the land lay so flat and low that the sea would have washed over and destroyed it if the people had not

walled it in with great dykes, which they were obliged to be always strengthening and repairing. But the inhabitants of this narrow territory were prudent and industrious; they had covered their land with thriving farms and busy towns; their ships were found in every sea, and they had planted colonies in Asia, Africa, and America.

The Dutch and English were very jealous of one another's trade, shipping, and colonies, and there had been a great deal of fighting between them; but they had more than one bond of union—both countries were Protestant and both were free. The English wished to be on friendly terms with Holland now, because they saw that the King of France was growing too powerful for his neighbors' safety; but Louis wished to keep the two countries at enmity. He thought that Holland alone would be quite unable to make head against his formidable armies, but England and Holland together might do so.

He had already begun to invade the Netherlands and the Dutch saw danger at hand, when Charles made an alliance with Holland and Sweden against France. But he did not in the least intend to keep faith with his allies; he had only made this treaty to please his subjects and persuade Parliament to give him money, for he had already given a secret promise to Louis that English ships and soldiers should be sent to help him in the invasion of Holland. As soon as he had deceived his Parliament into granting him a large sum of money, he threw off the mask and declared war against his Dutch allies.

It seemed now that Holland must be utterly sub-

dued, for the armies of Louis soon overran half the country. But William, the young Prince of Orange, inspired all his countrymen with hope and resolution. Rather than submit to a foreign master, they chose to destroy the labors of years. They opened their dykes, let in the waters, and the fields and farms were ruined. The invaders fled before the flood, and Holland was saved. As Louis for some time after this check could not give Charles much help, the King of England was obliged to make friends with his own people, by sending away the Cabal, making peace with Holland, and marrying his eldest niece, Mary, to the Prince of Orange.

It was not very long before the King of France began to give bribes to other Englishmen besides the king and his ministers. He thought the surest way to prevent England from interfering with his schemes was to keep the king and the people always at strife. So he bade his ambassador make friends secretly with the chief men in Parliament who were against the king, and promised to give them money if they would go on finding fault with the measures of the government; and some of them were mean enough to take his money.

They meant to serve their country by hindering Charles from governing as he wished; but they might have known that Louis meant no good to their country by anything that he did. The most noted of these pensioners of the King of France was Algernon Sidney, a man who would have liked to make England a republic again if it had been possible.

CHAPTER LXIII

Reign of Charles II—(*concluded*)

Titus Oates—Rye-House Plot—Lord William Russell—Death of Charles II—Troubles in Scotland—Ireland—Foreign Settlements—Sir Isaac Newton—John Milton—Great Divines—Post-Office—Habeas Corpus Act—First Standing Army

(From 1678 to 1685)

In the year 1678 England was thrown into dreadful alarm. It was said that the Roman Catholics had concocted a horrible design, much worse than the Gunpowder Plot. They were going to burn down London again; to set fire to the shipping; to murder the king and all their Protestant neighbors, but especially the chief men in church and state; and they were going to have troops from France and Spain to help them.

Now, there is no doubt that the Roman Catholics, both at home and abroad, were hoping that their religion would recover some power and favor in England; but this horrible plot was an invention of wicked men to gain money. The leader of the gang was Titus Oates, who had been first a Protestant clergyman, then a Jesuit, and now said he had become a Protestant again; but everywhere, and at all times, he had proved himself to be a very wicked man. Yet Protestants in general, and even the two Houses of Parliament, believed most of what he said, because they were so suspicious of evil from the Roman Catholics.

They believed these horrible stories the more firmly because the magistrate to whom Oates first gave information of this pretended plot was found

murdered in a field a few days afterward. Every Protestant believed that the Catholics had committed the murder, to be revenged on him for listening to Oates; and now terrible calamities fell on them. Every one whom Oates accused—and he accused many innocent men—was sure to be found guilty by the jury and condemned to death. When other men who were as wicked as Oates saw that everything he said was believed, and that he was rewarded with a large pension for having discovered this plot, they, too, came forward with their false witness and swore away the lives of the innocent. The chief judges did not quite believe all these bad men said, but they were afraid to interfere, for every one who ventured to say a word in defence of an accused Catholic was looked upon by the enraged people as an accomplice in the plot. Had the judges been honest men, they would have braved this; but the chief magistrates then were not upright and fearless.

The excellent judge Hale, who was on the bench in the beginning of Charles' reign, was dead, and no man like him sat in the seat of judgment. Even the king did nothing to save the unfortunate persons who were unjustly condemned. The alarm about the Roman Catholic plot lasted more than two years; but after shedding the blood of Lord Stafford, a very aged and excellent man, at the bidding of false accusers, the nation became ashamed of the delusion under which they had been acting, and the plot was heard of no more.

Another and a real plot was found out soon afterward. We have seen that many persons dreaded the Duke of York's coming to the throne after his broth-

er's death; and now a few men joined together in a plot to prevent him from ever being king, by giving the crown, after the death of Charles the Second, to the eldest of his natural sons, the Duke of Monmouth. Monmouth had not the least right to the crown, but he was very handsome and agreeable and a great favorite with the people. Some of these plotters went further, for they planned to shoot both the king and the duke; and as they used to meet at a place called the Rye-House, near Broxbourne in Hertfordshire, their plot was named the Rye-House Plot.

These murderous designs were not told to Monmouth nor to Lord William Russell, who was one of the conspirators. Russell was a Protestant, led into an unlawful conspiracy by his great fear that Catholicism would be re-established in England. Algernon Sidney was another conspirator. All was found out, and the plotters were condemned to die, except Monmouth, whom his father forgave. The trials of Russell and Sidney were very unfairly conducted, and that of Russell has been particularly remembered, both for his own virtues and those of his wife, who attended him at his trial and did everything a wife could to support and cheer his last days.

When it was known in England that the king's life had been in danger from the Rye-House plotters, some of the love which the people had felt for him twenty years before began to revive again. He had always been very popular with all who did not know or c re what was done by the government; for Charles was very merry and amusing, and they liked to see him saunter about St. James' Park, as he did

for hours every morning, chatting with every one who came near him and feeding his dogs and ducks. But the men who loved their country even more than they loved the king could not help being grieved when they thought how ill Charles had governed. He had thrown away every opportunity of being a good and glorious king, and now the end was come.

On Sunday evening, the 1st of February, 1685, the palace of Whitehall presented a scene of splendid but shameless wickedness; the courtiers gambled and drank deeply, the king amused himself with the abandoned women whom he had gathered round him and in whose society he chiefly delighted. All was luxury, profaneness, and total forgetfulness of God. Early the next morning Charles was struck with apoplexy, and though he recovered his senses, he lived but a very few days. In his last hours he professed himself a Roman Catholic, and desired that a priest should be sent for to admit him into the Catholic Church. He died on the 6th of February, 1685.

There had been much trouble in Scotland during this reign. The Scots were delighted when Great Britain returned under the government of its rightful king, for Charles restored to them their own laws, which Cromwell had deprived them of. Their joy was much lessened when the king required them to receive bishops over their Church. Still, as he did not oblige them to use the liturgy, most of the people and the Presbyterian ministers submitted. But there were some men, especially in the west of Scotland, who would not hear of obeying the government in this matter; they stood up for the Covenant

which had been made in the time of Charles the First, and when the magistrates tried to prevent them from meeting together in congregations, they rose in open rebellion.

Many were put to death, many more were imprisoned, and some were unmercifully tortured; for it was the practice in Scotland to put men to the torture who were accused of great crimes or of treason against the government. And the Covenanters were looked upon as the worst kind of rebels by some of the men whom Charles sent to govern Scotland. The Duke of York was very cruel to them, but the most cruel of all was Lauderdale, the worst of those bad men who formed the Cabal. Nevertheless, the more the Covenanters were persecuted, the more determined they were not to obey.

Ireland had been governed during all the time of Charles the Second by the Duke of Ormond, a very wise and good man; but there had been a great deal of trouble and discontent about the lands. The Irish Catholics whom Cromwell had dispossessed of their estates hoped that Charles would restore them, and the English settlers to whom Cromwell had given the lands were not at all inclined to give them back to their former owners. They were, however, persuaded to give up a third part, and this was divided among some of the claimants; but there were a great many who got nothing. These, of course, were greatly discontented, and, in general, there was a most unfriendly feeling between the Irish Catholics and the Protestant settlers.

In the reign of Charles the Second England acquired her first possession in India—the island of

Bombay, which had belonged to the Portuguese, and was given by them to the English when Charles married Catherine of Portugal. During the first war with Holland, in 1664, they increased their American settlements by taking New York from the Dutch.

Englishmen had made great advances in knowledge during the last eighty years. In the reign of James the First, the famous Francis Bacon had taught his countrymen how to search into the wonderful works of nature. Foreigners had invented the telescope and the microscope, and now men began to see glorious suns and worlds in the stars of our firmament, and to perceive in every flower and insect exquisite beauties, invisible before. Now also they could see myriads of curious creatures in every part of earth and water, which were too small to be discerned with the naked eye. Great progress was made in astronomy, in natural history, and in many other branches of science; but among all the wise and famous men of those days, and of all others before or since, one name is especially to be remembered—Isaac Newton. Another great man of those times was John Milton, who wrote the famous poem called "Paradise Lost."

Several great preachers and divines flourished during the seventeenth century. Hall and Usher, in the reign of Charles the First, Barrow and Taylor, in that of his son, were among the chief men in the English Church. The Nonconformists, also, had some famous writers; among them was John Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

During this period the post-office was first set up.

Charles the First began it in 1635, by ordering that letters should be conveyed weekly between London and Edinburgh, and in 1660 the plan was extended, and mails were carried to all parts of the kingdom.

Among the Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles the Second was an important one, called the "Habeas Corpus Act." It is looked upon by Englishmen almost as a second Magna Charta. This act provides that every person who is imprisoned may claim the right of being brought before a court of law, that it may be ascertained whether there is a just cause for his being committed to prison; and it also provides that his trial shall not be put off longer than is necessary. If it were not for this law a man might be thrown into prison and kept there for years without a trial, and without even knowing why he was imprisoned; and this has often been done in some foreign countries. In times of insurrection or tumult, Parliament sometimes withdraws for a time the protection afforded by the Habeas Corpus Act, because it is thought that at such a time a man may be really guilty of treason or sedition, and yet it may not be expedient or even safe to bring him to trial immediately. This is called *suspending* the Habeas Corpus Act.

Charles the Second was the first King of England who began to form a standing army; an army, that is, composed of men whose only business is that of a soldier. The armies which had followed the Edwards and Henrys to battle and to victory were chiefly made up of men who left their ordinary callings to follow the trade of arms as long as their services were required, and returned to their former

occupations when the war was over. And as long as bodily strength and bravery and great skill in archery sufficed to win the day, the yeomen of England could contend successfully against the troops of any European state. But firearms had now taken the place of the bow and arrow, and during the last hundred years the great powers of Europe, Spain, France, Germany, and others, had waged such long wars that their troops had become exceedingly expert in the use of arms and inured to the discipline of military life. No men unaccustomed to war, however brave they might be, could hope long to withstand these well-experienced soldiers. Charles raised a small regular army of seven thousand foot and seventeen hundred horse. Besides these, there were six fine British regiments serving in Holland, whom the Dutch government had engaged to send back to England whenever they should be wanted there.

In the time of Charles the Second was founded the first military hospital in England, at Chelsea. The first national copper coinage was issued from the mint in the year 1672.

CHAPTER LXIV

James II, 1685—The King Endeavors to Promote Catholicism —Monmouth's Rebellion—Judge Jefferies—Bishop Ken—Barbarous Execution of Alice Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt

(1685)

JAMES THE SECOND was in his fifty-second year when he succeeded his brother. He had been twice married; first to Anne Hyde, the daughter of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and after her death to

Mary d'Este, sister of the Duke of Modena. He had two children, the daughters of his first wife: Mary, who had been given in marriage to William, Prince of Orange, and Anne, who had married Prince George of Denmark.

The new king was a more energetic man than Charles the Second. He took pains to put the navy in good condition, and in his younger days he had fought bravely at sea; but his temper was stern even to cruelty, and he never became popular, as his careless, good-tempered brother had been. His coming to the throne had been dreaded, because of his zeal for Catholicism; but his first action as king was of a kind to remove these fears. Half an hour after his brother's death he called his privy counsellors together, and declared to them that he meant to maintain the laws and to defend and uphold the Church of England. His speech was printed, and copies were sent all over the kingdom, to the delight of the people, who believed that James, whatever faults he might have, was strictly a man of his word; but it was too soon seen that he did not consider himself bound by any promise to maintain the laws and religion of his country.

The nation was continually alarmed by some fresh mark of his attachment to the Catholic Church. He was no longer satisfied with attending mass privately, as he had done during his brother's reign; he would have it celebrated openly and with much pomp. In a year or two Catholic chapels arose in all parts of the country, monasteries were established in London, and a Jesuit school was built in the Strand under the patronage of the king. The statesmen

who were most careful to maintain the laws of the land were dismissed from their offices, and men whose chief care was to please the king were appointed in their stead.

The wisest of the English Roman Catholics and the pope, Innocent the Eleventh, who was a prudent man, begged James to be cautious in what he did, lest in his excessive haste to promote their religion he should only stir up the people of England to oppose it the more vigorously. But the king was much too zealous in the cause to listen to their advice, and before he had been on the throne six months his Protestant subjects began to look on his actions with suspicion.

The Duke of Monmouth, who had gone into exile for his share in the Rye-House Plot, now thought it would be a good time to venture back to England, to overturn the government of James and win the crown for himself. On the 11th of June, 1685, he landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and put forth a manifesto in which he pretended to be the lawful son of King Charles the Second, called himself the defender of the Protestant religion, and accused James of having poisoned the late king, fired the city of London, and committed other frightful crimes. It was so well known that these accusations were false that in most parts of England Monmouth's manifesto only rendered the people more ready to take up arms for the king. But in the west of England Monmouth had many adherents among the peasantry; and the Nonconformists, who were very numerous there, took him for their champion. Many, even of their preachers, armed themselves and followed in the

ranks of the rebel army. At the end of a few days, the duke was at the head of five thousand men. But although brave and hardy, they were no match for the king's soldiers, and many of them had no better weapons than their flails, scythes, and pitch-forks.

After receiving a warm welcome at Taunton, where he was proclaimed king, Monmouth marched to Bath and summoned it to surrender; but the city was strongly garrisoned for the king and the rebels dared not attack it. They fell back to Wells, where they injured and defaced the cathedral, and thence to Bridgewater. There they were brought to a stand by the king's troops, who had followed them and were now encamped on Sedgemoor, three miles from the town. On that moor took place the last fight, deserving the name of a battle, which was fought on English ground. An hour after midnight on the 6th of July, Monmouth marched his men to attack the royal camp. They fought with desperate bravery, but the victory could not long be doubtful. By three o'clock in the morning a thousand of the rebels lay dead on the field, and the remainder were scattered in all directions.

Monmouth had not waited to witness the overthrow of his followers; he fled from them at full speed, in hope to reach the New Forest and conceal himself there till a ship could be found to convey him to the Continent. He changed clothes with a shepherd and hid himself in the fields for a day or two, but the militia of the southern counties kept watch at every point and soon discovered him in his hiding-place, looking so gaunt and wretched that men could hardly

believe he was indeed the once handsome and graceful Monmouth. His spirit seemed to be as much changed as his person, for all his former courage disappeared when he saw death nigh at hand. He entreated to see the king, and descended to the most abject entreaties for mercy, offering to join the Catholic Church if only his life might be spared. But there was no pardon for him. His execution was attended by a multitude of people and proved a most frightful spectacle, owing to the unskilfulness of the executioner, who struck and struck again, many times, before the head of the unfortunate young man could be severed from his body.

In the mean time his unhappy followers were reaping in their utmost bitterness the fruits of rebellion. There was a Colonel Kirke, who was noted for his savage character; and his soldiers, who were commonly called "Kirke's Lambs," were as ferocious as himself. These men did military execution on the rebels during the week following the battle of Sedgemoor. But Kirke was far outdone in cruelty by the atrocious Judge Jefferies, whom the king now sent down to try the rebels. The assizes which this man held in the western counties have ever since been called "The Bloody Assizes." He hanged and quartered some hundreds of the prisoners, sentenced others to be flogged without mercy, and sent a thousand into slavery in the West Indies. Their best friend was Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He had received nothing but wrong from the rebels, who hated the office of a bishop; but he returned good for evil, pleaded with their jailers to show them mercy, and bestowed largely of his income to relieve

their necessities. But it was in vain that he interceded for them with the king. James talked with frightful satisfaction of "Jefferies' campaign," and rewarded the cruel judge by making him lord chancellor.

One of Jefferies' crimes shocked men more than all the rest. There was an old lady named Alice Lisle, who was kind to every one in distress. Two of the rebels fled at night to her house and implored her to shelter them; they were found under her roof by the soldiers who were in search of them, and for this act of compassion Jefferies caused her to be found guilty of high treason, and condemned her to be burned alive the same day. Every one, even the warmest friends of the king, were so horrified at this sentence that Jefferies was forced to respite Alice Lisle for a few days, and in the mean time they labored hard to obtain a pardon for her; but the utmost that James would do was to change the sentence from burning to beheading. He did not show even this mercy to another poor woman, who was accused of having relieved one of the rebels, three years before, when he was in danger of being arrested for having taken part in the Rye-House Plot. Her name was Elizabeth Gaunt, and she was chiefly known by her works of charity; but she was condemned now to be burned alive, and suffered this terrible death at Tyburn with serene courage. "My fault," said she, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven; I did but relieve a poor family, and lo, I must die for it!"

CHAPTER LXV

James Annuls the Laws against Catholicism and Persecutes the English Church—Trial of the Seven Bishops
(From 1685 to 1688)

AFTER the rebellion of Monmouth had been crushed, James thought himself so firmly seated on the throne that he might venture to set aside the laws which forbade him to place Catholics in high office. It must be remembered that in the reign of Charles the Second the Test Act had been passed, chiefly for the sake of keeping the Catholics out of office. During the alarm excited by the first news of Monmouth's rebellion, the king had greatly increased the standing army, and had placed several Roman Catholic officers over the new regiments; but this breach of the law was thought quite excusable at a time of sudden fear and danger. He now hoped that Parliament would alter the law to please him, but, finding that they were not in the least inclined to do so, he took upon himself to dispense with the laws.

He raised Catholics to high offices in the state as well as in the army, and set Catholic governors over the finest colleges in Oxford. He even forbade the English clergy to preach about those doctrines in which the English Church differed from the Roman Catholic Church, and when they refused he set up a new Court of High Commission, with the Chancellor Jefferies at its head, to prosecute all the bishops and clergy who offended him. Compton, Bishop of London, who had been the tutor of his daughters, was forbidden to exercise any longer his office, and

many honest men were turned out of their homes and livings because they would not be false to what they believed to be their duty.

In order to overawe the city of London, James established a camp on Hounslow Heath, and stationed there thirteen thousand men with twenty-six pieces of cannon; but the Londoners made it a place of holiday amusement, went in crowds to visit the soldiers, and were so friendly with them that the soldiers became as discontented with the king's unlawful proceedings as the citizens were.

When the king found that Churchmen would give no encouragement to his schemes for the advancement of Catholicism, he sought help from the Nonconformists, and pretended that he desired to grant them full liberty to worship as they thought proper. He then issued what is called a Declaration of Indulgence, in which, by his own sole authority, he annulled not only the Test Act, but several others, and set aside all laws against Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters. This was really the same thing as if the king had taken on himself to make laws without the authority of the Parliament, and the wisest of the Dissenters saw that James was acting unlawfully in issuing such a declaration. Nor did they feel much confidence in his good-will; they saw that he was trying to join the Roman Catholics and the Dissenters in a league to crush the Church of England, and that if he succeeded in ruining the Church his next step would be to destroy the Dissenters.

The scheme by which the king had hoped to reduce the country into a state of absolute submission

to his will proved, on the contrary, a means of deliverance to England and of ruin to himself. He commanded all the bishops and clergy to publish the Declaration of Indulgence in church, during the hours of divine service. The ministers of the church were thus called upon to choose once for all whether they would obey the king's will or the laws of the land; but not one clergyman in fifty chose to disobey the laws. Seven of the bishops presented to the king a loyal and respectful petition, in which they reminded him that the declaration was contrary to the laws of the kingdom, and said they could not in conscience publish an unlawful declaration in the house of God and during the hours of divine service.

When the appointed Sunday came, the declaration was read in only four of the London churches; and in more than one of these the whole congregation rose and walked out when the minister began it. The king was furious, and most of all against the bishops who had presented the petition to him. He declared it to be a false, malicious, and seditious libel, and imprisoned them in the Tower till they could be tried for their offence. They were Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Turner, of Ely; Lloyd, of St. Asaph; White, of Peterborough; Lake, of Chichester; and Trelawny, of Bristol. The people were greatly moved on behalf of these just men; the very soldiers who guarded them asked for their blessing. It was the hour of evening service when they arrived at the Tower; they hastened to the chapel, and were greatly comforted by these words in the lesson for the day (the 8th of June): "In all things approving yourselves

as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments," etc.

On the day of their trial, the 29th of June, Westminster Hall and every street leading to it were thronged with people, high and low, rich and poor, waiting in extreme anxiety to know the result. On behalf of the bishops, it was pleaded that their petition was not false, for every fact which it set forth had been proved to be true; it was not malicious, for they had not sought an occasion to provoke the king, but he had placed them in such a position that they must either oppose his will or commit a great wrong; and it was not seditious or a libel, for they had not scattered complaints among the people, but delivered to the king in private a paper most humbly and respectfully worded.

The trial lasted all day, and the jury were shut up for the night to consider of their verdict. The next morning, when the judges met again, breathless expectation stilled all the court.

"Not guilty," said the foreman of the jury. As the words passed his lips, one of the peers who was present sprang up and waved his hat, and at that signal all the spectators gave a shout of joy. In a moment, ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout, and the next moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. In a few moments, the joyful news flew from Westminster to the Tower and to the forest of masts below. As the tidings spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke

forth into acclamations mixed with tears; men wept for very joy. "God bless you and your families!" said the crowd who pressed round the jury, to thank them and shake hands with them; "you have saved us all to-day."

It was this conviction that made every one so glad; for if it had been decided that the king had a right to act contrary to one of the laws and to order the bishops and clergy to do so, it would have been the same as saying that he had a right to set aside any law, or all the laws, if he chose—and then the nation would have been at his mercy. All over England the people made public rejoicings as if they had won a great victory; and so indeed they had, the victory of law and right. When the news reached the king he was in the camp at Hounslow; it made him very angry, but he was still more angry when he found how pleased the soldiers were. His throne was already passing away from him, but he did not know it.

CHAPTER LXVI

A Son is Born to the King—The Prince of Orange Comes to England, November, 1688—James Deserted by his Officers and by his Daughter Anne—Flight of the King—The Crown is Offered to the Prince and Princess of Orange—The Bill of Rights

(From 1688 to 1689)

UNTIL the summer of 1688, the nation had borne the misgovernment of the king and his encouragement of Roman Catholicism, in the hope that at his death things would be changed; for it was known that both his daughters were warmly attached to the faith of the English Church. But on the second day after the bishops were committed to the

Tower these hopes for the future were overcast by the birth of a son to James.

Nearly all the nation, and even the Princess Anne herself, refused to believe that the infant over whose birth the king and queen were rejoicing was really their son. They said it was the son of a stranger who had been secretly brought into the palace, and it was to no purpose that the king and his wife declared the infant prince to be their own child. The people were firmly persuaded that the Catholic religion permitted men to say what was not true, if it were for the advancement of their church; and they believed James to be so bent upon re-establishing Catholicism in England that he would rather deprive his daughters of their inheritance, and leave the crown to the son of a stranger, than allow it to descend to Protestant sovereigns.

The husband of the king's eldest daughter, William, Prince of Orange, had long been anxiously observing all that took place in England. He had hoped that England would join in a league with Spain, Germany, and Holland to withstand the ambitious King of France, Louis the Fourteenth, who was always watching for an opportunity of enlarging his power and dominions at the expense of his neighbors. But, instead of opposing Louis, James secretly received money from him, as his brother Charles had done; and Louis encouraged him to disregard the wishes of his subjects and promised him help.

William soon perceived that James did not care how much he displeased his people, or what became of the other states of Europe, so long as he could make Catholicism triumphant in England, but he did

not openly interfere until the summer of 1688. He then resolved to appear in England, at the head of a body of troops, and call on the nation to rise up in defence of their religion and liberty. Louis suspected that William was about to invade England, and told James so; he also offered to lend him some ships of war, and to send a large army to threaten Holland by land and so force the Prince of Orange to remain at home. But James would not believe there was anything to fear, and was very much offended when Louis sent word to the states of Holland that the King of England was under his protection.

When Louis found that James received his offers of assistance with reproaches instead of thanks, he left him to take care of himself; and the prince's army was ready to sail before the king would believe that any attack was intended. When at last he became sensible of his danger he was appalled. The English fleet and army were more than sufficient to repel a Dutch invasion; but James knew that the hearts of his people were no longer with him, and he was afraid that neither the soldiers nor the sailors would fight in his cause.

During some weeks, the Dutch armament was prevented from sailing by contrary winds, and the king employed this time in endeavoring to regain the affection of his subjects. He restored all the magistrates and clergymen whom he had displaced, abolished the Court of High Commission, and made some other concessions. But it was too late now; the people believed that he only did these things out of fear, and that he would be as unjust as ever

when he was no longer afraid. They rejoiced, therefore, when they heard that William and his army had landed at Torbay. The same winds which impelled his ships along the Channel had prevented the king's fleet from coming out of the Thames to withstand his progress. The prince bore these words embroidered in large letters on his flag: "I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion." His troops were composed of men of different nations; there were Englishmen, Swedes, Swiss, and Dutch, but all wore a very martial appearance and conducted themselves in a most orderly manner. They marched first to Exeter, then to Salisbury, their numbers still increasing as, one after another, the chief gentlemen of the country came to join the prince.

James had gone to his army, which was stationed at Salisbury, but he did not know whom to trust; and when several of his own kinsmen and principal officers went over to the prince's camp, he lost heart entirely and retreated hastily toward London. Among those who left him at this time was Prince George of Denmark, the husband of his daughter Anne. Prince George was a dull, quiet man, and the king did not much regret his loss; his anger and dismay were far more excited by the desertion of Lord Churchill, a man of extraordinary genius, whom James had raised from an obscure station to wealth and honor. Lord Churchill and his wife were in the household of the Princess Anne, who loved Lady Churchill so entirely that she seemed to have no will but hers.

When Anne heard of Churchill's desertion she fled

with his wife from the palace by night, and, guarded by her former tutor, the Bishop of London, proceeded to Nottingham, where a great number of gentlemen had met together to join the Prince of Orange. As a sincere Protestant, Anne must have wished to see a great change for the better in her father's government; but it was hard that she should fly from him in the time of his distress, and it seemed to grieve him more than all his other troubles. When he arrived in London and found her gone, "God help me!" he exclaimed, "my own children have forsaken me."

His other daughter, Mary, had never seen him since he gave her, at the age of sixteen, to be the wife of the Prince of Orange, and all her affection had long been fixed on her husband. If ever she wished to be some day Queen of England, it was that she might give all the power and dignity of her crown into the hands of the prince. The chief desire of James now was to get his wife and infant son safely away to France, and to follow them himself as soon as possible. He had still many loyal subjects who prayed him to make some agreement with the Prince of Orange, by which all things should be safely and happily settled, both for himself and the kingdom. He feigned to consent to their wishes, but it was only that he might leave the country without any one knowing it. Late at night on the 9th of December, in the midst of a violent storm, the queen with her infant son crossed in a boat to Lambeth, whence she proceeded to Gravesend. Two French gentlemen went with her to protect her by the way, and she embarked safely for France,

where King Louis received her with a very kind welcome.

Two nights after the queen had left the palace the king made his escape secretly, and set out for Sheerness, where he had ordered a vessel to be in waiting. In order to prevent any one from taking authority to govern in his absence, he carried away the Great Seal and threw it into the Thames. The Great Seal is employed to seal all acts of the sovereign—pardons, proclamations, etc.; with this seal they have the force of law, without it they have no authority at all. The Lord Chancellor is the Keeper of the Seal, but James, before he fled, desired Jefferies to give it up to him. It lay at the bottom of the river for a few months, and was then accidentally caught in a fisherman's net and dragged up. But before that time a new Great Seal had been made, bearing the names of William and Mary, King and Queen of England.

At the time of King James' flight, the Prince of Orange and his army had not advanced beyond Hungerford, and the populace of London thought they might take this opportunity of doing as they pleased. So they began to plunder and destroy the Roman Catholic chapels and convents, and would have committed many other outrages, if the chief persons in London had not agreed to take the rule into their own hands for a little while, and put a stop to the proceedings of the rioters.

There was one man who was obnoxious to all parties—Judge Jefferies. He was discovered at this time lurking in a small public-house at Wapping, disguised like a collier, and the house was immedi-

ately surrounded by a crowd calling for vengeance on the unjust judge. It was well for him that a troop of soldiers came quickly up and guarded the carriage which conveyed him to the Tower, for the mob would have torn him in pieces. In an agony of terror he was conducted to his prison, where he died after a few months of great misery both of mind and body.

King James had not been able to effect his escape. The vessel in which he had embarked was boarded by a party of fishermen, who robbed him of his money, and when they found out who he was would not let him go on. He was brought back to London, but William, who heartily desired that his father-in-law might leave the country quietly, took care that he should not be prevented from making his escape a second time. James arrived safely in France and met with a most generous reception from Louis, who gave him plenty of money and the pleasant palace of St. Germains to live in, and did everything he could to soothe and gratify his unfortunate guest.

From the 11th of December, 1688, when King James left his palace, to the 13th of February, 1689, there was no King of England; and this period is called the Interregnum. But the Prince of Orange and the chief men in the country kept all things quiet and in order. Parliament came together to consider what was to be done, but they could not at first agree.

Some thought that James ought still to be called king, but not to have any authority, because he had used it so badly, and that the Prince of Orange

should govern for him with the title of Regent. Others said that James must never be king, even in name, any more; and, at last, almost all agreed that James had deprived himself of his kingly office by his bad government, and also by flying from his kingdom, and that the nation had a right to offer the crown to the Prince of Orange and his wife.

In order to prevent any future sovereign from governing unlawfully as James had done, Parliament drew up a famous statute, called the Bill of Rights, in which they set forth plainly the rights of Englishmen; and when the crown was offered to the Prince and Princess of Orange, this statute also was presented to them, and they promised faithfully to govern according to it. Thus was completed the English Revolution; and this was the end of the long struggle between the sovereign and the nation which had been going on ever since the reign of James the First. Since the Revolution, whatever wars England may have had abroad, she has had peace at home; for since James the Second fled from the kingdom, no English sovereign has attempted to set his own authority above the laws of the land.

CHAPTER LXVII

William III and Mary II, 1689—Character of the New King and Queen—Affairs of Scotland from the Death of Charles II to the Battle of Killiecrankie—Affairs of Ireland—Siege of Derry—Battle of the Boyne, July 1st, 1690

(From 1689 to 1690)

WILLIAM and Mary were proclaimed king and queen on the 13th of February, 1689; the prince was at this time thirty-eight, his wife twenty-six years of age. Mary was a general favorite; she possessed

excellent abilities, her disposition was kind and gentle, her manners very cheerful and engaging. Only one fault was found with her—that she seemed too ready to ascend her father's throne, and had taken possession of his palace with an air of the utmost satisfaction. It was alleged in her excuse that her husband had entreated her to show by every outward sign that she approved of what he had done, and that she could not therefore express her sorrow for the sad fate of her father.

William was far from being as popular as his queen; he was wise and brave, but his manners were cold and disagreeable. The English acknowledged that he had rendered them a great service in delivering them from the bad government of James, but they did not like him. This was not surprising, for he never learned to like England; his favorite friends were all Dutchmen; he seldom spoke at all to the English gentlemen who frequented his court; and when he did his conversation was not very agreeable. He was rude and imperious even to his wife, though he loved her very much.

His health would not suffer him to live in London, so he amused himself with adding to the palace at Hampton Court and building and planting at Kensington, that he might make his English homes as much like the square, formal houses and gardens of Holland as possible. But the true delight of William's life was in the great concerns of war and politics; and he highly valued his British kingdom, because it enabled him to make head more successfully against that great enemy of Protestantism and free government, Louis the Fourteenth.

During most of William's reign, he spent a large portion of every year in the Netherlands, conducting the war with France. But he was first obliged to settle himself firmly in his new kingdom. The adherents of James in Scotland were not willing to accept William for king, and James himself had landed in Ireland (March 12th, 1689) and was preparing for war.

We must now go back a little, that some account may be given of what had taken place in Scotland and Ireland since the death of Charles the Second.

We have seen that there had been much trouble in Scotland, because most of the people were firmly persuaded that their Church ought not to be governed by bishops, while the king, on the contrary, insisted that they should have bishops. Some of the Scottish bishops and clergy were excellent men; but no goodness could overcome the aversion of the Scots to Episcopacy, or, as they called it, *Prelacy*, and they only waited for a favorable opportunity of throwing off the yoke which the king had imposed on them. But the men called the Covenanters were more resolute than their brethren. They braved the terrors of the government; and although the Scottish Parliament, soon after James the Second came to the throne, passed a frightful law, condemning to death every one who attended any meeting for public worship in the open air, the undaunted Covenanters continued to meet on the solitary moors and hillsides. Often the troops hunted them down, and there was one officer in particular, Graham of Claverhouse, Lord Dundee, who was their chief persecutor; but nothing could intimidate them, and

men and women alike went cheerfully to a cruel death.

Among the Scottish gentlemen who had gone into exile during the reign of Charles the Second was the Earl of Argyle, the head of the great Campbell clan. As soon as James the Second succeeded his brother, Argyle ventured back to Scotland in hope of raising an insurrection and putting an end to Prelacy; but he had no success, and was very soon taken prisoner and put to death. But when King James, alarmed at the news that the Prince of Orange was coming, withdrew his troops from Scotland, the Covenanters rose in arms, proclaimed William king at Glasgow and other towns in the west, and drove the Episcopal ministers from their homes. Dundee and some others among the chief men, especially in the Highlands, were ready to fight for King James, but they were few in number compared with those who wished to put an end to his government.

On the 11th of April, 1685, the Scottish Parliament offered the crown of Scotland to William and Mary, and at the same time declared Prelacy to be unlawful. Presbyterianism now became the established religion in Scotland, and has continued so ever since.

Dundee, in the mean time, was raising a small body of Highlanders, and with these he advanced to meet William's troops; but on the 27th of June he was mortally wounded while fighting gallantly at the Pass of Killiecrankie. He had gained the victory before he fell, but after his death there was no one in Scotland capable of upholding the cause of James, although many of the Highland clans re-

mained faithfully attached to him and his descendants for the next sixty years. William therefore retained undisturbed possession of the crown.

In Ireland James had done everything he could to oppress the Protestants, who were most of them descended from English settlers, and were the most industrious, civilized, and wealthy members of the community. There had not been much good feeling between the settlers and the men of the Irish race before James came to the throne, but the enmity was rendered much more bitter and deadly by his misgovernment. He sent to Ireland as governor Lord Tyrconnel, a very violent man inspired with furious zeal for Catholicism. Tyrconnel turned all the Protestant soldiers out of the Irish army, dismissed the Protestant magistrates, and disarmed the Protestant militia; at the same time he armed all the Roman Catholic peasantry.

In those days the native Irish peasantry were as savage as the tribes of South Africa are now. They began to wander about the country, insulting, robbing, and murdering the Protestant inhabitants, who found themselves, unarmed and defenceless, at the mercy of a horde of barbarians. Very many of them abandoned their houses and lands and took refuge in England; others repaired to Londonderry and Enniskillen, where the Protestants of the north of Ireland were preparing to fight to the last in defence of their families and their religion.

Tyrconnel had endeavored to garrison Londonderry for King James, but at the moment when the troops approached, thirteen young apprentices flew to the gates of the city, raised the drawbridge, and

shut them out. The siege which followed is the most famous in the history of Ireland. In addition to its usual inhabitants, Londonderry was crowded with fugitives, and there was hardly any food in the city. It was closely blockaded for three months, so that no relief could enter, and those who died by famine were far greater in number than those who were slain by the besiegers. But the citizens held out resolutely, under the direction of George Walker, an aged clergyman whom they had chosen for their leader. They lived upon tallow and salted hides, and when these were almost all gone, and there seemed no help for them now but to die by hunger or the sword, vessels from England laden with provisions broke through the blockade on the river, and Londonderry was saved. The besiegers withdrew in despair, for they could no longer hope to reduce the city by famine, and they knew that troops were coming to relieve it by force of arms.

Enniskillen did not suffer nearly so much; but the inhabitants were equally successful in repelling their assailants. The resistance made by these towns entirely prevented James from possessing himself of the north of Ireland. He remained in the south until June, 1690, at which time William repaired to Ireland. The two kings encountered one another on the 1st of July, at the Boyne, near Drogheda. William was wounded, but the army of James was utterly defeated, and he fled in haste from the field. Two days afterward he sailed for France, and never again returned either to Ireland or to Great Britain.

CHAPTER LXVIII

Battle of Beachy Head—Conclusion of the War in Ireland, October, 1691—Victory of La Hogue, May, 1692—Death of Queen Mary, December, 1694—Greenwich Hospital—The National Debt — Peace of Ryswick, September, 1697—Death of William III, March, 1702—Whigs and Tories—Glencoe

(From 1690 to 1702)

On the day before the battle of the Boyne, there had been an action in the English Channel which filled England with shame and vexation. A large French fleet, commanded by Admiral Tourville, entered the Channel, where was stationed the Dutch and English fleet under command of Torrington. Torrington had not so many vessels as Tourville and did not choose to encounter him; and even when Queen Mary and the council sent him positive orders to give battle, he contrived to leave almost all the fighting to the Dutch, who maintained the action gallantly for many hours, till their ships were so much damaged that they could hardly keep afloat. Then Torrington fled into the Thames, leaving Tourville to range the Channel unmolested. This disgraceful action was called the Battle of Beachy Head. Tourville threatened to make a descent on the south coast; but at the thought of the French landing in England men of all ranks rose up, eager to take arms and be led against them, and the French admiral ventured no further than to burn Teignmouth. It was a very poor little fishing town then, and not at all worth the trouble of attacking; but Tourville burned the boats and cottages and sacked the church, and then the great French fleet sailed away.

The war in Ireland was not at an end yet; some towns, defended by French and Irish troops, held out till the autumn of the following year. Limerick was the last; it surrendered in October, 1691. From that time the Protestants in Ireland had the government in their own hands, and made very severe laws to keep down the Catholics. So, year after year, the ill-will between Protestant and Catholic continued, though it no more broke out in open war.

In the year 1632 there was a great battle at sea. The King of France had prepared a noble fleet and army to invade England and restore James to the throne. James had come down to the coast, ready to embark, the troops were getting on board, and Tourville was there with forty-four men-of-war to convoy them to the English shore, when, on the morning of the 19th of May, the combined fleets of England and Holland were seen covering the sea to the eastward. Then began the battle of Cape La Hogue. It raged furiously for many hours, till the French ships were obliged to flee as best they could, and take refuge some in one harbor, some in another. Thither the English pursued them, and renewed the fight on four successive days till the French fleet was destroyed.

This battle caused great joy in England; so complete a victory had not been won for many years, and the nation felt safe from all danger of invasion now. William was absent; but Queen Mary, in the midst of the general joy, was much distressed, because there was no proper place where the wounded sailors who had fought so bravely could be taken care of. She then resolved to rear the Naval Hos-

pital at Greenwich, as a lasting memorial of England's gratitude for the valor of her sailors and for the great victory which had blessed their arms.

But before this plan could be carried out Mary was no more. Her reign did not last long; she fell a victim to the small-pox in December, 1694, and was very deeply regretted by her husband and her subjects. When William was absent in Ireland or on the Continent, she had always conducted the government with wisdom, and she was endeared to the people by many beneficent actions. The Naval Hospital which she had projected was erected by William in honor of her memory. Until that time there was no hospital for seamen in all England.

The war in France lasted till the year 1697, when Louis the Fourteenth agreed to acknowledge William as King of England, and to give back most of the towns and territories he had taken during the war in the Netherlands and in Germany.

The chief burden of the war had fallen upon the Dutch and English, who gained no territory by it; but they had secured their freedom and well-being by crippling the enormous power of the ambitious French king.

No contest had ever cost England so much money; and it was to provide for these great expenses that the National Debt first began to be incurred. It was not possible to raise all the money that was wanted from year to year by means of taxes, for that would have brought insupportable distress on the people; but some rich men, who had plenty of money to spare, lent part of it to the government, on condition that they should receive a certain sum every

year by way of interest. The same thing has been done again and again, until the present time—for England has carried on many very expensive wars; and this money which has been lent to the government, and which is *The National Debt*, now amounts to many hundred millions of pounds sterling. Nearly thirty millions of pounds are paid every year by way of interest.

All the nation rejoiced greatly at the peace of 1697, which is often called the peace of Ryswick, from the place where the treaty was signed. The 2d of December in that year was appointed for a national thanksgiving, and St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been rebuilding ever since the Great Fire of London, was opened on that day for the first time.

The peace of Ryswick did not last long. James the Second died in September, 1701; and Louis the Fourteenth broke his engagement to William, and acknowledged the son of James as King of England. The people of England were so indignant at this breach of faith that they willingly took up arms again, and provided large sums of money for the expenses of the war; but in the midst of the preparations William died. He was injured by a fall from his horse, and breathed his last a fortnight afterward, March 8th, 1702.

At the time of his death the people were beginning to be more attached to him than they had been, for they saw that he was sincerely desirous to promote the welfare of England. Too many of the chief men in the kingdom were at least as much concerned to promote their own advancement as the good of their country.

In Charles the Second's time, the men who took any part in public affairs had come to be distinguished by the names of Whigs and Tories. The Whigs were those who were most disposed to increase the power of the people, and the Tories those who took most care to preserve the power of the king and the ancient institutions of the country.

Great and good men had always been found in each of these parties; but at this time there were a great number, both of Whigs and Tories, who would not do what they thought best for the country because it was their duty to do so, but only in order to get titles and money for themselves. Some of the principal men in the state were trying to serve two kings at once; they were afraid that James the Second might some day be restored to the throne, so they tried to keep on good terms with him, and sometimes sent him word what the English government was going to do, by which means Louis was enabled to thwart William's measures.

The chief fault of William the Third was his too great carelessness of human life. He sometimes fought battles when there was no reasonable prospect of gaining any advantage by them, and in this way sacrificed uselessly the lives of thousands of his soldiers; but the worst instance was of another kind.

Among the Highland clans there was a small tribe called the Macdonalds of Glencoe. They lived in a rugged, barren valley, surrounded by the lands of the Campbells. The chiefs of the Campbells, Argyle and Breadalbane, longed to rid themselves of the Macdonalds, but they would not have been able to

destroy them without the help of Sir John Dalrymple, commonly called the Master of Stair.

Dalrymple had nothing to do with the people of Glencoe, but he hated the Highlanders, and he persuaded William that this unfortunate little tribe in particular was a mere gang of thieves. The king issued an order for their destruction, and Dalrymple kept the order secret till he had laid his plans with such ingenious cruelty that he thought not even an infant would escape the general ruin.

A large party of soldiers were sent to Glencoe, as if they came only for a friendly purpose, and were entertained by the Macdonalds during many days with the utmost hospitality their poverty would allow. But it had been settled that on a certain day other bodies of soldiers should surround the valley and stop up every outlet, while those who were already in possession of the village should suddenly fall upon their unsuspecting hosts and butcher them. The women and children and the very aged men were to be left to die of cold and hunger in the snow; for the houses and all they contained were to be burned and the flocks and cattle driven away. This most wicked plan failed of its full execution. The soldiers did fall suddenly upon their hosts, and slew old and young without mercy; but a few of the tribe escaped, because the snow lay so deep and the weather was so tempestuous that the soldiers who were to have stopped up all the passes of the valley did not arrive until after the massacre had begun.

Three years passed away before this great wickedness was inquired into; but by that time the public indignation had become so strong that William was

obliged to take some notice of it. It is much to his dishonor that, when all the circumstances of the butchery were made known to him, he did not inflict the slightest punishment on the Master of Stair or on those who had carried his infamous plan into execution.

CHAPTER LXIX

Queen Anne, 1702—Settlement of the Crown on the House of Brunswick—The Marlboroughs—Blenheim—Treaty of Utrecht, 1713—Capture of Gibraltar, 1704—Union of Scotland and England, May 1st, 1707—Death of Queen Anne, August, 1714—"Queen Anne's Bounty"—The Non-jurors—The First Missionary Societies of England founded, 1698 and 1701—Improvement of Manufactures

(From 1702 to 1714)

On the death of William the Third, his sister-in-law, the Princess Anne, succeeded to the throne. She was at this time thirty-seven years old. Anne was an affectionate wife and mother, and the loss of all her children had been a bitter grief to her, but especially the death of her last surviving son, who had lived to be twelve years of age and had been carefully educated in the hope that he would one day be King of England.

The young prince had died in the year 1700, and it had then been necessary to make a new settlement of the crown; for the son of James the Second was a Roman Catholic, like his father, and the nation had decided that no Roman Catholic could reign in England. The nearest Protestant relations of the royal family were the Princess Sophia of Brunswick and her son George, Elector of Hanover; and it was settled in Parliament that the crown should go to them

after the death of Anne. Sophia was the daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James the First.

Queen Anne was of so kind a disposition that she was commonly called the "good Queen Anne;" but her nature was too soft and yielding, and she allowed herself to be entirely guided by the people who were about her. Lady Churchill, the friend of her early years, still continued to be her chief favorite; she was now Lady Marlborough, for King William had raised Lord Churchill to the earldom of Marlborough. During several years of Anne's reign, Marlborough and his wife were the real rulers of England; but Lady Marlborough, though she had great talents, was of a most violent temper, and the queen grew weary of her violence at last, and turned for relief to an artful, soft-spoken woman, a Mrs. Masham, whom Lady Marlborough had placed in attendance on her.

Among the chief events of Anne's reign were the victories of Marlborough.

Never had England seen so wise a general. It was said of him that he never fought a battle which he did not win or besieged a city which he did not take; but his genius and daring were not more remarkable than the patient perseverance with which he overcame all obstacles, and the sweetness of temper which enabled him to bear with and subdue the most unreasonable persons. He had also a beautiful countenance and the most polished manners. He was greatly beloved by his soldiers, and as much admired by foreigners as by his own countrymen. It is sad to think that with so many brilliant and engaging

qualities he had a fault which dimmed them all—the excessive love of money.

The Emperor of Germany had a famous general, called Prince Eugene, a very good man, who loved Marlborough like a brother; and many of their victories were gained together, especially that of Blenheim, August 2d, 1704. Blenheim is the name of a place in Bavaria, where Marlborough met the French army and defeated it in one of the greatest battles recorded in history. He was rewarded for his services with a dukedom, and with a splendid park and palace which were named Blenheim in honor of his victory. But he had some enemies at home, and they contrived to poison the mind of the queen against him by means of her new favorite, Mrs. Masham.

After nine years of continual success, Marlborough was deprived of his command, all his friends were turned out of office, and the new ministers made a disgraceful peace with France, by giving up almost every advantage which had been won by the bravery of the British army and the genius of its general. This was called the peace of Utrecht, because the treaty was signed there, March, 1713. The English kept the fortress of Gibraltar. They had been at war with Spain as well as with France, and in the year 1704 Sir George Rooke, a brave commander, who had greatly distinguished himself in the battle of La Hogue, took Gibraltar by surprise after a few days' siege. It is one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and England esteems it as one of her most valuable possessions.

One of the happiest events of Anne's reign was

the union of Scotland and England, in the year 1707. The two countries had been governed by one sovereign ever since the death of Queen Elizabeth; but each country had its own Parliament. It was now settled that the Scots should send forty-five members to the English House of Commons and sixteen peers to the House of Lords, and so in future there should be but one Parliament for the whole of Great Britain.

There was so much jealous feeling between the two nations that the Scots did not at first like the thought of the union, but they soon found the benefit of it. While each country had a separate Parliament the English laws were unfavorable to the trade of Scotland; but now the Scots were permitted to have the same advantages as the English, and they began to carry on such a brisk trade with the British colonies that the wealth and prosperity of Scotland increased very fast.

Queen Anne died on the 1st of August, 1714; her husband, Prince George of Denmark, had died six years before. Anne was the last sovereign of the House of Stuart; the crown now passed to the House of Brunswick or Hanover.

Queen Anne restored to the Church a portion of the goods which Henry the Eighth had seized at the Reformation. The fund thus created is called Queen Anne's Bounty; it was given by her to increase the maintenance of the poorer clergy.

Soon after the Revolution, a law was made that all clergymen and every one who held any public office must take an oath of fidelity to King William

and Queen Mary. Archbishop Sancroft, Bishop Ken, four other bishops, and about four hundred clergymen did not think they could lawfully call William and Mary their sovereigns while James the Second, to whom they had formerly sworn allegiance, was still living. They gave up their benefices, and William appointed other bishops and clergymen in their stead. The deprived prelates and clergy were called Non-jurors. Ken had spent almost all that he possessed in works of charity, but he carried with him into retirement something better than money—the love and admiration of every one who knew him. He died in 1711.

In the reign of King William were founded the first great missionary societies of England—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in 1698, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in 1701.

The reign of Queen Anne was distinguished by a number of great writers, and perhaps most of all by the poetry of Pope and the prose writings of Addison. At this time, too, lived Defoe, who wrote the delightful story of "Robinson Crusoe."

The manufactures of the country had greatly increased during the last thirty years, owing to the settlement in England of seventy thousand French Protestants, who had been driven from their own country by Louis the Fourteenth, on account of their religion, in 1685. Among them were several thousand of the most ingenious artisans in France; they taught the English the manufacture of silk and velvet, fine glass, white paper, and other useful things.

CHAPTER LXX

George I, 1714—Insurrection in favor of the Pretender, 1715—Death of George I, June, 1727
(From 1714 to 1727)

THE Princess Sophia of Brunswick had died a few weeks before Queen Anne; the crown passed, therefore, to her son, the Elector of Hanover. George the First was fifty-four years old when he became King of England. He could not speak one word of English, and was entirely a foreigner; he was chiefly concerned about the welfare of his German dominions, to increase and secure which he repeatedly drew England into war.

His first measures gave great dissatisfaction, because he put himself entirely into the hands of the Whig party, displacing all men who were of different opinions. This provoked some of the Tories, in their vexation and disappointment, to assist James Stuart, the son of James the Second, who was planning an expedition against Great Britain with the help of Louis the Fourteenth.

In September, 1715, the Earl of Mar proclaimed him king at Braemar, in the Highlands, by the title of James the Third. But the friends of the House of Hanover called him the Pretender, and no king. Several Highland chiefs joined him with their followers, in all about ten thousand men. Some of these marched to England, where Lord Derwentwater and other gentlemen of the north joined them; but they could make no head against the troops that were sent down by the English government, and were forced to surrender at Preston, on the 13th

of November, 1715. On the same day there was a battle at Sheriffmuir, in Scotland, where it was hard to tell which side gained the victory; and the Jacobites, as the friends of the House of Stuart were called, made a song about it:

"There's some say that we won,
And some say that they won
And some say that none won at all, man;
But of one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was which I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran away, man."

The Earl of Mar was a very bad general, and when the Pretender came over it was soon seen that he was as unfit as Mar to conduct such an enterprise. He ventured to remain in Scotland only a few weeks, and then fled back to France, leaving his unfortunate adherents to the ruin they had encountered for his sake.

The Lords Derwentwater and Nithsdale and about fifty other gentlemen were condemned to death, and a thousand men were sent into slavery in the colonies. The condemned noblemen had shown themselves very amiable and benevolent in private life, and were so much pitied that everybody rejoiced when Lord Nithsdale, by the help of his wife, escaped from prison in woman's clothes.

Louis the Fourteenth died about this time. His successor, Louis the Fifteenth, was a little child, and the Duke of Orleans, who ruled France as regent, was not inclined to go to war in behalf of the

Stuarts. No further attempt was made in favor of the Pretender for nearly thirty years.

On the 11th of June, 1727, George the First died at Osnaburgh, in Germany. He had been King of England nearly thirteen years.

CHAPTER LXXI

George II, 1727—Dettingen and Fontenoy—Charles Edward and the Rebellion of 1745—War of 1756
(From 1727 to 1756)

GEORGE THE SECOND was forty-four years old when he came to the throne He could speak English a little, but he had never been in England till he was thirty years of age, and his tastes and manners were those of a German. His wife, Queen Caroline, was a very sensible and beautiful woman, who inspired much more affection than her husband and governed wisely when he was out of the country. The king was frequently absent, visiting his native province of Hanover, which he loved much better than England.

Like his father, George the Second often engaged his English subjects in war, for the sake of preserving his German dominions; and they murmured loudly that their money was spent and the lives of thousands of their countrymen wasted in contests with which they had no concern.

It was some satisfaction to them that their German king and his younger son, the Duke of Cumberland, showed themselves to be brave soldiers. At Dettingen, in 1743, the king particularly distinguished himself by the valor with which he encountered a French army much larger than his own. He was exposed

during many hours to a heavy fire, but escaped unhurt; and in memory of that day he wore on all public occasions, to the end of his life, the clothes he had on at Dettingen. This was the last time that a King of England went to battle in person.

The English soldiers, under command of the Duke of Cumberland, won equal honor, two years afterward, at Fontenoy. Deserted by their Dutch and German allies, a column of Englishmen advanced alone against the French army, and in spite of the terrible fire which thinned their ranks, they bore a long while the whole brunt of the battle. Obliged at last to retreat, they did so in such calm, steady order, presenting to the last the same undaunted front, that their French foes declared such a retreat was as glorious as a victory.

The French had again taken up the cause of the Pretender; and in 1744 a fine body of troops, under command of the great Marshal Saxe, was preparing to make a descent on the coast of Kent. But at the very outset of the expedition a violent storm drove many of the ships back upon the rocks, where they were dashed to pieces, and all on board perished.

The French government declined to renew an attempt which had proved so disastrous; but the son of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, a brave, impetuous young man, refused to wait till he could obtain the means of invading England. He had heard that many persons of note were discontented with the government of George the Second, and he knew that many of the Highland clans still loved the House of Stuart. All these, he thought, would rally round his standard; so in the summer of 1745

he set out on his expedition, without soldiers or money, and landed on the coast of Inverness. Even the Highlanders, who were most attached to his family, could not help being dismayed when they found that he had come alone to encounter all the power of the British government; but they were too faithful to refuse to join him, and in a very short time he found himself at the head of four thousand men. Many of them were without proper arms and other necessaries, but they fought with desperation, routed a body of the king's troops at Preston Pans, and took possession of the city of Edinburgh.

The king was in Hanover and the Duke of Cumberland in Flanders, and the largest part of the English army was with them; but Charles Edward could not take advantage of so favorable a time for invading England, because the Highland chiefs who had joined his standard were perpetually quarrelling among themselves, and could not unite heartily in any plan. When at last he did cross the border, bitter disappointment awaited him. Instead of the crowd of Englishmen whom he expected to rally round him, only two hundred came to his camp. Yet he advanced as far as Derby with his Highlanders. The people of London were greatly terrified when they heard he was so near, for they had formed to themselves a dreadful idea of the savage ferocity of the Highland clans. But it was known afterward that during the six weeks these poor men remained in England, they had not committed a single outrage or act of robbery, though they were often sorely distressed for food.

The king and his son and several thousand soldiers

had now returned to England, and Charles Edward was obliged to retreat northward again. He routed a body of troops at Falkirk, but this was the last of his successes. That winter he and his men spent in the Highlands, and when spring returned they were gathered on Culloden, a wild, desolate moor five miles from Inverness. Here the Duke of Cumberland came up with them and gave them battle. The Highlanders were utterly routed, and with terrible slaughter. But more blood was shed afterward than had been shed in the battle. Destruction fell upon the villages inhabited by the rebel clans; and at the end of a few days neither house nor man nor beast was to be seen—all was ruin, silence, and desolation. The cruel severity of the Duke of Cumberland made him long remembered by the hated name of "The Butcher."

Charles Edward escaped to the Hebrides. A price of thirty thousand pounds was set upon his head, but no one would betray him. He remained hidden in caves and thickets nearly five months; and once a young lady, named Flora Macdonald, saved his life by dressing him up like an Irish girl and calling him her maid "Betty Burke." At last he got safely away to France, and never troubled the English government again. As years advanced, the gallant spirit of his youth disappeared; he gave himself up to vice and intemperance, and died, nearly forty years afterward, a despised old man.

The war with France was ended in 1748 by a treaty signed at Aix-la-Chapelle; but in 1756 it broke out again, and led to very important events both in India and America.

CHAPTER LXXII

French and English Colonies in America—Wolfe—Battle of Quebec, September, 1759—Conquest of Canada (From 1756 to 1760)

BOTH England and France had planted colonies in North America. The English colonies formed thirteen provinces reaching along the coast from the Bay of Fundy to the 30th degree of north latitude; but it was only in the province of Virginia that the colonists had extended their settlements far back toward the forests which then covered the interior of the country. These forests were the home of the native Indian tribes who lived by hunting. The French colonies lay to the north and south of the English provinces. In the north, the French had Cape Breton and Canada; in the south, Louisiana.

The possession of these countries made the French masters of the two greatest rivers of the continent, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi; but this did not satisfy them.

Both the French and the English carried on a profitable trade with the natives, getting from them abundance of beautiful furs in exchange for knives and other articles of European manufacture. The French now resolved to keep all this trade to themselves. So they began to build forts on the great lakes of Canada and on the river Ohio, that they might make a complete chain of military posts between Canada and Louisiana, and confine the English to the territory between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea. To prevent themselves from being

thus hemmed in, the colonists went to war, and troops were sent from England to help them.

The English did not at first conduct the war well, and the advantage was mainly with the French. But there was a great and wise statesman in England then, William Pitt; and when the king put the management of the war into his hands everything was quickly changed for the better. His plan was to drive the French quite out of the north of America and make Canada an English colony.

Troops were despatched to several different places to take the forts which the French had built, and a talented and brave young general, named Wolfe, was sent against Canada with orders to take Quebec, the capital city. This was by no means an easy enterprise, for Quebec was well fortified and very strongly situated on a steep rock overhanging the river St. Lawrence. The French had also erected fortifications and stationed troops at every point where the English could land; and their commander, General Montcalm, lay encamped near the city with ten thousand men to guard it. Wolfe's force was not so numerous, but his men were ready to follow him anywhere. He found a little cove under the rocks, where it seemed less hard to effect a landing than at the other points, embarked his men at midnight, and silently, under the cover of the darkness, approached within two miles of the city. They landed unseen, clambered quickly up the rocks, and stormed the battery which guarded them; and at daylight the men of Quebec saw with astonishment a British army ranged in order of battle before their entrenchments.

The battle which took place that day (September 13th, 1759) won for England a noble territory, three times the size of Great Britain; but it cost the lives of both the commanders. Soon after going into action Wolfe received two severe wounds, but he suppressed all signs of pain and continued at the head of his troops, till a third shot struck him in the breast and brought him to the ground. He was carried to the rear, where he lay faint and bleeding, supported in the arms of a soldier. Just before he breathed his last he heard a cry, "They run! they run!" "Who run?" asked the dying general. "The French," said a wounded man near him; "they are giving way in all directions." Wolfe roused all his remaining strength, sent a message to the officer who was commanding in his stead, giving him clear directions how to secure the full benefit of the victory; and then, knowing that he had fulfilled all his charge, "God be praised," said he; "I die happy." With these words he expired. Quebec was at once given up to the English, and all Canada soon followed it; Cape Breton they had taken already.

Two or three years afterward, the French ceded their colony of Louisiana to the Spaniards, and never again established themselves in any part of North America.

CHAPTER LXXIII

Clive and the Sepoys — The Mogul Empire — English and French Settlements in India—The Black Hole—Battle of Plassy, 23d of June, 1757

In India the English had won great power and dominion during the last few years, and their suc-

cess was chiefly owing to the astonishing genius of a young man named Robert Clive. Clive had never been trained for a soldier; he was brought up to keep accounts, and went out very young to Madras as a writer in the service of the East India Company. But when he saw his countrymen in great danger, from the animosity of the native princes and the ill-will of the French colonists in India, he quitted the pen for the sword.

The story of his exploits is like a romance, for he never feared with a hundred men to encounter thousands, and he was never beaten. More than half of his soldiers were always Sepoys—that is, Indians armed and disciplined in the European fashion; but the Sepoys loved him as much as his own countrymen did. They showed this once in a beautiful manner. Clive was shut up in a town with three hundred men and besieged by ten thousand. There was no food left in the town except a little rice; Clive was obliged to hoard this up carefully, and give only a very little to each man for his daily portion. But the Sepoys came to him and begged that he would take all their share for himself and his European soldiers; they said they did not want so much food as Europeans, and the water which was strained from the rice when it was boiled would do very well for them. Of course Clive did not accept this generous offer; and happily none of them had to endure hunger long, for every attempt of the besiegers to storm the walls was repulsed with such desperate valor, and cost them so many lives, that they lost heart and went away suddenly in the night, leaving all their guns behind them.

It is necessary to know a little of the history of India, or it will not be possible to understand anything about the wars which ended in giving England the rule over that vast territory.

When Henry the Eighth was King of England, a brave Mahometan prince, named Baber, came from Tartary, conquered a large portion of Hindostan, and founded what is called the Mogul Empire. His grandson, the great Emperor Akbar, extended his kingdom yet further, and by his prudent government made the empire exceedingly rich and powerful.

Akbar's great-grandson Aurungzebe ruled Hindostan from 1659 to 1707, and the splendor of his court was famous all over Europe and Asia; but when he died the power and glory of the Mogul Empire died with him. His descendants still bore the name of the Great Mogul, but they were emperors only in name.

Each province of their empire was large enough to form a kingdom, and the governors whom they set over the provinces and who were called by various titles—Nabobs, Soubahdars, etc.—made themselves kings, and paid no obedience to the Great Mogul unless it suited them to do so. Some provinces fell under the power of the Mahrattas and other warlike tribes who inhabited the mountainous countries in the west of Hindostan. But every part of India was distracted by the quarrels of its princes, whether they were nabobs or chiefs of the mountain tribes; one ruler was perpetually trying to put himself in the place of another.

For a long while the English who were in India took no part in these quarrels. We have seen that

the merchants of England first formed a company for trading to the East Indies in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In those days the emperors of Hindostan were great and powerful. They permitted the English traders to establish themselves by degrees at several places on the coast, and to build towns and forts for their protection. One of the chief English settlements was at Madras, in the province called the Carnatic.

The French had also formed settlements in India; their chief town, Pondicherry, was about eighty-five miles from Madras. During the first war between England and France in the reign of George the Second, the Frenchmen of Pondicherry seized on Madras. They were obliged to give it back when France and England made peace in 1748, but the French and English settlers in India never became friendly again. They could not openly make war on one another while England and France were at peace, but they mixed themselves up in the quarrels of the native princes, and made war in that way.

Two princes were contending which of them should be Nabob of the Carnatic; the French took part with one, the English with the other, and the prince whom the French favored gained the victory.

He rewarded his allies by making them masters over a very large territory, and they resolved that they would keep the English settlers down now, or perhaps drive them away from India altogether. It was at this time that Clive began to display his wonderful powers; and he soon made his countrymen at Madras feel that they need not fear their French neighbors. But the exploit for which Clive is most

renowned took place in another part of India, in the province of Bengal.

In 1756 the Nabob of Bengal was a young man named Surajah Dowlah; he was excessively cruel and in all respects a bad, foolish prince. The chief settlement of the English in his dominions was at Calcutta, and he thought he should gain great riches by plundering it. There was no Clive there; the people were mostly merchants, occupied quietly in their trade, and the governor of the settlement and the commander of the few soldiers who garrisoned the fort were both utter cowards. They were so frightened when they heard the nabob was coming to besiege the town that they never even tried to defend it; they jumped into a boat and took refuge in the nearest ship, leaving the unfortunate settlers to defend themselves as they could.

At the end of two days Calcutta was taken, and one hundred and forty-six Europeans fell alive into the hands of Surajah Dowlah. He promised to spare their lives and then retired for the night, bidding his guards keep them safely. They obeyed the injunction by thrusting them all into a small prison chamber called the Black Hole.

The room would have been too close even for one prisoner, for it was the hottest season of the year, when the air is like the breath of a furnace; and although there were two little windows, they were closely barred. When the English were bidden to enter they thought the guards must be joking with them, but they soon found out their mistake. They were driven in at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly closed on them. The night that

followed has never been forgotten. Struggling in the agony of suffocation, the prisoners cried for mercy, they strove to burst the door, they offered large bribes to the jailers; but all was in vain. They were told that the nabob was asleep, that nothing could be done without his orders, and that he would be angry if any one awoke him. Then the captives went mad with despair; they trampled one another down, fought for the places next the windows, entreated the guards to fire among them and put an end to their misery at once. And the guards looked through the bars and laughed at their frantic struggles. At length the tumult died away in low moanings. The morning came; the nabob awoke and permitted the door to be opened. Twenty-three ghastly figures, one of them a woman, all so changed that their own mothers would not have known them, staggered feebly amid heaps of corpses. One hundred and twenty-three of the prisoners had died during that dreadful night, and the burning heat was already turning their bodies to corruption.

When the terrible story of the Black Hole reached Madras, the whole settlement cried aloud for vengeance. Between two and three thousand men were collected as soon as possible, and embarked for Bengal under the command of Clive. The nabob, who had more than twenty times as many soldiers, with abundance of artillery and all the munitions of war, besides immense treasures of money, had never supposed that the English would dare to invade his territory. He was confounded at the boldness of Clive, and still more at his success; for the English general quickly regained Calcutta, and when he found that

the nabob was looking for assistance to the French, he marched against the settlement which they had founded in Bengal and took that.

Surajah now thought it would perhaps be easier to destroy the daring Englishman by treachery than by open force. So he made a great show of respect, professed his sorrow for all that had happened at Calcutta, and declared that he would henceforward be the ally of the English. But in the mean time he was sending messengers with rich gifts to the French commander in the Carnatic, entreating him to hasten to Bengal and destroy Clive.

When Clive found out that he had to do with a man who could never be trusted to speak the truth, he too stooped to deception. He pretended to believe Surajah's words, but he secretly promised one of his ministers that he would make him nabob in his master's stead, and he only waited for a favorable opportunity of fulfilling his promise.

The day soon came. It was just twelve months after the miserable catastrophe of the Black Hole when Clive set forward for Plassy, where the nabob lay encamped. The English general had increased his force to the number of three thousand, and he had ten small guns. On the 23d of June, 1757, he came in sight of Surajah's army. It made a splendid show; horse and foot, fifty-eight thousand in number, covered all the plain. A few French auxiliaries were there also, and fifty great guns, each drawn by a long team of white oxen and pushed on from behind by an elephant. But this formidable-looking host had no confidence in their leader and no love for him, while Clive's little band believed their com-

mander to be invincible. Their first eager onset threw the army of the nabob into such confusion that it never rallied again; in one hour all the host were scattered. The guns, the oxen, the elephants —everything belonging to the nabob's troops became the prize of the victors.

That one battle made the English the real masters of Bengal, for the new nabob whom Clive placed on the throne looked on them as his lords. He thought he could not do enough to show his gratitude to Clive, so he took him into the treasure-house, where the princes of Bengal had heaped up gold and silver and precious stones for many generations, and bade him help himself. Clive took gold to the value of between two and three hundred thousand pounds; an immense sum, but it looked very little indeed in the midst of the heaps of gold which filled the treasure-chambers.

CHAPTER LXXIV

Victories at Sea — Anson — Death of George II, October, 1760—General Corruption of Morals—The Methodists—The Change of Style—Canals first constructed in England—Travelling in those Days

We must not leave the reign of George the Second without saying something of its naval exploits. It would take too much space to relate the many actions at sea in which the British flag was victorious, but one must be mentioned, because it was looked upon both by friends and foes as an instance of extraordinary daring.

In November, 1759, the French fleet had just left

the harbor of Brest, when it was overtaken by an English squadron under command of Admiral Hawke. The night was closing in black and stormy, and the French fleet endeavored to escape the encounter by running close under the shore, which is there exceedingly rocky and dangerous. Hawke could not be deterred from pursuing them, although his pilot warned him that he was running a terrible risk of shipwreck; and in spite of the rocks, the storm, and the darkness, he gained a complete victory. Six of the enemy's ships were taken or destroyed; the rest fled into the rivers, where the English fleet could not follow them. But of all the brave seamen of this reign, Anson has left the most famous name behind him, owing to his voyage round the world. He and his crew met with innumerable dangers and endured much hardship and misery; but after nearly four years' absence he returned at last in triumph, bringing with him a great Spanish treasure-ship which he had captured, and which contained such a quantity of money that thirty-two wagons were needed to convey it from Portsmouth to London.

On the 25th of October, 1760, George the Second, now seventy-six years of age, rose in his usual health, but an hour afterward he fell to the ground and expired almost immediately. He had reigned more than thirty-three years. His wife, Queen Caroline, had died twenty-three years before. His eldest son also, Frederic, Prince of Wales, had been dead some time. Prince Frederic had been on very unfriendly terms with his father, and his death was not much regretted by any one. His eldest living son

now succeeded to the throne by the title of George the Third.

The people of England had not improved in morals during the reigns of George the First and Second, nor did those kings set a good example to their subjects. The ministers of state bribed men to vote for them and support their government, by giving them the public money; and members of Parliament were not ashamed to be bribed. Pitt had no hand in these shameful doings; he could neither be bribed himself nor would he bribe other men; but there were few men in power who resembled Pitt. Among the clergy there were not many men who took much pains to instruct the people. The consequence of all this was that the nation had gone back, instead of advancing in piety and virtue.

A few young clergymen of Oxford, whose companions called them *Methodists*, because of their strict and devout life, were deeply grieved at the ignorance and vice which prevailed among the people. They went forth and preached in the churches, the streets, the barns, wherever they could find hearers; and their labors were wonderfully successful. John Wesley is the most noted of these earnest men. He endeavored at first to keep the multitude of his converts in close union with the English church, but afterward separated from it; and the sect which bears his name is now the most numerous body of Dissenters in England.

During the reign of George the Second a change took place in the way of reckoning the year. It is generally called the Change of Style, the old way of reckoning being called the Old Style and the new

way the New Style. For a great many hundred years it was reckoned that the year contained exactly 365 days, 6 hours. But astronomers found out that this was eleven minutes too much; and, in the year 1752, the eleven minutes too much which had been given to this great number of years amounted to eleven days. In several countries of Europe the error had been corrected long before, but not in England; so the same day which Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians called the 13th of September, Englishmen called the 2d. It was now settled by Parliament that the English reckoning should be made right by leaving out eleven days; so in the year 1752 the day after the 2d of September was called the 14th, which it really was. A great many people, however, did not understand this, and they conceived a strange notion that eleven days of life had been taken from them by an act of Parliament, and ran after the ministers calling out angrily, "Give us back our eleven days!" Another change was made at this time: the year had been reckoned to begin on the 25th of March, but now it was settled that the 1st of January should be New Year's day.

It was in the reign of George the Second that Englishmen first began to construct canals. We who live in these days of good roads and canals and railways can hardly picture to ourselves what it was to travel in England a hundred years ago. For a coach to go fifty miles in one day was thought very good travelling indeed, and there were very few roads on which it was possible to make so much speed. Most of the highways consisted of a narrow paved causeway in the middle, with a breadth of soft mire at

each side. The cross-roads had not even a causeway, and were so full of holes and quagmires as to be impassable either for man or beast during many weeks of the winter. Where there was a navigable river goods were conveyed by water; elsewhere, by slow, heavy wagons, and still more frequently by pack-horses, which travelled in long strings, forty or fifty in a file.

A little canal was begun in Lancashire in 1755, but the first great work of this kind was the Bridgewater Canal, begun in 1759. It was constucted by Brindley, the wisest engineer of his time, at the desire of the Duke of Bridgewater; and it runs from Manchester to Worsley, a distance of seven miles. The tunnels by which the canal was conveyed underground and the aqueduct which carried it over the river Irwell caused great astonishment and admiration; for such works were new in England. But these served as models for many others. The Bridgewater Canal was so very useful that within forty years fifty more canals were constructed in England and Wales.

CHAPTER LXXV

George III, 1760—End of the Seven Years' War—Attempt to Tax the American Colonies followed by War—The Colonies declare themselves Independent in 1776, and are given up by England at the Peace of 1783—Defence of Gibraltar, 1779

(From 1760 to 1783)

GEORGE THE THIRD was twenty-two years old when he became king. At the time of his accession, England seemed to have reached the height of honor and

prosperity; for the British arms had been successful in every quarter of the world, and the young king succeeded to a much larger empire than any of his predecessors. He was welcomed with the most affectionate loyalty by the people, who rejoiced that they had at last a sovereign who was their own countryman. All his tastes and habits were English; he loved the country with all his heart, and made it his boast that he had been born a Briton. England has had monarchs of greater ability, but never one who was more truly a good man than George the Third. His chief failing was a too inflexible will. When he had formed a resolution it was hardly possible to induce him to alter it; and as he did not always resolve upon the wisest possible measures, this too obstinate determination proved on some occasions very unfortunate.

When he became king England was at war with France, and France was soon joined by Spain; but the English arms were victorious over both. Pitt was no longer at the head of the government, and his successors made peace in 1763, by giving up for nothing some of the most valuable acquisitions which England had made during the war.

The contest which was ended by this unworthy peace is generally called the Seven Years' War. It had been an expensive war, and the king and some of his ministers thought it would be a great help to impose some taxes on the English colonies in America. Instead of a help, this proved to be one of the most injurious schemes ever devised. The thirteen American provinces were not all governed in the same way; some chose their own governor, others had a

governor appointed by the king. But they all enjoyed a great deal of freedom, and in proportion as they became more powerful and populous they wished the authority to be more entirely in their own hands. Yet the colonists loved the land of their forefathers, and in most American families England was still spoken of as "home."

Until this time the authority of the English government had not pressed heavily on the colonies, and they were particularly valuable to the mother country on account of the great trade which was carried on with America, and the quantity of British manufactures which the colonists consumed.

The first tax was attempted to be imposed in the year 1765; it was a duty on stamps which the law required to be affixed to all law-deeds. But the colonists thought the English Parliament had no right to tax them, since they sent no members to it; and they were so indignant that the government gave way.

About two years afterward, however, Parliament passed another act which was quite as offensive to the colonists. It imposed a duty on all tea, glass, paper, etc., imported into the American provinces. When the first cargo of tea on which duty was demanded arrived in Boston harbor, a party of forty or fifty young men, disguised like American Indians, went on board the ships and threw all the tea into the sea. This was done very quietly, and it seemed but a little thing; but it was the beginning of a long contest between the colonies and the mother country which ended in their separation.

All the provinces united to resist by force what they considered the tyranny of England, and the

king and the people of England were equally determined to make them submit. But Pitt and some other wise statesmen thought that England was treating her colonies very unjustly. The first skirmish in this unhappy war took place at Lexington, in April, 1775, and two months afterward there followed the battle of Bunker's Hill.

The war was very badly conducted on the part of England. On the side of the Americans there was more wisdom; and they had, in particular, one great and good man whom all looked up to as a leader—George Washington. The best men among the colonists hoped that the contest might be quickly ended by the British government consenting to do them full justice; but when they found that England was resolved to force them into submission, the thirteen provinces joined to declare themselves free states, independent of Great Britain. This was the beginning of the republic of the United States, July 4th, 1776.

In the following year the British army under General Burgoyne was quite hemmed in by the American forces and obliged to capitulate. France now acknowledged the American republic as an independent state, and made an alliance with it; so that England had to make war against France as well as against the colonies. In Parliament there were many men who thought it would be better to end the war at once, by ceasing to regard the Americans as rebels and acknowledging their independence; but others thought it would be shameful to consent that England should lose so large a portion of her empire.

Pitt, now become Lord Chatham, was one of these.

He thought the British government ought to have treated the colonies very differently, but he did not think they ought to give them up. He was very ill and feeble when he entered the House of Lords for the last time, supported in the arms of his sons. He stood up to speak against the proposed separation. "I thank God," said he, "that the grave has not yet closed upon me—that I am yet alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy." He was asked to point out by what means the separation could be avoided, and rose once more to reply to this question; but before he could utter a word he pressed his hand to his breast and fell down in a fit. It was the stroke of death. He survived but a few weeks longer, and was interred, amid the regrets of the nation, with all the honors which England bestows on the men who serve her best.

The war continued nearly five years longer, and America was joined by Spain and by Holland, as well as by France. The English arms obtained several victories by sea, but the most famous exploit of those years was the defence of Gibraltar. Gibraltar had been taken by the English in the year 1704. The Spaniards had in vain tried to recover it; but now they thought there was an excellent opportunity of doing so with the help of France. So in the summer of 1779 they blockaded Gibraltar by land and sea, and continued the siege during several years. Governor Elliott and the garrison maintained the defence with the utmost resolution; but in the fourth year of the siege the assailants thought themselves sure of success. A French engineer contrived huge

floating batteries of such strength that it was thought the British guns could not destroy them; they were mounted with 142 pieces of artillery, and by the 13th of September, 1782, everything was ready for a last tremendous assault.

Governor Elliott was aware of the vast preparations the besiegers had been making, and he had devised a sure method of frustrating them. He ordered that red-hot balls should be fired from the guns of the fort. This had been done during many hours, and yet no impression seemed to be made on the batteries, for they were covered with raw hides, which would not take fire; but just as night was closing in, one of the batteries was seen to be on fire; several red-hot balls had lodged in its sides and could not be extinguished. And now there was a very terrible and yet beautiful sight. The great volume of flame which rose into the air lit up the ships, the rock, and the fortress, so that the British gunners could see plainly to take aim at midnight. Ship after ship, battery after battery, caught fire, and the sea and sky, far and near, were reddened with the blaze. The men who manned the burning vessels threw themselves into the sea, choosing drowning as the easier death; but their lamentable cries reached the ears of the garrison, and as soon as the victory was made sure they put out boats and strained every nerve to rescue the unfortunate men. In this way the lives of several hundred Frenchmen and Spaniards were preserved.

In America the British commanders acted so imprudently that, at last, all their troops became prisoners to the French and Americans. England was now convinced that peace must be made; and in 1783

treaties were concluded between Great Britain and France, Spain, Holland, and the United States of America. Canada, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and all the territory north of them remained to England; the rest was lost. The king was grieved to lose so valuable a portion of his empire, but he said, "I was the last man in my dominions to consent to the independence of the colonies, and I will be the last man to do anything to injure it."

CHAPTER LXXVI

Domestic Habits and Character of George III—His Illness, and the Joy of the People at his Recovery—Improvements in Machinery and Manufactures — Use of the Steam-engine—Increase of London and other Towns—Voyages of Discovery; Captain Cook—John Howard—Wilberforce and Clarkson—War in India

(From 1783 to 1793)

AFTER the conclusion of the peace with America, England enjoyed ten years' quietness. William Pitt, a son of the great Earl of Chatham and the inheritor of his father's noble qualities as well as of his name, became the principal minister of state. The year after George the Third came to the throne, he had married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. He lived, as far as it was possible, in retirement, surrounded by his children; and the palace presented a scene of domestic virtue and happiness such as had not for a long while been witnessed at the court.

In public the king behaved with great dignity, but in his hours of retirement he delighted to go about plainly dressed and conversing familiarly with

every one he met; and there was a hearty, homely good-nature in his character which made the people give him the name of "Farmer George." He was honored, nevertheless, as much as he was loved, and well deserved to be so. Innumerable anecdotes are related of his pious and benevolent conduct, but none more pleasing than that of his meeting with a poor ragged child one day when he was out hunting and had become separated from his attendants. The little girl, not knowing to whom she was speaking, begged him to come to her mother, who was very sick indeed. The king followed her to a wretched hovel, where he found a poor woman dying; and when his attendants, who had been in search of him, came up to the hut, they found him kneeling by the poor sufferer and reading the Bible to her.

In the year 1788 the king was attacked with a serious illness, and his mind was so much affected that it was feared he would never regain his reason. But at the end of a few months he recovered, and the joy of the nation was so great that the king said it was worth while to have been ill that he might see the affectionate pleasure with which the people greeted his recovery.

During these years of peace great improvements were made in the manufactures of the country. Just before the American war, some ingenious men, of whom Arkwright is the most noted, had invented machines for spinning cotton far more quickly than it could be done by hand. Next came the invention of machinery for weaving, and some years afterward the use of the steam-engine to move all these and a thousand other machines.

James Watt, who perfected the steam-engine and first made engines fit for all kinds of machinery, began his useful labors about the year 1770. All these inventions proved of the greatest service; they enabled the manufacturers of Great Britain to work in cotton, wool, iron, etc., much better and much more quickly and cheaply than before, so that they exported vast quantities of goods to foreign countries. This increase of trade brought great wealth to the nation, and enabled it to bear the burden of the long and terrible war in which Great Britain and all Europe were soon to be involved.

At the same time that these inventions and improvements were being made at home, Englishmen were busily engaged in exploring unknown lands and seas. The king took great interest in these expeditions of discovery, and especially in the labors of Captain Cook, who made his three famous voyages between 1768 and 1779. Other voyagers were exploring the northernmost parts of America, and twenty thousand pounds were promised by act of Parliament to any one who should find a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

There was a traveller of a different kind who must not be forgotten even in this little history—John Howard, who went about to find out the miseries of the most guilty and wretched of his fellow-men, that he might relieve them. Being High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, his attention was drawn to the miserable condition of the prisoners in the county jail. This led him to search into the state of other prisons, and he found them all alike—damp, filthy, unaired, and unwarmed.

He could not be happy till he had tried to get this great evil remedied; and when he had done all that he could for the prisons in England he travelled into Italy, France, Germany, Russia, and Turkey. Everywhere he examined into the state of the prisons, and pleaded with the rulers of those countries that they would put a stop to the needless misery, and even cruelty, to which the prisoners were subjected. He died at Cherson, in South Russia, in January, 1790, far away from his own home and friends, but so much honored by the natives of that country that three thousand persons of all ranks followed him to the grave.

At the same time that Howard was pursuing his benevolent labors, other good men, and in particular Clarkson and Wilberforce, were taking pity on the negroes, and endeavoring to get the dreadful slave-trade between Africa and the West Indies abolished. Until this time English people had not thought much about the slaves, and they knew hardly anything of the sufferings they endured during their passage to the West Indies. Wilberforce and his friends were obliged to labor hard for years before Englishmen generally could be made to understand the extreme misery to which the negroes were exposed.

In India, which was the only part of the British possessions where any war was going on, the English had found some determined enemies. Hyder Ali, who had raised himself from a soldier to be King of Mysore, and his son Tippoo Saib, were the most formidable. They hated the English, had numerous armies, and were assisted, like several other native princes, by French officers, who trained their sol-

diers and taught them how to manage artillery. Warren Hastings, the most celebrated governor whom England has ever sent to India, broke the power of Hyder; and some years afterward Tippoo Saib came to his end, being killed at the storming of his capital city, Seringapatam. But this was not till 1799, and by that time England had to deal with far more powerful enemies nearer home.

CHAPTER LXXVII

The French Revolution—Napoleon Bonaparte—Arthur Wellesley—The Battle of Assaye
(From 1789 to 1803)

WHILE England was enjoying peace and prosperity, a terrible storm had been gathering over the kingdom of France. During a long time the kings of France had governed with absolute power; and for hundreds of years the middle and lower classes of the people had submitted to laws which in England would have been thought intolerably unjust. No man who was not of noble birth could rise to high office in the state, the church, or the army. The nobles and the clergy possessed two-thirds of all the land in France, yet they did not pay taxes like the rest of the people. The farmers and peasantry were subjected to innumerable exactions, and it was no common thing for the poor to be almost in a state of famine.

For a long time all this was endured with wonderful patience; but during the last fifty or sixty years the evils which afflicted the country had become far worse than before. The last King of France, Louis the Fifteenth, had been one of the worst men that

ever sat on a throne; the story of his wickedness and of his frightful death is one of the most terrible in history. He was surrounded by men like himself; and some even of the clergy whom he raised to the highest stations in the church were men of shameless character.

Crowds of noblemen and courtiers, who would not do the least thing to earn a living for themselves, hung about the palace, receiving pensions from the king and living in the most extravagant manner at the public expense. The people, ground down with taxes to pay for all this vice and luxury, became at last almost mad with misery and anger at the injustice done to them.

While France was in this state, Louis the Fifteenth died, and his grandson, Louis the Sixteenth, came to the throne. He was an amiable man, who heartily desired to be a just ruler and to make his subjects happy; but he had no wisdom or strength of mind to fit him for governing in such difficult times.

It was soon after he became king that France began to help the American republicans; and when the Frenchmen who had been in America came back and told their countrymen how in that land every man who was able to render great services to his country might rise to the highest offices, they became more and more discontented that this was not the case in France. Besides this, a great deal of money was needed to pay for the expenses of this war and the Seven Years' War; and it was hard to find money now, for the luxury and extravagance of the former reign had wasted the riches of the kingdom.

It was resolved at last that the States General should be called together, to try to set the affairs of the nation in order. This was an assembly like the English Parliament, consisting of deputies from the nobility, the clergy, and the middle class of the people; but the deputies of the third class soon overpowered those of the other two, and the assembly was no longer called States General, but National Assembly. It proceeded to abolish all the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and took away almost all power from the king. But while the National Assembly was making laws, wicked men were stirring up the lower orders of the people to commit horrible murders and outrages. The king and his family had more than once a very narrow escape for their lives. Most of the priests and men of noble birth who were able to get away fled from the kingdom, and at last the most violent and wicked men in France took the government into their own hands, murdered the king and queen, declared France a republic, and put to death thousands of persons of all ranks and ages for no crime but that they were of noble birth, or that they had loved the king, or, very often, because they were too virtuous to approve of the crimes which were daily committed.

The new rulers of the French abolished public worship, and declared that there was no God; the observance of Sunday was forbidden, and every tenth day was appointed to be kept as a holiday instead.

England and all Europe looked on with amazement and horror while these events were proceeding. Yet there were some men in the English Parlia-

ment, and especially the famous Charles James Fox, who made excuses for the crimes which had been committed by the French revolutionists, because the French nation had suffered so much oppression and misery before the Revolution. But very few Englishmen agreed with them, particularly when it was found that bad men in their own country were trying to stir up the people to rebel, with the assurance of help from France.

As for the French, they declared themselves ready to fight all the kings in Europe. The Prussians and some of the German states had already, in 1792, invaded the north-eastern frontier of France; but the invasion only served to exasperate the Republicans, and even the Frenchmen who did not much care whether their country was a republic or a kingdom were indignant at the thought of its being invaded by foreigners. The young men of every village volunteered to become soldiers, and all France was turned into a camp. Some of these men, when the opportunity came, showed that they possessed the genius of a general to command, as well as the bravery of a soldier in the fight; but the man who was soon to show himself able, above all others, to rule both the army and the state, was a young officer, a native of Corsica, named Napoleon Bonaparte.

In the same year, 1769, in which this mighty conqueror was born in Corsica, Ireland gave birth to the great man who was to arrest his progress and overcome him at last—Arthur Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington. He first distinguished himself in India, where his brother, Lord Wellesley, was for some years governor-general. It was soon observed

that the regiment commanded by Colonel Arthur Wellesley was a model for all the others, the men were so well taught and trained. He looked carefully to their comfort; but he would not permit them to commit the least outrage, or to take anything from the natives without paying for it.

One of his Indian victories surpasses anything that is related of Clive. Of all the mountain races who had conquered kingdoms for themselves out of the great Mogul empire, the Mahrattas were the fiercest; and about the beginning of the present century they became very formidable adversaries to the English in India. In September, 1803, a Mahratta army, amounting to fifty thousand men, assembled at Assaye; they had with them one hundred and twenty guns, worked by European artillerymen. To oppose this force, General Wellesley had between four and five thousand men and seventeen guns, not one of which could be brought into action, because the tremendous cannonade of the Mahrattas disabled at the very outset the animals which were drawing them. From the same cause, one-third of the British troops were soon stretched on the field; but with the handful of men that remained Wellesley entirely routed the Mahratta army, and took ninety-eight of their guns.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

War with France—Unsuccessful Expeditions to Holland—Naval Conquests and Victories—Admiral Nelson—The Irish Rebellion, 1798—The French in Egypt—Victory of Aboukir Bay, August, 1798 — Bonaparte Quits Egypt, August, 1799—The French Army in Egypt Capitulates, 1801—Bonaparte Raises himself to Supreme Power in France—His Animosity to the English

(From 1793 to 1803)

In 1793 Great Britain and most of the European states had joined in a league to resist France. The war continued without cessation for nine years; but Britain was soon deserted by the states that had been her allies when it began.

In Holland many of the people sided with the French, and drove out their Stadtholder, the Prince of Orange. England endeavored to restore him, and twice sent expeditions for that purpose; but neither expedition was successful, and the British troops suffered extremely from sickness and the want of necessary comforts. Indeed, Holland seemed to be a fatal country to Englishmen; for, several years afterward, when a third attempt was made to overthrow the French dominion there, and a noble army of forty thousand men left the shores of England, the greater number of them were speedily laid low by the marsh-ague, and but a sickly feeble remnant returned to their homes.

At sea England was triumphant; the valuable Dutch colonies of Ceylon, the Spice Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope were taken, and the French lost their West Indian sugar islands. But during the war in the West Indies thousands upon thousands of Brit-

ish soldiers perished by the yellow fever, which raged for three years like a plague. In 1794 Lord Howe had obtained a great victory over the French fleet off Brest; and in 1797, at Cape St. Vincent, Sir John Jervis defeated the Spaniards, who had nearly twice as many ships and guns as himself. This victory was chiefly owing to the heroic conduct of Nelson, who was soon to become the most celebrated of English seamen. The defeat of the Spaniards at Cape St. Vincent was followed in a few months by that of the Dutch fleet, which was entirely beaten by Admiral Duncan, at Camperdown.

But these triumphs at sea were followed by a serious trouble near home. In 1798 a multitude of the Irish people, encouraged by promises of assistance from France, broke out into rebellion and began to commit frightful excesses. Many persons were murdered, and a great deal of mischief was done by the rebels before they could be put down by the king's troops. Their hopes of aid from France were disappointed. A fleet had been despatched to them, laden with warlike stores and having on board a number of French officers, who were to teach the rebels how to resist regular soldiers; but Admiral Duncan had taken nine of the ships and chased the others into port, so that no aid arrived until the rebellion was already subdued. Then, indeed, a small body of French soldiers landed at Killala, but it was too late for them to do any mischief, and at the end of a fortnight they surrendered themselves prisoners.

While the Irish rebellion was in progress, Bonaparte had embarked with a large army for the East. He had formed plans for establishing the French do-

minion in Egypt and overthrowing the British power in India. When Admiral Nelson heard in what direction Bonaparte had sailed, he guessed that some mischief was intended against the British empire in the East, and hastened in pursuit of the French fleet. On the 1st of August, 1798, he came in sight of it at Aboukir Bay, and prepared immediately for battle. The French were superior in the number of ships, men, and guns, but that was a consideration which never troubled Nelson. The action lasted through the night. In the midst of the fight, when all was darkness save for the flashes of the guns, the flag-ship of the French admiral took fire. Nelson, who had been wounded just before, got upon deck again to order out boats and do everything he could to save the men on board the burning vessel; but the flames soon reached the powder—there was a terrible crash, louder than all the roaring of the artillery, and in a moment all was over—the noble ship was blown into a thousand pieces. When morning dawned, the English found themselves in possession of almost all the French fleet, and the few vessels which remained untaken fled in all haste.

Another English sailor, Sir Sydney Smith, drove Bonaparte back from Syria by throwing himself into the citadel of Acre with a few seamen, and holding out against the assaults of the French till they had exhausted all their stores and ammunition and were obliged to retreat to Egypt. There Bonaparte suddenly left his army and went back to France. The troops he left behind him were afterward defeated by a force sent from England, and laid down their arms. This was the end of the attempts made

by France to destroy the empire of the British in India.

Bonaparte had left Egypt because he heard that the French people were tired of the rulers they had chosen for themselves, and he thought the time was come when he could raise himself to the supreme power. At first he only took the title of First Consul; but he had in fact all the power of the most absolute king, and at the end of a few years he caused himself to be crowned emperor with great pomp.

He put an end to many of the evils which had afflicted France during the Revolution, and founded useful institutions for the advancement of education, manufactures, and trade. But these good works were not of so much service as they might have been, because Bonaparte was always at war. For a few months, indeed, there was peace, and the people of England, who had been nine years at war, rejoiced greatly when a treaty was signed at Amiens, in March, 1802; and they hoped that Europe would be in quietness for a long while to come.

But Bonaparte did not wish for anything more than a short cessation of arms; so he presently refused to perform his part of the treaty, and then charged the English with breaking their engagements. He had set his heart on being master of all Europe at the least, and he hated the English nation because they would never give way to him.

CHAPTER LXXIX

Bonaparte Threatens to Invade England—Battle of Trafalgar, and Death of Nelson, October 21st, 1805—Death of Pitt, January, 1806, and of Fox, September, 1806

(From 1803 to 1806)

In May, 1803, war was declared again. Bonaparte had already conquered Italy and Prussia. Russia, Austria, and all the German princes were so beaten by him that they were forced to submit to his will. Their soldiers were not wanting in bravery, but they had no commanders with genius like Bonaparte's to lead them.

For two years Bonaparte threatened to invade England. More than twelve months were consumed in the vast preparations he made for this enterprise, and every port in France and the Netherlands which looks toward the shores of Great Britain resounded with the labors of his artisans. A large flotilla of gunboats, armed with four hundred pieces of artillery, and an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, were assembled at Boulogne. But neither the old king nor the people of England ever gave way to fear.

Men of all ranks and professions came forward in crowds, and volunteered to act as soldiers for the defence of their native land. In a short time more than three hundred and forty thousand men had been provided with arms, and were devoting all their leisure hours to the practice of military exercises. Fortified camps were formed at Chatham, Dover, and Chelmsford, and bodies of troops were stationed at several places in the southern and eastern counties.

After all Bonaparte's mighty preparations, he was never able to embark any part of his army, for the harbor of Boulogne was incessantly watched by British ships; and after a long period of anxious expectation the people of England heard that the troops which were to have invaded their shores had been marched into Germany.

In October, 1805, Nelson fought his last and greatest battle against the fleets of France and Spain. In the hope of bringing the French admiral to battle, Nelson had chased his fleet through the Mediterranean to the Nile, from the Nile to the West Indies, and from the West Indies back to the coast of Spain, and he rejoiced greatly when at last he beheld his foes before him. They outnumbered him both in ships and guns, but he felt sure that he should win the day and also that he should die; and so it was. When he had ordered his ships, "Now," said he, "I can do no more; we must trust to the great Disposer of all events and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." And he gave these words as the signal for action—"England expects every man to do his duty." At that signal all the crews raised a shout of joy. In the midst of the fight, while Nelson's own ship was engaged with three others, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the rigging of one of them, and survived but an hour or two in great suffering. But he lived long enough to know that the desire of his heart was accomplished; his men had done their duty, and the naval power of the enemy was so entirely broken that during all the remainder of the war there were no more battles at sea to fight.

This famous action is called the battle of Trafalgar; it was fought on the 21st of October, 1805. But all the glory and the benefits of the victory could not reconcile Englishmen to the death of Nelson. The whole nation mourned for him, and he was interred with the utmost honor in St. Paul's Cathedral.

His solemn funeral was quickly followed by another occasion of national mourning. A few months after the victory of Trafalgar Pitt died, worn out in the prime of his years by labor and anxiety for the welfare of his country. He had never taken thought for his own interest; all his cares were for England. He, too, was interred with the utmost solemnity in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his great father; and ere the year expired his famous rival and successor, Fox, was borne to the same illustrious place of sepulture.

CHAPTER LXXX

The Peninsular War—Battle of Corunna, and Death of Sir John Moore, January 16th, 1809—Victory of Salamanca, July 22d, 1812—Wellington enters Madrid—Victory of Vittoria, June 21st, 1813—Wellington enters France, October 7th, 1813—Victory of Toulouse, and end of the Peninsular War, April 10th, 1814—Bonaparte's Russian Campaign, 1812—He Abdicates the Empire of France, April, 1814

(From 1806 to 1814)

FROM 1808 to 1814, England was engaged in a war which is commonly called the Peninsular War, because it was fought in Spain and Portugal, the countries which form the chief peninsula of Europe.

Bonaparte had taken possession of Spain and Portugal by an act of treachery. The King of Spain,

who was a weak, unprincipled man, readily consented when Bonaparte proposed to him that they should seize Portugal and divide it between them. The Portuguese royal family, unable to resist the force brought against them, sailed away to their South American possessions in Brazil. Three months afterward, Bonaparte invited the King of Spain and his son to visit him at Bayonne; and when they arrived he told them they were his prisoners, and obliged them to sign a paper by which they gave up their rights to him.

He immediately proclaimed his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain. But the people of Spain and Portugal did not choose to be given away to foreigners, and they entreated England to help them to drive out the French armies and the new king who had been set over them against their will.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had now returned from India, was sent to Portugal with ten thousand men, and obliged the French troops to quit that country. Another general, Sir John Moore, a brave, good man, greatly loved by his soldiers, was sent to Spain, but he was not so successful in his undertaking. His troops had to contend not only with the French forces, but with famine and inclement weather, and were forced to return to England. But before they could embark they had to fight a great battle at Corunna; and although they won the victory, it was dearly purchased with the loss of their gallant general. They buried him sorrowfully on the ramparts of the city, and then went on board their ships.

The management of the war was now intrusted to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was soon created Viscount

Wellington in honor of his victories; and as years went on and he still added victory to victory, he was raised to the dukedom. He had very hard work to do; Bonaparte poured armies into the Peninsula till he had three hundred thousand men there, and Wellington had only thirty thousand British troops under his command. All the best generals of France came, one after another, to contend with him. He had to teach the Portuguese how to fight, and make good soldiers of them, able to defend their country against the French; and he had also to bear patiently with the Spanish generals who would not follow his advice, but were constantly bringing their troops into difficulty and disaster. He had also many other vexations, but his resolute perseverance under all these difficulties is more glorious than even his victories.

It is not possible here even to name all the battles in this war, but two of the most important must be mentioned—Salamanca and Vittoria. After gaining the victory of Salamanca, in July, 1812, Wellington entered Madrid, the capital of Spain, and the intruder king, Joseph Bonaparte, never returned to it again. The French had now been driven out of the south and centre of the country, and after losing the battle of Vittoria, in June, 1813, they were obliged to quit the Peninsula altogether. In this action, King Joseph Bonaparte and his army were so completely routed that they fled from the field, leaving guns, baggage, and everything behind them. Among the spoils were several thousand carriages, laden with the choicest treasures of the Spanish churches and palaces, and the English commander was well

pleased to be able to restore these things to their proper owners.

Wellington now took the fortresses of Pampeluna and Saint Sebastian, the last places which remained to the French in Spain; then he crossed the Pyrenees and advanced into France. All this cost very much fighting and bloodshed, for there were at least eight battles before the last, which was fought at Toulouse, April, 1814; in this, also, Wellington won the victory, and with it ended the Peninsular War.

No English general except Marlborough, and, in days of old, the Black Prince, and few men in any age or country, have run such a career of victory as Wellington did in this war. But although his battles had been fought in a good cause, to rescue the oppressed nations of the Peninsula from the tyrannical usurpation of Bonaparte, he could not but think mournfully of the multitude of brave Englishmen who had fallen during those six years of fighting; and of Frenchmen and Spaniards half a million had lost their lives. There was hardly a village in the Peninsula in which the peasantry had not taken up arms to resist the invaders.

All this misery and destruction had taken place because Bonaparte insisted on robbing the Spaniards and Portuguese of their own country. But at the very time that Wellington was fighting at Toulouse the last battle of the Peninsular War, Bonaparte had already been obliged to resign his usurped power. He abdicated the throne of France and Italy on the 11th of April; but in those days there was neither railroad nor electric telegraph, and several days had passed before the people in the south of the country

knew that Napoleon Bonaparte was no longer their sovereign.

He had worn out the patience of the French nation. During several years, they had been too proud of his victories and conquests to complain of the enormous number of men who fell in battle, or of the heavy taxes which they were obliged to pay to provide for the expenses of his wars; and besides this, Bonaparte had always made the nations whose countries he invaded furnish him with money, so that the expense did not greatly distress the French. But in the year 1812 he invaded Russia, and thereby brought about his own ruin.

When the accounts of Wellington's successes in Spain reached him, he was exceedingly angry; but he said he would soon subdue the English in the Peninsula when once he had made himself master of Russia. Italy, Germany, Holland, and Flanders were already at his feet; the little republic of Switzerland and the kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden were obliged to obey him; the Emperor of Russia was his ally. But this was not enough. The Russian emperor would not always sacrifice the good of his subjects for the sake of pleasing Bonaparte; so he resolved to invade his dominions and force him to obey. "I must," said he, "make but one nation of all the countries of Europe, and Paris shall be the capital of it and of all the world." As for England, that, of course, was to be brought to obedience as soon as Bonaparte had disposed of Russia and Spain. But "man proposes and God disposes."

In the summer of 1812 the French emperor gathered under his banner the most splendid army that

Europe had ever seen—four hundred and fifty thousand men, with countless stores of artillery. The Russians had two noble armies, one in the north, the other in the south of the empire; but both together did not equal that of Bonaparte. But they had on their side two allies which all Bonaparte's soldiers could not overcome. The first was the love of the Russians for their emperor and their native land, so that they chose rather to waste their fields and burn their dwellings than leave food or shelter for the enemy; and the other was the Russian winter.

From the end of June to the middle of September the French marched through a wilderness, and lost a hundred thousand men by the way. But when, on the 14th of September, they saw before them the domes and spires of Moscow, they thought their troubles were at an end. The city was silent and deserted—all the people had gone away; but there were the famous palaces of the Kremlin, the houses and shops full of all good things; and the troops exulted greatly that they had got into such comfortable quarters for the winter. It was only for a day. When night came, flames were seen rising from a hundred different places. Every part of the city was on fire, and it could not be extinguished, but burned on, day after day, till four-fifths of Moscow was in ashes. In this miserable heap of ruins the French army remained five weeks, with nothing to eat but the flesh of their horses, which they killed and salted down.

It was quite plain now that Russia would not be conquered that year; so Bonaparte prepared to retreat to a warmer climate before the winter should

overtake him. But when he tried to go southward he found a Russian army barring the way, and he was obliged to return through Smolensk and the western provinces, the way by which he had come. And in the first week of November came that terrible winter, with snow-storms and frost that never thawed. The men, already weakened by hunger, dropped by thousands, and rose no more; the falling snow quickly buried them. Swarms of Cossacks hovered about the skirts of the French army, and killed great numbers; and at several posts they found bodies of the regular troops waiting to give them battle. And thus, by cold, famine, and the sword, tens of thousands perished, week by week, and a great multitude were made prisoners.

By the end of November, of all that splendid host with which Bonaparte had thought to conquer Russia, but fifty thousand men remained, and some of these were so fearfully frost-bitten and disfigured that they scarcely looked like human beings. He set off alone for Paris, and ordered three hundred thousand more soldiers to be levied directly. But the Prussians and all the German nations he had been trampling under foot rose up now and shook off his yoke; and the Russian armies began to march toward France. The year 1813 was spent in fighting, and there were some terrible battles, in which hundreds of thousands perished. But it was all in vain; by the beginning of 1814 the French were entirely driven out of Germany.

Again Bonaparte required three hundred thousand soldiers and double taxes; but this time they did not come at his call. The French were weary at last of

sending out their sons and brothers to die miserably, that one man might be master of the world. Still, with such men as he could collect, Bonaparte did his utmost to keep the Allies out of France; but it was too late. The English were already in the south of France; the Russians and Prussians entered the north and threatened to besiege Paris. Bonaparte was obliged to descend from the throne to which he had raised himself; and it was agreed that the crown of France should be given to Louis the Eighteenth, the brother of the unfortunate king who was put to death in the Revolution.

CHAPTER LXXXI

The Allied Sovereigns in London, June, 1814—Bonaparte Returns to France, and Resumes the Throne, March, 1815—His Final Overthrow at Waterloo, June 18th, 1815—His Imprisonment at St. Helena — Union of Ireland with Great Britain, January 1, 1801—George III becomes Insane—The Prince of Wales Appointed Regent, February, 1811—Latter Years of the King—His Death, January, 1820

THE isle of Elba had been given to Bonaparte for a residence, and he took up his abode there in the beginning of May, 1814. In the following month, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and a brilliant throng of foreign princes and generals visited London and received a triumphant welcome. All Europe rejoiced greatly that peace had come at last. But about nine months afterward, while all the kings and great men were considering how to settle the affairs of the European states, which had been thrown into confusion by the wars and changes of the last twenty years, news was

brought to them that Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, landed in France, summoned his old soldiers to join him, and marched into Paris without meeting the slightest opposition.

At first they would hardly believe it; but it was true. The French nation, and especially the military men, were not inclined to settle quietly down under the government of Louis the Eighteenth, a prince of advanced years, whose pacific virtues they did not value. No sooner did Bonaparte show himself than some of the very generals who had promised Louis the Eighteenth that they would defend his throne turned against him.

On the 20th of March, 1815, Louis fled to the Netherlands, and Bonaparte once more took up his abode in the palace of the Tuileries. But this second empire lasted only two months. All the kings who had made war upon him before took up arms against him now. The first armies which were ready were those of the English under Wellington and the Prussians under Blucher. These gathered on the frontiers of Flanders, and Bonaparte with one hundred and twenty-five thousand men hastened to overwhelm them, as he hoped, before the troops of other nations should be in the field. On the 16th of June he attacked the Prussians at Ligny, and drove them back after terrible slaughter. On the same day, at Quatre Bras, one of his marshals attacked a portion of the English army, and was not repulsed until there had been a great loss of life on both sides.

The following day the English commander withdrew his men to the field of Waterloo. There, on the 18th of June, Bonaparte and Wellington met in

battle for the first and last time. Bonaparte had under his command seventy-five thousand men and three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon; Wellington had not nearly so many guns. His soldiers almost equalled the French in numbers, but half of them were foreigners, not accustomed to fighting in the British army, and so unwilling to face the French that some of their regiments ran away as soon as they were ordered to go into action. The rest of the foreign troops behaved bravely, but the brunt of the battle was borne by the twenty thousand British infantry, who stood firmly, hour after hour, receiving the tremendous charges of the French. The loss of life was frightful, but those brave men never wavered, and when, after eight hours, the signal was given to advance and the whole British force rushed forward, the French army never waited to receive them. It broke into utter confusion. Bonaparte saw it and fled, and his troops fled, too—horse, foot, and artillerymen, all mingled together. The Prussians came up just in time to see their foes flying, and undertook the pursuit, which the English were too weary to follow up.

This defeat was much more than the loss of a battle to Bonaparte; it was the loss of an empire. He had escaped to Paris, but the French would have no more fighting to keep him on the throne. He went to Rochefort and tried to embark for America, but the harbor was watched by British ships, and his only resource was to surrender himself a prisoner to the captain of one of the men-of-war. He wanted to live in England, but the allied sovereigns had determined that his next place of abode

should be one from which he could not again escape to disturb the peace of Europe. The island of St. Helena was appointed for his residence, and a thousand pounds a month granted for his household expenses. He died six years afterward in this place of exile. Thus ignobly ended the days of one of the mightiest conquerors the earth has ever seen.

When the victory of Waterloo was made known in England, the exultation of the people was greater than for all former successes: partly because an English army had now met the very emperor himself, face to face, on the field of battle, and vanquished him; but chiefly because the sad work of slaughter was over at last. There would be no more such battles, now that Bonaparte's power was entirely broken up. It was only this thought, the Duke of Wellington said, that at all consoled him for the death of the brave men who had fallen on that field.

We must now go back several years to relate some events which had taken place since the beginning of the century. On the 1st of January, 1801, Great Britain and Ireland were united, as Scotland and England had been in the reign of Queen Anne. Up to this time Ireland had had a separate Parliament, but it was ordered that twenty-eight Irish peers should be elected to the British House of Lords, and one hundred and five members to the House of Commons.

In the year 1810 a great affliction fell upon the good old king. His youngest daughter, the Princess Amelia, a very lovely and amiable lady, died after a lingering illness. She was especially dear to her

father, and his grief at her loss brought on total blindness and alienation of mind. He lived nine years longer, but never recovered his reason, except for a few very short intervals. During one of these he heard a bell toll, and asked for whom it was. On being told it was for the wife of a tradesman in Windsor, "I remember her," he said; "she was a good woman, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She is gone to heaven, and I hope I shall soon follow her." Musical instruments were placed in his apartments, on which he was sometimes heard to play hymns and sacred airs; and his attendants often overheard him praying for himself, his family, and the nation. At other times he imagined himself to be already dead and conversing with heavenly companions. Though blind, he was not helpless or inactive, but the powers of life were slowly wearing out, and death came at last, a gentle and welcome visitor.

He breathed his last on the 29th of January, 1820, being then eighty-one years of age; he had reigned nearly sixty years. Queen Charlotte died two years before her husband. His fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent, had died six days before him, leaving an only child, who became Queen Victoria.

During the long reign of George the Third, Great Britain had lost her oldest colonies in America, but she had gained great accessions of territory in other quarters of the world—Ceylon, large possessions in India, the island of Mauritius, and the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Australia also was first settled in this reign.

CHAPTER LXXXII

George Prince Regent—His Marriage—Death of the Princess Charlotte—War with America, from 1812 to 1815—Bombardment of Algiers, 1816—George IV King, 1820—Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, 1828; and Removal of the Roman Catholic Disabilities, 1829—Death of George IV, June, 1830

AFTER George the Third became insane, his eldest son, George, Prince of Wales, was appointed regent of the kingdom. The prince was at that time forty-seven years of age. He possessed fine abilities and had remarkably polished manners, but from youth upward he had made it his chief care to amuse and enjoy himself. He had surrounded himself with dissipated companions, and had incurred such extravagant expenses that at thirty-two years of age his debts already amounted to more than half a million pounds. The king, whom these excesses greatly grieved, had tried in vain to induce him to change his way of life. His debts were paid for him, and he was persuaded to marry; but the wife chosen for him, Caroline of Brunswick, was by no means a suitable person. The marriage proved a wretched one, and after the birth of the Princess Charlotte, their only child, the prince and his wife separated.

Their daughter grew up a most sensible, high-principled woman, and her manners and appearance were so engaging that every one loved her and was pleased to think of her being queen some day. In 1816 she married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and in the following year, to the deep grief of the whole nation, she died at the age of twenty-one.

Besides the long wars of which we have been reading in the reign of George the Third, there were two short wars during the regency of the Prince of Wales. In 1812 the United States of America complained that their trade was injured by some of the measures of the British government, and they had also some other grievances. A war began which lasted till 1815. Not much mischief was done to either nation, and, in comparison with the great war which England was obliged to wage in Europe, this war with America, in which no large fleets or armies were employed, seemed a very small matter. But it is always a most unhappy thing to be fighting against men of our own race and language, and the people of both countries were glad when peace was concluded.

In 1816 England sent a fleet, commanded by Admiral Lord Exmouth, to Algiers to chastise the Dey (the Moorish prince who then governed that country), and compel him to set free the Christians whom he was keeping in custody. It had long been the custom of the Algerines and other Barbary pirates to capture the trading vessels of Christian states and reduce the crews to slavery. The English fleet sustained a tremendous fire from the batteries of the Algerines, but they returned it by a bombardment which laid the fortifications and shipping of the town in ruins. At the end of twenty-four hours the Dey gave way, and the Christian captives were set free.

George the Fourth was crowned with extraordinary splendor eighteen months after his accession to the throne. He afterward visited Ireland, where there was a great deal of discontent. He remained a month in the island, greatly to the satisfaction of

the people; but the disaffection broke out again almost as soon as he left it. He next went to Hanover, to receive the crown of that kingdom; and in the following year to Scotland, which had not been visited by any English sovereign since Charles the Second spent so miserable a year among the Covenanters. He received a loyal welcome everywhere.

The most remarkable event of George the Fourth's reign was the repeal, in 1828 and 1829, of all the statutes which had been enacted in the reign of Charles the Second for the purpose of keeping Catholics and Protestant dissenters out of Parliament and government offices. Stirred up by Daniel O'Connell and his followers, the Irish Roman Catholics had almost proceeded to open insurrection. It was hoped that when there was no longer any law preventing them from sending their own friends to Parliament they would cease to disturb the kingdom; but this hope was disappointed, and Ireland continued during several years in a very unquiet state.

George the Fourth died on the 26th of June, 1830. During the twenty years that he had presided over the kingdom, first as regent and afterward as king, great improvements had taken place in London. Regent Street was built, and the Regent's Park formed on ground which had hitherto been covered by shabby streets and pasture fields. Gas-lights began to be generally used, instead of the dim oil-lamps which had lighted the streets before.

During the same period navigation by steam had been introduced; the first steamboat was launched on the Clyde in 1812. There was not yet any steam

travelling by land; but the roads of Great Britain had been so much improved that they far surpassed those of any other country.

But all these feats in road-making have been rivalled or surpassed in later days by the railroads.

Owing to the use of the steam-engine and the great improvements in machinery, an immense increase had taken place in the quantity of iron, tin, and copper produced from mines; and the size and population of towns engaged in the manufactures of metals had increased in a like proportion. In South Wales, especially, there were now great iron-works and a very large and busy population, where, at the beginning of George the Third's reign, there had been but a few little towns and villages.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

William IV, 1830—Reform Bill Passed, 1832—Abolition of Slavery, August 1st, 1834—Death of William IV, June 20th, 1837—Accession and Marriage of Queen Victoria—Wars in India—Death of Wellington, September, 1852—War with Russia, 1854—Sepoy Mutiny, 1857—Death of Prince Albert, 1861—The Civil War in the United States and the *Alabama* Damages, 1861–1871—African Wars—Reform Bills of 1867 and 1886—Education Act, 1870—Irish Land Acts, 1870 and 1881—Queen Victoria's Jubilee, 1887

(From 1830 to 1892)

WILLIAM HENRY, Duke of Clarence, succeeded his brother by the title of William the Fourth. He had been sent into the navy as a midshipman at thirteen years of age, and he retained through life a pleasant, sailor-like frankness of behavior. Both he and his wife, the good Queen Adelaide, were much beloved. He reigned seven years. During that time

a change was made in regard to the election of members of Parliament.

Many of the places which were once towns and had sent members to the House of Commons during several hundred years had ceased to be of any importance, and some had no inhabitants. Old Sarum, for instance, once a city, had come to be only two or three fields and a clump of trees; but it was still called a *borough*, and whenever there was a new Parliament two members for Old Sarum were chosen beneath these trees. At the same time some great towns like Manchester and Birmingham, which had grown to be large and important in modern times, sent no members to Parliament. These things were amended by the "Reform Bill;" the right to send members was taken away from the little, unimportant places, and given to the large towns. There were also other changes which gave many more persons than before the privilege of voting at elections.

Another event of William the Fourth's reign was the appearance for the first time of that terrible disease, the Asiatic cholera. It had been known in India since the year 1817, but did not reach Europe till several years afterward. It was first seen in England at Sunderland, in October, 1831, and in the next year spread over most of the kingdom.

In the reign of George the Third, Mr. Wilberforce and other benevolent men had labored hard to get the slave-trade abolished. It had at last been put down by act of Parliament in 1807. In the reign of William the Fourth, in the year 1834, slavery itself was abolished in every part of the British possessions; but twenty millions of pounds were given

to the planters in the West Indies, to make up for any loss they might sustain by the emancipation of their slaves.

Railway travelling was introduced during the reign of this king; the first railroad, from Liverpool to Manchester, was opened in September, 1830, and several others were soon constructed.

On the 20th of June, 1837, King William the Fourth died, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was succeeded by his niece, Alexandrina Victoria, the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent.

Hanover was now separated from the crown of England; for the laws of that country do not permit it to be ruled by a female sovereign. The queen's uncle, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, became King of Hanover.

In the third year of her reign, Queen Victoria married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (February 10th, 1840). In the following year a grievous disaster befel the British forces in Afghanistan. A body of troops had been stationed at Cabul to uphold an Afghan prince called Shah Soojah; but the inhabitants rose up against them, and treacherously murdered the English envoy and other officers. The troops were obliged to retreat in the beginning of January, 1842. Their way lay through a rocky, mountainous country, where they were exposed to dreadful sufferings. One man only, a medical officer named Brydon, escaped to tell the miseries which had fallen upon himself and his companions. A few of them had been made prisoners, the rest had perished by hunger, intense cold, and the sword of the Afghans. In the following autumn these disasters

were avenged; the British forces gained several victories over the Afghans and reduced their power.

In 1846 three great victories were gained over another warlike nation—the Sikhs, who inhabit Lahore. They were forced to ask for peace, but rose again in 1848, and began a second war, which ended in the victory of Goojerat and the capture of the city of Mooltan by the English. The whole of the Punjab (or the country of the five rivers) to the northwest of Hindostan has since been annexed to the British dominions.

In 1851, when England was at peace with all the world and all the states of Europe were in quietness, a great Peace Festival, the "Exhibition of Industry of all Nations," was held in London.

In the following year the Duke of Wellington died, September 14th, 1852, at the age of eighty-three. Since the peace of 1815 he had been more than once prime minister. "A brave soldier, a modest hero, a sincere friend to the laws and liberties of his country, a respectful and faithful subject, he had won, without seeking it, the title of first citizen" of the British empire. Like most brave men, he was very fond of the young. He was buried, like Nelson, with all the honor that a grateful nation could bestow, and lies beside him in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In little more than a year after his death the long peace won by his victories was broken, and England was once more at war; but not against the French this time. They were allies of England in protecting Turkey against the encroachments of Russia. War with Russia was declared March 28th,

1854. Early in the following September the allied troops landed in the Crimea, fought the battle of the Alma on the 20th, and invested Sebastopol. The battle of Balaclava followed on the 26th of October, and that of Inkermann ten days afterward; and in all these the Allies were victorious, but at a heavy loss of life. The destruction of life was far greater during the winter months, when the English troops were grievously destitute of necessary comforts; and thousands perished for want of shelter, food, and clothing. The patient fortitude with which they endured extreme misery was as admirable as their ardor in the fight. The city, so dearly purchased, fell at last, September 8th, 1855; and the fall of Sebastopol was followed by peace with Russia.

In this war England had for the first time the benefit of that wonderful invention, the electric telegraph, bringing the news of disaster or success so much more quickly than could have been done by any other means.

In 1857 a fearful mutiny broke out among the Sepoys in India. A new rifle had been adopted for the army, requiring the use of greased cartridges, the end of which had to be bitten off by the soldier before loading. To the Hindus the fat of cattle or swine is forbidden by their religion, and the Sepoys revolted when they were forced to use these cartridges. At Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and other places, they rose against the English and committed acts of atrocity too dreadful to be described here. It was only after two years of hard fighting that the insurrection was put down. The crimes of which the rebels had been guilty were thought to deserve a

punishment so terrible that it would never be forgotten. The Sepoys who were proved to have taken an active part in the outrages were condemned to be bound to the mouths of cannon and blown to pieces.

The East India Company was now dissolved, and the government of the country was transferred to the crown. This was in 1858, and in 1877 Queen Victoria received the title of Empress of India.

In 1861 Prince Albert died, lamented by the entire nation. He had done much to promote education, industry, and art; and he had shown himself a true friend to the United States when the war between the North and the South began, just before his death.

During this war a number of cruisers were built and fitted out in England, which were used by the Confederates to prey upon the commerce of the North. The most noted of these was the *Alabama*, a very fast steamer, which destroyed many merchant vessels before she was herself destroyed by the United States gunboat *Kearsarge*. After the war the American government demanded damages from Great Britain for the mischief done by the *Alabama* and the other cruisers of English build. The matter was left by treaty to arbiters, who met at Geneva, in Switzerland, and who decided that $15,500,000 should be paid to the United States by Great Britain.

In 1882 a rebellion occurred in Egypt, which had been for some years partly under British control. The insurgents, commanded by an officer named Arabi, attacked the Europeans living in Alexandria, killed several hundred of them, and seized the fortifications of the city. A British fleet bombarded these, and compelled Arabi and his forces to flee.

They were afterward completely routed in the battle of Tel el Kebir by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

In 1883 there was another rebellion in Egypt, stirred up in the Soudan by the Mahdi, or "Redeemer," of the Mahometans. General Hicks was sent against him with some Egyptian troops, who were defeated and slain, with their commander. Another army, under General Gordon, was hardly more successful. He was assassinated, and his forces were called back in 1885.

Other small wars in Africa were those against Abyssinia in 1868, on account of the ill-treatment of English residents; against the Ashantees in 1872; with the Boers of the Transvaal Republic in South Africa in 1877, in which the British were defeated and compelled to retreat from the country; and in 1879 with the Zulus, who had nearly destroyed a British force and were themselves utterly routed in return, their king Cetewayo being captured. In this war the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., was killed.

It has been stated that in 1832 a Reform Bill was passed by Parliament which gave the right of voting to many persons who did not have it before. In 1867, by a second Reform Bill, the number of voters was greatly increased; and in 1886 another law added about two and a half millions more to the list.

In 1870 the Education Act was passed, by which common schools were established throughout the kingdom. Before this time more than half the children in the country never went to school, and large numbers of people, especially in the rural districts, could not read nor write. By the new law all chil-

dren are required to attend school; and though a fee is charged for instruction, it is so small that even the poorest can pay it.

In 1870, and again in 1881, laws were made which were intended to relieve the distress in Ireland caused by high rents and the severity of landlords toward the poor peasants who could not pay them. These measures have not improved the condition of this unhappy country so much as it was hoped they would. The "Irish Question" still remains a hard one to settle.

In 1887 the "Jubilee" of Queen Victoria—the fiftieth anniversary of her coronation—was celebrated with general rejoicing. She has now (1892) held the throne longer than any other English sovereign except Henry the Third and George the Third; and her reign has been, on the whole, very fortunate and prosperous.

During the nineteenth century England has produced a multitude of men who have distinguished themselves in science or in literature, and who have largely added to the sum of human knowledge; and in the latter part of this period, as we have seen, great pains have been taken to promote the education of the people by an improved school system.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

The following verses have often been found useful in fixing the order of the English sovereigns in the memory, and we append them for the benefit of young readers and students:

First William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third, Edwards one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew.
Yet received after Cromwell another Charles too.
Next James called the Second ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on.
When Anne, Georges four, and fourth William had passed
God sent Queen Victoria; may she long be the last!

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